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DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY

(APRIL 1802 TO JANUARY 1840)

Emery Walker Ph.Sc.

Mrs. Crewe
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DIARY & LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY

(1778-1840)

AS EDITED BY HER NIECE

CHARLOTTE BARRETT

WITH PREFACE AND NOTES

BY

AUSTIN DOBSON

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. VI

London

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1905

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POSTSCRIPT

To Preface in Vol. I

There are definite advantages in issuing a book by instalments. It is possible, before ending it, to add such after-thoughts as may have arisen during the course of publication, and to explain or emphasize what may stand in need of emphasis or explanation. Such is the purpose of the present Postscript.

Among other things, the question has been asked why opportunity was not taken to include in this re-issue of Mme. D'Arblay's *Diary and Letters*, 1778-1840, those preliminary portions of the same records which are usually described as the *Early Diary*, 1768-78. The answer is plain and simple. The *Early Diary* which, in 1842, it was not thought expedient to publish, was printed—or rather parts of it were printed—as recently as 1889. It was based on Mme. D'Arblay's MSS. It was edited; it was indexed; and it was fully, and even lavishly annotated by a Burney enthusiast, the late

Mrs. Annie Raine Ellis. This being the case, nothing further requires to be done at present in regard to it. With the *Diary and Letters*, 1778-1840, the case is different. Mrs. Charlotte Barrett, the Diarist's niece, no doubt religiously reproduced the papers which her aunt had arranged for the press.[1] But she can scarcely be said to have annotated them sufficiently for present-day requirements. Apart from a few casual footnotes, some of which must have been Mme. D'Arblay's own, Mrs. Barrett's annotations are limited to two or three pages of exclusively "biographical" notes at the end of each of six out of her seven volumes. These — as far as they go — are adequate; but after the lapse of sixty years they naturally leave something to be desired in the way of elucidation, while, as already stated, they are "biographical" solely. Mrs. Barrett's edition was also imperfectly indexed,—a material drawback in a book so crowded with persons notable and notorious. What, therefore, appeared to be still wanting in the case of the *Diary and Letters*, 1778-1840, was that it should be more fully annotated; and that the requisite Indexes should be added. Those now appended will speak for themselves; and it is hoped that the

[1] See "Editor's Introduction," vol. i. p. 18. "I never altered a single word or name in the *Diary*,"—she writes in an unpublished letter,—"indeed I was ordered by her [Madame D'Arblay's] mem^ms^ not to do so."

Notes, which, with very few exceptions, have been specially written, may prove equally helpful.

Whether notes should be long or short is a matter of opinion. There are still some, no doubt, who love the old, learned, leisurely comment, of which the recognised model is to be found in Warton's *Minor Poems* of Milton, where—as Leigh Hunt puts it—"the 'builded rhyme' stands at the top of the page, like a fair edifice with all sorts of flowers and fresh waters at its foot." But in our over-occupied age, these praisers of the past are few in number; and Hunt's "exuberance of annotation" does not commend itself to the modern majority. Outside of professedly scientific or educational publications, the bulk of the reading public, as far as can be ascertained, appear to consider notes as being little else than that "surplusage" by which Croker, with mock modesty, sought to disguise his own copious additions to Boswell's *Johnson*. Not a few prefer them at the end of the book, probably because they can be more conveniently neglected: others, admitting some slender reason for their existence, tolerate them at the bottom of the page, though only on the doubtful tenure of unwelcome interruptions. In these circumstances, it was thought well to make the notes to the present edition, both in scope and type, as unobtrusive as possible. Moreover, it has not been held desirable

to supply them at all where there was absolutely nothing to say. To "dally with false surmise" regarding the obscure personality of a Page of the Back Stairs, is clearly as useless as to waste labour over nobodies who, like Antenor's sons in the *Æneid*, appear but to disappear :—

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.

Nevertheless, it is believed that little in the way of interpretation which could reasonably have been expected, has been withheld; and as exact references to the authorities consulted are generally given, those who (after appealing without success to the General Index in Volume VI.) feel disposed to "ask for more," should find no difficulty in gratifying their wishes. To provide "a prompting whisper at the page-foot," rather than to encumber a bright text with a barren comment, has been the chief endeavour in these annotations. And whatever has been done, either by way of performance or non-performance, has been done of set purpose.

Although it is clearly stated in the first volume[1] that the "Editor's Introduction" is from the pen of Mme. D'Arblay's niece, Mrs. Charlotte Barrett, it has under some misapprehension, in more than one quarter, been regarded as written for this edition. In other cases where this unaccountable mistake

[1] Page 1, note 1.

has not been made, surprise has no less been expressed, either that a new "Introduction" was not substituted, or that, at all events, Mrs. Barrett's "Introduction" should not have been accompanied and supported by something more modern. For such a course there was scant justification. Reproducing Mrs. Barrett's text, there could surely be no reasonable ground for suppressing her preliminary matter. When she prepared it, she was specially commissioned and instructed; and she had access to the best information obtainable, oral and otherwise. Her "Introduction" comprised everything which, in the absence of the *Early Diary*, was needed to explain the existence of the record she printed; and it had long been regarded as the canonical source of information. Nothing additional was required but to trace, wherever practicable, the authority for her statements, and to subjoin a few minor rectifications by way of footnotes. As regarded any supplemental or special Introduction, there was the difficulty that, in a little volume of the "Men of Letters" series,[1] which is more or less responsible for the present reprint, much that could properly be said in regard to the publication of *Evelina*[2] and the author's somewhat exaggerated tribulations as Dresser to Queen Char-

[1] *Fanny Burney (Mme. D'Arblay)*. Macmillan, 1903.
[2] See APPENDIX IV., "The Publication of *Evelina*."

lotte, had already been said at considerable length; and for obvious reasons (want of space being one) could not be recapitulated in this place. But a few observations, chiefly suggested by that closer commerce with the *Diary and Letters* which the process of annotation has involved, may not be without their excuse.

One of the first things to be noted is the sustained interest of the whole. Often, either from the natural evolution of life or the lack of picturesque material, a seven- or six-volume effort of this sort has a tendency to fall off as it progresses; and it is also sometimes imperfectly explored from the preconceived notion that its really attractive portions have been already exhausted. Many persons, for instance, appear to be under the impression that when Miss Burney has told the stories of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*,—when the "benedictions of the morning" are over, and the winds have ceased to "blow her own praises in her eyes,"—when Crisp and Johnson are dead, and Mrs. Thrale has compassed her unpardonable marriage with Piozzi,—there can really be nothing more of moment to communicate. It is true indeed that, in the earlier pages, there is a spring and an exalted note which the Diarist never quite recaptures; but it is also a feature of her chronicle that no sooner do we weary of its theme than another

takes its place. To "Daddy" Crisp and the Doctor succeeds Mrs. Delany; to Mrs. Delany, Windsor, with its admirable domestic full-lengths of King George and Queen Charlotte, who were never more lovingly exhibited (with some limitations to be hereafter noted) either by Gainsborough or Ramsay; with its little studies of Equerries and Ladies-in-Waiting; with its Schwellenberg and her "what-you-call-stuff," and its vagarious "Mr. Turbulent,"—all felt and realised as thoroughly as the uncomprehended Mr. Crutchley or the valetudinarian Mr. Seward. When these grow familiar, they give way to the opening of the Hastings trial; and as this again begins to move slowly, it is superseded by the "Cheltenham episode" with its philandering Colonel Digby, and by the graphic account of the poor King's illness, a narrative which it is impossible not to regard with Macaulay as of more importance to the historian than any equal portion of Pepys or Evelyn. Following close upon these things (and perhaps in consequence of them), comes the close of the Court period. Then, indeed, one begins to wonder how a fresh transformation is to be effected. But the curtain promptly rises once more upon the pathetic figures of the French *émigrés*, and upon that delightful foreign colony at Juniper Hall, out of whose doings Miss Constance Hill has compacted so delectable a

volume.[1] With Miss Burney's marriage we seem to be nearing the end, yet there is still the residence in France under the Consulate; the graphic account of the Hundred Days; the Ilfracombe incident; and the death of General D'Arblay. The variety of the narrative is surprising, and the author's spirit is continued to the finish. If there be any indications of that deplorable tendency to grandiloquence which characterises her last work,—for the *Diary* really ends some years before she began the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*,—they are so rare as to be difficult to discover.

Reference has been made above to certain peculiarities in Mme. D'Arblay's manner which may almost be regarded as limitations. Neither in her Novels nor her Diary,—but especially her Diary,—does she describe, except in the most general way, the outward appearance of her characters. We recognise them, as blind men would, mainly by their voices. If we know that "Mr. Turbulent" was six feet high, or that Mr. Stanhope had false teeth, it is by something dropped lightly in conversation, just as we learn from the talk during the Hastings trial that Windham was a younger Hastings, and Hastings an older Windham. To get any idea of the looks of either, we must turn

[1] *Juniper Hall.* By Constance Hill. With Illustrations by Ellen G. Hill. London: John Lane, 1904.

to the portraits in Vol. III. Even of General D'Arblay himself, our best impression — beyond the fact that he had a "noble countenance"—is obtained from a letter of Mrs. Phillips. That this may have had its origin in an instinctive aversion from purely personal detail, is, of course, possible; but it may also be due to the humbler cause that Mme. D'Arblay was painfully short-sighted.[1] A very natural result of such a defect would be to concentrate her attention upon what she heard; and this, coupled with the bird-lime memory her father attributed to her,[2] accounts in a measure for the marked prevalence in her work of those long conversations which, when they were reported of real people, roused the watchful incredulity of Croker. They serve also to accentuate the superiority of the Diary to the Novels. Burke, it is known, commended the way in which her fictitious personages made "themselves known by their own words"; and what they do in her books they do in her Diary. Having invented a character, she proceeds to make it talk itself into being, carefully contriving not to make it resemble any living

[1] She habitually used a glass for distant objects, not the modern binocular, but the single-barrelled *lorgnon* through which, in chapter xxix. of *Vanity Fair*, Captain Rawdon Crawley is depicted surveying the Brussels opera-house. When, as at Dunkirk (*post*, p. 72), it was not prudent to use it, she could not even distinguish what the Spanish prisoners were doing.

[2] See Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney, vol. i. p. 460.

original. She does much the same, though without restrictions, in the case of the living Mr. Windham or the living Colonel Digby. Their mere looks she neglects; but, having mentally noted their tricks of speech, their favourite topic, their line of argument, she sets about what she calls "theatricalising a dialogue" in which they reveal themselves. In one case, fiction operates upon fiction; in the other, fiction operates upon fact, with manifest advantages. The outcome of the latter has not the literal precision of shorthand, but at least its calculated disclosure of individual traits is vivid and conceivable. And it is probably far more convincing than History, for, however imagination may have coloured the picture, the artist's intent was to be veracious. "I never mix Truth and Fiction," she writes to "Daddy" Crisp in 1779; "all that I relate in Journalising is *strictly*, nay, *plainly*, Fact: I never, in all my Life, have been a Sayer of the Thing that is not, and *now* I should be not *only* a Knave but a Fool also in so doing, as I have other purposes for Imaginary Characters than filling Letters with them."[1]

Mme. D'Arblay has not always been fortunate in her critics, some of whom have not hesitated to qualify her as egotistic, vain, and prudish.[2] There

[1] Facsimile at p. 312 of vol. i.

[2] To these Jeffrey adds "bustling" and "consequential"—epithets which are singularly inappropriate. But even Jeffrey allows that many

may be a residuum of truth in all these things, as there is in most dispraise. But *comprendre, c'est pardonner.* In the case of a private journal, especially, no one has the right to be very censorious as to egotism. It is a matter in which, to vary a celebrated *mot*, "we are all conscious of one another's unworthiness." So much of Mme. D'Arblay's record is occupied—and (it may even be admitted) complacently occupied—with her own affairs, that it would be impossible to absolve her entirely from the common fault of diary-keepers. But, upon the general count, Macaulay's vindication, selected as the epigraph for these volumes, is final. "If she," he says, "recorded with minute diligence all the compliments, delicate and coarse, which she heard wherever she turned, she recorded them for the eyes of two or three persons who had loved her from infancy, who had loved her in obscurity, and to whom her fame gave the purest and most exquisite delight. Nothing can be more unjust than to confound these outpourings of a kind heart, sure of perfect sympathy, with the egotism of a blue-stocking, who prates to all who come near her about her own novel or her own volume of sonnets."[1]

With regard to the second charge of vanity, it

of Mme. D'Arblay's "notices of eminent persons are invaluable, and as good as anything in Boswell" (Letter of April 28, 1842, in *Selections from the Correspondence of Macvey Napier*, 1879, 389).

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, January 1843, p. 539.

is surely "not proven," though a certain amount, and even an abnormal amount, of self-satisfaction would be pardonable. To be praised by Johnson, by Burke, and by Reynolds; to be seriously compared with Fielding and Richardson, might surely be calculated to induce acute megalomania in any young person. But it never seems to have impaired Fanny Burney's judgment, or altered her character, or diverted her allegiance from those whom, rightly or wrongly, she regarded as her supreme advisers and critics, "Daddy" Crisp and her father. Vain she could scarcely be called, who, at their bidding, cheerfully sacrificed the comedy which Murphy had approved, and Sheridan would have produced. Nor was it vanity which, in after years, when her means were straitened, and her literary ambition was more venal, made her, in deference to Dr. Burney's fears of failure, withdraw from Covent Garden the play for the manuscript of which Harris the manager had promised her four hundred pounds. She was honestly and naturally pleased with praise as an indication of success; but there is nothing to show that it induced her to overrate her abilities, or mistake her vocation.

The accusation of prudery needs less defence, since she admits it herself.[1] But, in the case where this

[1] *See* Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp, vol. i. p. 162.

particular characteristic has been held to be most manifest—namely, in her relations with Mme. de Genlis and Mme. de Staël, it is not easy to condemn her. If she was attracted by their talents, she was also repelled by their reputation. The Queen herself counselled her not to correspond with the multifarious author of *Adèle et Théodore*, and when that ambiguous genius-of-all-work made her second appearance in England, Mme. D'Arblay's sympathies were entirely enlisted on the side of those for whom the preceptress of Mlle. D'Orleans was only "*cette coquine de Brulard.*" To Mme. de Staël as the friend, among other things, of M. D'Arblay, and M. D'Arblay's friend Narbonne, her bias was greater. But her father was uneasy about the acquaintance; and, in Paris, it was impossible to renew it. Mme. de Staël was then at open war with the First Consul, and to Buonaparte M. D'Arblay was looking as his sole hope of advancement. Indeed, the circumstances had so much altered, that it seems to have been the General himself who drafted the note of *congé* to the illustrious lady, of whose fervid essay *De l'Influence des Passions* he had been at Mickleham the diligent and devoted transcriber.[1]

But it is easier, and far more pleasant, to dwell on Mme. D'Arblay's many good qualities than to

[1] Vol. v. p. 195, and vol. vi. p. 9.

defend her from the minor carping of unsympathetic criticism. Taking her record as a whole, the personality which emerges is surely most amiable and engaging. When one considers her education and early environment, it is wonderful to think how little she was affected by indiscriminate adulation, and with what tact and dignity, even as an "unlessoned girl," she comported herself in difficult conditions. And whether we deplore, or extenuate, the curious destiny that condemned her to five years of Court servitude—a servitude which would have been wholly different in the absence of Mrs. Schwellenberg[1]—it is noteworthy that she left but friends behind her. The King and Queen seem to have sincerely respected her; she was a genuine favourite with the good-looking, good-tempered Princesses; the Equerries were politely regretful when she departed, while her poor little servant and Miss Planta were overcome with grief. With the keenest appreciation of affectation, with a lynx-eye for the ridiculous, and a most healthy and unrestrained delight in fun, she had an unfeigned admiration for goodness and—though she could scarcely, like Lady Hervey, claim to have never lost a friend except by death—a positive genius for friendship. Nor was she lacking in that natural affection concerning which Jeffrey

[1] See especially vol. v. p. 401.

considered she "protested too much." She truly adored her father and her clever old critic at Chessington; she was devoted to her brothers and sisters, her husband, and her son. If, to the unfeeling modern, she seems occasionally to "gush," it should be remembered that she lived in an age of much sensibility, real and sham,—an age when, upon the least possible provocation, people "died with laughter" or "dissolved in tears." She could be cheerful in the most unpromising circumstances; she could be content with what to most people would be grinding poverty; she could be generous when others would be asking alms. And she has presented us with a series of pictures from a life of exceptional vicissitude, which for fidelity, diversity, and vivacity of portraiture can scarcely be matched in English literature. What Southey wrote with too much indulgence of the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, is even now exactly applicable to the *Diary and Letters*:—"Except Boswell's, there is no other work in our language which carries us into such society, and makes us fancy that we are acquainted with the persons to whom we are there introduced."[1]

Carlyle has rightly said that the editing—in this case it is mainly the annotating—of a book is

[1] Page 413.

"a praiseworthy but no miraculous procedure." Yet it is not easy to leave a task protracted through many months, and bristling with petty problems, without some touch of that wistful regret which Fanny Burney's rugged old Mentor felt in quitting Streatham. It is a valediction *cum osculo*.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

75 EATON RISE, EALING, W.,
April 1905.

*** To the acknowledgments at p. ix. vol. i. must be added cordial thanks to Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, J.P., of Bath, for valuable information, and for the photograph at p. 417 in this volume of Mme. D'Arblay's memorial tablet in Walcot Church. It should also be stated that for many indispensable indications, and transcripts of unpublished letters, these pages are indebted to the unfailing kindness of Archdeacon Burney's daughter, Miss Burney of Surbiton.

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Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta

Paris, *April* 27, 1802.

A week have I been here, my dear Miss Planta, so astonishingly engaged, so indispensably occupied, or so suffering from fatigue, that I have not been able till now to take up my pen, except to satisfy my dear father of our safe arrival. To give you some idea of these *engagements, occupations,* and *fatigues,* I must begin with the last.

We were a whole long, languid day, a whole restless, painful night, upon the sea; my little Alex sick as death, suffering if possible yet more than myself, though I had not a moment of ease and comfort. My little Adrienne de Chavagnac was perfectly well all the time, singing and skipping

about the cabin, and amusing every one by her innocent enjoyment of the novelty of the scene.

At Calais we spent a day, and half a night to refit; and pray try to imagine my pleased emotion and surprise, when, as soon as we were seated to dinner at the hotel, a band of musicians came to the window, with French horns and other instruments, and struck up "*God save the King.*" So unexpected a sound in a foreign country, and a country so lately hostile, affected me with uncommon pleasure.

. . . . . .

As to my *occupations*;—my little apartment to arrange, my trunks and baggage to unpack and place, my poor Adrienne to consign to her friends, my Alex to nurse from a threatening malady; letters to deliver, necessaries to buy; a femme de chambre to engage; and, most important of all! my own sumptuous wardrobe to refit, and my own poor exterior to reorganise! I see you smile, methinks, at this hint; but what smiles would brighten the countenance of a certain young lady called Miss Rose, who amused herself by anticipation, when I had last the honour of seeing her, with the changes I might have to undergo, could she have heard the exclamations which followed the examination of my attire! "*This* won't do! *That* you can never wear! *This* you can never be seen in! *That* would make you stared at as a curiosity!—*Three* petticoats! no one wears more than one!—Stays? everybody has left off even corsets!—Shift-sleeves? not a soul now wears even a chemise!" etc. etc. In short, I found all that I possessed seemed so hideously old-fashioned, or so comically rustic, that as soon as it was decreed I must make my appearance in the *grand monde*, hopeless of success in exhibiting myself in the *costume Français*, I gave over the attempt, and

ventured to come forth as a Gothic *Anglaise*, who had never heard of, or never heeded, the reigning metamorphoses.

. . . . . .

As to my *engagements*;—when should I finish, should I tell of all that have been made or proposed, even in the short space of a single week? The civilities I have met with, contrary to all my expectations, have not more amazed me for myself, than gratified me for M. d'Arblay, who is keenly alive to the kind, I might say distinguished, reception I have been favoured with by those to whom my arrival is known.

Your favourite hero is excessively popular at this moment from three successive grand events, all occurring within the short time of my arrival, —the Ratification of the Treaty of Peace—the Restoration of Sunday, and Catholic Worship—and the amnesty of the Emigrants. At the Opera Buffa, the *loge* in which I sat was exactly opposite to that of the First Consul; but he and his family are all at Malmaison.

Adieu,
My dear Miss P., and believe me ever,
Your affectionate friend and servant,
F. D'Arblay.

Journal resumed

Addressed to Dr. Burney

Paris, *April* 1,[1] 1802.

Almost immediately after my arrival in Paris, I was much surprised by a visit from the *ci-devant* Prince de Beauveau,[2] Madame his wife, and

[1] This date must be inaccurate (see *ante*, p. 1).

[2] Marc-Etienne-Gabriel, Prince de Craon de Beauvau, 1773-1849. He became Chamberlain of the Emperor in 1809. The Prince and Princess de Beauvau were among the kindest friends of Mme. D'Arblay during her residence in France (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 333 *n.*).

Mademoiselle de Mortemar her sister, all brought by Madame d'Henin. If gratified in the first instance by a politeness of attention so little my due and so completely beyond my expectations, how was my pleasure enhanced when I found they all three spoke English with the utmost ease and fluency, and how pleased also at the pleasure I was able to give them in reward of their civility, by a letter I had brought from Mrs. Harcourt,[1] which was received with the warmest delight by Mademoiselle de Mortemar; and a message from a young lady named *Elizabeth*, with the profoundest gratitude.

April 24.

This morning Madame d'Henin was so kind as to accompany us in making our visit to Madame de Beauveau her niece, and Mademoiselle de Mortemar. We found them at home with M. de Beauveau, and they indulged me with the sight of their children, who are the most flourishing and healthy possible, and dressed and brought up with English plainness and simplicity.

The visit was very pleasant, and Madame d'Henin made a party for us all to meet again the next day, and go to the *Opera Buffa*.

Upon our entrance into the Hotel Marengo, we met M. Lajard,[2] who came to introduce one of his brothers to me, and to offer us places in a *loge* to the *Théâtre Feydeau*. We went late, and arrived in the middle of an opera of which I know not the name, but which was quite in the heroics, though the airs were mixed with speeches not recitative.

[1] See vol. ii. p. 449. Mrs. Harcourt had also given a letter of introduction a few weeks before to Miss Berry, who says of the Beauvaus (under date of March 23), "Having been all long in England (Mlle. de Mortemar from a child) they are much attached to English manners, habits, and fashions, and speak English better than any French persons I ever heard" (*Extracts from Journals, etc., of Miss Berry*, 1865, ii. 148).

[2] See *ante*, vol. v. p. 414.

All my pleasure, I confess, was from the afterpiece, in which the heroics were omitted. It is called *La Maison à Vendre*,[1] and two very agreeable singers and charming actors, Martin[2] and Elleviou,[3] delighted the whole audience, and would have had me amongst their strongest admirers if I were capable of following them in the words which make so much the chief charm of their performance; but I have not yet acquired the use of listening with much profit to the sense conveyed by lengthened tones in the French language.

M. Charles de Poix announced to us that Paesiello was just arrived in Paris.

I have heard much of the visit of Mrs. Damer and the Miss B——s to Paris,[4] and their difficulty to get introduced to the First Consul. A lady here told us she had been called upon by Miss B——, who had complained with much energy upon this subject, saying, "We have been everywhere—seen everything—heard everybody—beheld such sights! listened to such discourse! joined such society! and all to obtain his notice! Don't you think it very extraordinary that he should not himself desire to see Mrs. Damer?"

"Madame," replied the lady, "perhaps if you

[1] *La Maison à Vendre* was an *opéra-comique* in one act,—the words by Alexandre Duval, the music by Nicolas Dalayrac. It was first played at the Opera Comique in 1800.

[2] Jean-Blaise Martin, 1768-1837, a better singer than actor, but good as a valet. He had a popular part in the *Maison à Vendre*.

[3] Pierre-Jean-Baptiste-François Elleviou, 1769-1842, singer, actor, and composer, at this date one of the five administrators of the combined company of the Comédie-Italienne and Théâtre-Feydeau. He also had a popular part in the *Maison à Vendre*. Miss Berry saw him in November 1802 in the *Concert Interrompu* and *Le Calife de Bagdad*. She thought him by far the genteelest actor she had seen upon the French stage of late years (*Extracts from Journals, etc.*, 1865, ii. 203).

[4] The Miss Berrys. From Miss [Mary] Berry's *Journals*, however (1865, ii. 122), it would appear that Miss Agnes Berry did not upon this occasion accompany her sister, whose sole companion was the Hon. Mrs. Damer, Walpole's cousin. They left England March 10, 1802, and returned April 16.

had done but half this, the First Consul might have desired to see you both."

"But you don't imagine," answered she, laughing, "we came over from England to see you *ci-devants*? We can see such as you at home!"

She was gone before our arrival; and, as I understand, succeeded at last in obtaining an introduction.[1] They were both, Mrs. Damer and Miss B——, as I am told, very gay and agreeable, as well as enterprising, and extremely well *répandues*.

April 25.

I was not much better in the evening, but the party for the Opera Buffa being formed by Madame d'Henin on my account, my going was indispensable. She had borrowed the *loge* of M. de Choiseul, which, being entailed upon the family *à perpétuité*, has in a most extraordinary manner continued unalienated through the whole course of massacres and proscriptions to the present day, when the right owner possesses it. It is the largest and best box, except that which is opposite to it, in the theatre.

M. and Madame de Beauveau, Mademoiselle de ——,[2] and M. Malhouët,[3] made the party invited; but M. Malhouët failing, M. de Guignes, formerly ambassador in England, took his place. You remember him, my dear padre, at one of your concerts, and *ses gens*. Do you think I could help recollecting his haste?[4]

[1] Miss Berry left Paris on Sunday, April 11, 1802, having been presented to Buonaparte at the Tuileries on the preceding Thursday (April 8). Mrs. Damer, a distinguished amateur, had purposed to offer the First Consul a bust of Fox; but, at this date, Buonaparte was apparently unaware both of her artistic status and her intentions; and the bust was not presented until some years after (*Extracts from Journals, etc.*, 1865, ii. 185-189).

[2] Mortemar.

[3] Pierre-Victor, Baron Malouet, 1740-1814, "*intendant de la marine*" under the First Consul, but exiled in 1812 as "*suspecté de royalisme*."

[4] The Count (afterwards Duc) de Guines (see *Early Diary*, 1889, ii. 122, 124; and *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, ii. 64-65).

The opera was *Le Nozze di Dorina*,[1] by Sarti, and extremely pretty; though I wished it had been as new to M. C—— de P——[2] as to myself, for then he would not have divided my attention by obligingly singing every note with every performer. In truth, I was still so far from recovered from the fatigue of my journey, that I was lulled to a drowsiness the most distressing before the end of the second act, which being but too obvious, Madame d'Henin and M. d'Arblay took me away before I risked a downright nap by waiting for the third.

April 26.

The assembly at Madame d'Henin's was one of the most select and agreeable at which I was ever present. Assembly, however, I ought not to call a meeting within the number of twenty. But I was uneasy for my poor Alex, and therefore stole away as soon as possible; not, however, till Madame de Tessé[3] made a party for us for the following Thursday at her house, nor till I had held a private discourse with Mademoiselle de —— upon my embarrassment as to Madame de Staël, from the character she held in England; which embarrassment was not much lightened by her telling me it was not held more fair in France! Yet, that everywhere the real evil is highly exaggerated by report, envy, and party-spirit, all allow. She gives, however, great assemblies at which all Paris *assist*, and though not solicited or esteemed by her early friends and acquaintance, she is admired, and pitied, and received by them. I would she were gone to Copet![4]

[1] *Le Nozze di Dorina*, 1782, was by Giuseppe Sarti, 1729-1802.

[2] ? M. Charles de Poix.

[3] Adrienne de Noailles, Marquise de Tessé, sister of the Duc d'Ayen, and aunt of Mme. de La Fayette.

[4] She must have gone, not long after this, for Buonaparte, whom she opposed, ordered her to quit Paris and not come within forty leagues of it. She might have the world (he said); but Paris he reserved for himself.

Madame de Grandmaison,[1] a very favourite friend of M. d'Arblay, came to visit me. She is a very handsome woman, and thought very clever and agreeable; but I was too much disturbed either to enjoy or judge of her conversation. What most perplexed me at this period was the following note from Madame de Staël:—

FROM MADAME DE STAËL, TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

je voudrois vous témoigner mon empressement, Madame, et je crains d'être indiscrette.[2] j'espère que vous aurez la bonté de me faire dire quand vous serez assez remise des fatigues de votre voyage pour que je puisse avoir l'honneur de vous voir sans vous importuner. NECKER STAËL DE H.

Ce 4 florial.[2]

How is it possible, when even the common civility of a card for her card is yet unreturned, that she can have brought herself thus to descend from her proud heights to solicit the renewal of an acquaintance broken so abruptly in England, and so palpably shunned in France? Is it that the regard she appeared to conceive for me in England was not only sincere but constant? If so, I must very much indeed regret a waste of kindness her character and conduct make it impossible for me to repay, even though, on this spot, I am assured all her misfortunes are aggravated, nay caricatured, by report, and that she exerts her utmost influence, and calls forth her best talents, upon every occasion which presents itself for serving those who have been her friends; and that, notwithstanding circum-

[1] Perhaps wife or relative of Jean-Joseph-Marie Jouye de Grandmaison, 1762-1839, the advocate and legislator known as "Grandmaison le Juste."

[2] Madame de Staël's orthography is here preserved [*Mrs. Barrett's note*]. *Floréal* 4 would be April 23.

stances and disunion, either in politics or morals, may have made them become her enemies. Her generosity is cited as truly singular upon this head, and I have heard histories of her returning, personally, good for evil that would do honour to any character living. What a strangely complex mixture, my dearest father, is that mixture which forms human nature! That good, or rather grand qualities, may unite with almost every frailty!

After much deliberation and discussion, my French master composed the following answer :—

"Madame d'Arblay ne peut qu'être infiniment flattée de l'extrême bonté de Madame la Comtesse de Staël. Elle aura très certainement l'honneur de se présenter chez Madame de Staël aussitôt que possible."[1]

Cooler than this it was not easy to write, and the *ne peut qu'être* is a *tournure* that is far enough from flattering. I hope, however, it will prepare her for the frozen kind of intercourse which alone can have place between us.[2]

Madame d'Henin took us to a place called *La folie de Chartres*, formerly belonging to the Duc d'Orléans, but now a public garden. It is in a state of ruin, compared with what it formerly boasted of grandeur; the river cut through it is nearly dried up from neglect of the fountains; the house is turned into cake-rooms, and common benches are placed in the most open parts of the garden, while a multitude of little bridges are half broken. Nevertheless, with all this, M. d'Arblay and I, with our Westhamble rusticity, thought it was probably more beautiful, though less habitable,

[1] Apparently she did not do so (see *post*, under August 20, 1813).

[2] Miss Mary Berry had visited Mme. de Staël on Sunday, March 21. Her record of her visit is brief and uncomplimentary. "In the morning called on Madame de Staël. Found her in an excessively dirty *cabinet*—sofa singularly so; her own dress, a loose spencer with a bare neck" (*Journals, etc., of Miss Berry*, 1865, ii. 145). She also dined with Mme. de Staël on April 1, and met Narbonne (*ib.* 170).

than in its pristine state; for the grass wildly growing was verdant and refreshing, the uncut lilacs were lavish of sweets, and Nature all around seemed luxuriantly to revel over the works of art.

As I wished much to see the parade, or review, which was to take place on the 5th,[1] and is only once a month, we were forced to devote the preceding day to visits, as it was decreed in our council of etiquette that I could not appear in a place where I might be seen by those who had shown me the civility of beginning an acquaintance, till I had acknowledged my debt to them.

. . . . . .

I was so thoroughly tired when I returned from all these visits, that I was forced to rest upon a bed for the remainder of the day, to my no small discomposure before the evening was closed; for, in a close cap, my feet in their native, undraperied state, hidden by a large, long, wrapping morning gown, your daughter, my dearest Sir, lay reclined on a bed, when, rather late in the evening, I was told Madame d'Henin was in the *salon*. I was going to send in my excuses, while I rose to get ready for waiting upon her; but Alex flung open the door, and seeing where I was, and how fatigued, she insisted on my keeping still, and came to my bedside, and sat in friendly converse, listening to the history of my morning excursion, till a ring at the bell of our ante-room made me desire to have nobody admitted. Alex again, however, frisking about, prevented Pauline, my little femme de chambre, from hearing me, and she announced Madame de la Fayette!

You may easily believe this name, and my present situation, put me into no small commotion. I was beseeching Madame d'Henin to go to the saloon with my apologies, when Alex, whose ill-

[1] Cf. vol. v. p. 476. But this date is manifestly accurate (see *post*, p. 13).

ness, though it has diminished his strength and his flesh, has left his spirits as wild as ever, called out to proclaim where I was, and while Madame Lafayette was gently moving on, flung the bedroom door wide open, saying, "Mamma is here!" Madame Lafayette, concluding, I suppose, that I received *du monde* in the French manner, immediately presented herself at the door, where I had no resource but to entreat Madame d'Henin, who is her intimate friend, to receive her, for I was wholly powerless, with my unsandaled feet, from rising.

Madame d'Henin now brought her to my bedside, where nothing could have been more awkward than my situation; but that the real reverence I had conceived for her character and her virtues made the sight of so singular a person, her condescension in the visit, and her goodness, though lame, in mounting three pair of stairs, give me a sensation of pleasure, that by animating my spirits, endowed me with a courage that overcame all difficulties both of language and position, and enabled me to express my gratitude for her kindness and my respect for her person, with something far nearer to fluency and clearness than anything in speech I have yet attempted. My mind instantly presented her to me, torn from her beloved family, and thrown into the death-impending prison of Robespierre; and then saved by his timely destruction from the scaffold, and then using her hardly-recovered liberty only by voluntarily sacrificing it to be immured with her husband in the dungeon of Olmutz. Various as may be the opinions of the politics of M. de Lafayette, all Europe, I believe, concur in admiration of the character and conduct of his virtuous and heroic wife. Indeed, nothing since my arrival has so sensibly gratified me, from *without*, as this visit.

Madame Lafayette is the daughter of the *ci-devant* Duc d'Ayen,[1] and consequently niece of Madame de Tessé, the Duc's sister. She was married to M. de Lafayette when she was only seventeen years of age. By some cold, or mismanagement, and total want of exercise in the prison of Olmutz, some humour has fallen into one of her ankles, that, though it does not make her absolutely lame, causes walking to be so painful and difficult to her that she moves as little as possible, and is always obliged to have a stool for her foot. She now resides with M. Lafayette and their three children entirely in the country, at a chateau which has descended to her since the revolutionary horrors and therefore has not been confiscated, called *La Grange*.[2] They never come to Paris but upon business of positive necessity. She had arrived only this morning on a visit to her aunt, Madame de Tessé, to make some preparations for the approaching marriage of her only son.

Her youngest daughter, Mademoiselle de Lafayette, accompanied her. She is a blooming young creature of *English* fairness—as we English choose to say—with a bright native colour, and beautiful light hair; otherwise with but indifferent features, and not handsome; yet her air, though modest even to the extreme that borders upon bashfulness, is distinguished, and speaks her to be both sensible and well brought up.

Madame de Lafayette, also, is by no means handsome; but has eyes so expressive, so large, and so speaking, that it is not easy to criticise her other features, for it is almost impossible to look at them. Her manner is calm and mild, yet noble. She is respected even by surrounding infidels for her

[1] *Née* Adrienne-Françoise de Noailles. She had married La Fayette in April 1774.

[2] A château in Brie, Seine-et-Marne.

genuine piety, which, in the true character of true religion, is severe only for herself, lenient and cheerful for all others. I do not say this from what I could see in the hour she was so good as to pass with me, but from all I have heard.

I regretted extremely that M. d'Arblay was not within, as Madame Lafayette is most deservedly one of the beings he reveres, and as he has the happiness to be enlisted amongst those who are honoured with her regard.

She warmly invited me to La Grange, and requested me to name an early day for passing some time there. I proposed that it might be after the marriage had taken place, as till then all foreign people or *subjects* might be obtrusive. She paused a moment, and then said, "Après?—c'est vrai!—we could then more completely enjoy Madame d'Arblay's society; for we must now have continual interruptions, surrounded as we are by workmen, goods, chattels, and preparations; so that there would be a nail to hammer between almost every word: and yet, as we are going to Auvergne, after the ceremony, it will be so long before a meeting may be arranged, that I believe the less time lost the better."

I knew M. d'Arblay desired this acquaintance for me too earnestly to offer any opposition; and I was too much charmed with its opening to make any myself: it was therefore determined we should go the following week to La Grange.

(*May* 5.) Again a full day. M. d'Arblay had procured us three tickets for entering the apartments at the Tuileries to see the parade of General Hulin,[1] now high in actual rank and service, but who had been a *sous-officier* under M. d'Arblay's

[1] Pierre-Augustin, Comte Hulin, 1758-1841. He had figured in 1789 at the siege of the Bastille; and was president of the military commission which, in 1804, condemned the Duc d'Enghien to death.

command; our third ticket was for Madame d'Henin, who had never been to this sight—nor, indeed, more than twice to any spectacle since her return to France—till my arrival; but she is so obliging and good as to accept, nay to seek, everything that can amuse, of which I can profit. We breakfasted with her early, and were appointed to join the party of M. le Prince de Beauveau, who had a General in his carriage,[1] through whose aid and instructions we hoped to escape all difficulties.

Accordingly the coach in which they went was desired to stop at Madame d'Henin's door, so as to let us get into our *fiacre*, and follow it straight. This was done, and our *precursor* stopped at the gate leading to the garden of the Tuileries. The De Beauveaus, Mademoiselle de Mortemar, and their attending General, alighted, and we followed their example and joined them, which was no sooner done than their General, at the sight of M. d'Arblay, suddenly drew back from conducting Madame de Beauveau, and flew up to him. They had been ancient *camarades*, but had not met since M. d'A.'s emigration.

The crowd was great, but civil and well dressed; and we met with no impediment till we came to the great entrance. Alas, I had sad recollections of sad readings in mounting the steps! We had great difficulty, notwithstanding our tickets, in making our way—I mean Madame d'Henin and ourselves, for Madame de Beauveau and Mademoiselle de Mortemar having an officer in the existing military to aid them, were admitted and helped by all the attendants; and so forwarded that we wholly lost sight of them, till we arrived, long after, in the apartment destined for the exhibition. This, however, was so crowded that every place at the windows for seeing the parade was taken, and the

[1] See *post*, p. 16.

row formed opposite to see the First Consul as he passes through the room to take horse, was so thick and threefold filled, that not a possibility existed of even a passing peep. Madame d'Henin would have retired, but as the whole scene was new and curious to me, I prevailed with her to stay, that I might view a little of the *costume* of the company; though I was sorry I detained her, when I saw her perturbed spirits from the recollections which, I am sure, pressed upon her on re-entering this palace: and that her sorrows were only subdued by her personal indignation, which was unconscious, but yet very prominent, to find herself included in the mass of the crowd in being refused all place and distinction, where, heretofore, she was amongst the first for every sort of courtesy. Nothing of this, however, was said; and you may believe my pity for her was equally unuttered.

We seated ourselves now, hopeless of any other amusement than seeing the uniforms of the passing officers, and the light drapery of the stationary ladies, which, by the way, is not by any means so notorious nor so common as has been represented; on the contrary, there are far more who are decent enough to attract no attention, than who are fashionable enough to call for it.

During this interval M. d'Arblay found means, by a ticket lent him by M. de Narbonne, to enter the next apartment, and there to state our distress, not in vain, to General Hulin; and presently he returned, accompanied by this officer, who is, I fancy, at least seven feet high, and was dressed in one of the most showy uniforms I ever saw. M. d'Arblay introduced me to him. He expressed his pleasure in seeing the wife of his old comrade, and taking my hand, caused all the crowd to make way, and conducted me into the apartment adjoining to that where the First Consul receives the

ambassadors, with a flourish of manners so fully displaying power as well as courtesy, that I felt as if in the hands of one of the seven champions who meant to mow down all before him, should any impious elf dare dispute his right to give me liberty, or to show me honour.

He put me into the first place in the apartment which was sacred to general officers, and as many ladies as could be accommodated in two rows only at the windows. M. d'Arblay, under the sanction of his big friend, followed with Madame d'Henin; and we had the pleasure of rejoining Madame de Beauveau and Mademoiselle de Mortemar, who were at the same windows, through the exertions of General Songis.[1]

The scene now, with regard to all that was present, was splendidly gay and highly animating. The room was full, but not crowded, with officers of rank in sumptuous rather than rich uniforms, and exhibiting a martial air that became their attire, which, however, generally speaking, was too gorgeous to be noble.

Our window was that next to the consular apartment, in which Bonaparte was holding a levee, and it was close to the steps ascending to it; by which means we saw all the forms of the various exits and entrances, and had opportunity to examine every dress and every countenance that passed and repassed. This was highly amusing, I might say historic, where the past history and the present office were known.

Sundry footmen of the First Consul, in very fine liveries, were attending to bring or arrange chairs for whoever required them; various peace-officers, superbly begilt, paraded occasionally up and down the chamber, to keep the ladies to their windows and the gentlemen to their ranks, so as

[1] Nicolas-Marie, Comte Songis, 1761-1810.

to preserve the passage or lane through which the First Consul was to walk upon his entrance, clear and open; and several gentlemanlike-looking persons, whom in former times I should have supposed pages of the back stairs, dressed in black, with gold chains hanging round their necks, and medallions pending from them, seemed to have the charge of the door itself, leading immediately to the audience chamber of the First Consul.

But what was most prominent in commanding notice, was the array of the aides-de-camp of Bonaparte, which was so almost furiously striking, that all other vestments, even the most gaudy, appeared suddenly under a gloomy cloud when contrasted with its brightness. We were long viewing them before we could discover what they were to represent, my three lady companions being as new to this scene as myself; but afterwards M. d'Arblay starting forward to speak to one of them, brought him across the lane to me, and said "General Lauriston."[1]

His kind and faithful friendship to M. d'Arblay, so amiably manifested upon his late splendid embassy to England, made me see him with great pleasure.[2] It was of course but for a moment, as he was amongst those who had most business upon their hands. General d'Hennezel also came to me for a few minutes, and three or four others whom M. d'Arblay named, but whom I have forgotten. Indeed, I was amazed at the number of old friends by whom he was recognised, and touched far more than I can express, to see him in his old coat and

[1] Jacques Law de Lauriston, 1768-1828 (see *post*, under May 6, 1803). He had lately been made General.

[2] See vol. v., Appendix, "M. D'Arblay in France, 1801-2." Lauriston had come to England in October 1801 as Buonaparte's first *aide-de-camp* with the ratification of the preliminaries of the Peace of Amiens. M. D'Arblay, an old friend, had called upon him, and had not only been warmly received, but Lauriston had endeavoured to aid him in recovering his half-pay.

complete undress, accosted by his fine (former) brethren, in all their new and beautiful costume, with an eagerness of regard that, resulting from first impulse, proved their judgment, or rather knowledge of his merits, more forcibly than any professions, however warm, could have done. He was indeed, after the aides-de-camp, the most striking figure in the apartment, from contrasting as much with the general herd by being the plainest and worst dressed, as they did by being the gayest and most showy.

General Lauriston is a very handsome man, and of a very pleasing and amiable countenance; and his manly air carried off the frippery of his trappings, so as to make them appear almost to advantage.

While this variety of attire, of carriage, and of physiognomy amused us in facing the passage prepared for the First Consul, we were occupied, whenever we turned round, by seeing from the window the garden of the Tuileries filling with troops.

In the first row of females at the window where we stood, were three ladies who, by my speaking English with Mademoiselle de Mortemar and Madame de Beauveau, discovered my country, and, as I have since heard, gathered my name; and here I blush to own how unlike was the result to what one of this nation might have experienced from a similar discovery in England; for the moment it was buzzed "*c'est une étrangère, c'est une Anglaise*," every one tried to place, to oblige, and to assist me, and yet no one looked curious, or stared at me. Ah, my dear Padre, do you not a little fear, in a contrasted situation, *no* one would have tried to place, oblige, or assist, yet every one would have looked curious and stared? Well, there are virtues as well as defects of all classes; and John Bull can fight so good a battle for his share of the former, that he need not be utterly

cast down in acknowledging now and then a few of the latter.

The best view from the window to see the marching forwards of the troops was now bestowed upon me, and I vainly offered it to the ladies of my own party, to whom the whole of the sight was as new as to myself. The three unknown ladies began conversing with me, and, after a little general talk, one of them with sudden importance of manner, in a tone slow but energetic, said,

"Avez-vous vu, Madame, le Premier Consul?"

"Pas encore, Madame."

"C'est sans doute ce que vous souhaitez le plus, Madame?"

"Oui, Madame."

"Voulez-vous le voir parfaitement bien, et tout à fait à votre aise?"

"Je le désire beaucoup, Madame."

She then told me to keep my eyes constantly upon her, and not an instant lose sight of her movements; and to suffer no head, in the press that would ensue when the First Consul appeared, to intervene between us. "Faites comme cela, Madame," continued she; "et vous le verrez bien, bien; car," added she, solemnly, and putting her hand on her breast,—"moi—je vais lui parler!"

I was very much surprised, indeed, and could only conclude I was speaking to a wife, sister, or cousin at least, of one of the other consuls, or of some favourite minister. "Et lui, Madame, il me répondra; vous l'entendrez parler, Madame, oui, vous l'entendrez! car il est bon, bon!—bon homme tout à fait et affable!—Oh affable!—oui, vous l'entendrez parler."

I thanked her very much, but it was difficult to express as much satisfaction as she displayed herself. You may suppose, however, how curious I felt for such a conversation, and how scrupulously

I followed her injunctions of watching her motions. A little squat good-humoured lady, with yellow flowers over a mob cap upon her hair; who had little sunken eyes, concise nose, and a mouth so extended by perpetual smiling, that, hardly leaving an inch for the cheek, it ran nearly into the ear, on my other side now demanded my attention also, and told me she came regularly every month to the great review, that she might always bring some friend who wanted to see it. I found by this she was a person of some power, some influence, at least, and not entirely averse to having it known. She was extremely civil to me; but as my other friend had promised me so singular a regale, I had not much voluntary time to spare for her; this, however, appeared to be no impediment to that she was so obliging as to determine to bestow upon me, and she talked on, satisfied with my acquiescence to her civility, till a sort of bustle just before us making me look a little sharp, she cried—

"Vous le voyez, Madame!"

"Qui?" exclaimed I, "le Premier Consul?"

"Mais non! — pas encore; — mais — ce — ce monsieur là!"

I looked at her to see whom I was to remark, and her eyes led me to a tall, large figure, with a broad gold-laced hat, who was clearing the lane which some of the company had infringed, with a stentorian voice, and an air and manner of such authority as a chief constable might exert in an English riot.

"Oui, Madame," I answered, not conceiving why I was to look at him; "je le vois ce Monsieur; il est bien grand!"

"Oui, Madame," replied she, with a yet widened smile, and a look of lively satisfaction; "il est bien grand! Vous le voyez bien?"

"Mais oui: et il est très bien mis!"

"Oui sûrement! vous êtes sûre que vous le voyez?"

"Bien sûre, Madame,—mais, il a un air d'autorité, il me semble."

"Oui, Madame; et bientôt, il ira dans l'autre appartement! il verra le premier Consul!"

"O, fort bien!" cried I, quite at a loss what she meant me to understand, till at last, fixing first him, and then me, she expressively said—

"Madame, c'est mon mari!"

The grin now was distended to the very utmost limits of the stretched lips, and the complacency of her countenance forcibly said, "What do you think of me now?" My countenance, however, was far more clever than my head, if it made her any answer. But, in the plenitude of her own admiration of a gentleman who seemed privileged to speak roughly, and push violently whoever, by a single inch, passed a given barrier, she imagined, I believe, that to belong to him entitled her to be considered as sharing his prowess; she seemed even to be participating in the merits of his height and breadth, though he could easily have put her into his pocket.

Not perceiving, as I imagine, all the delight of felicitation in my countenance that she had expected, her own fell, in a disappointed pause, into as much of length as its circular form would admit of; it recovered, however, in another minute, its full merry rotundity, by conjecturing, as I have reason to think, that the niggardliness of my admiration was occasioned by my doubt of her assertions; for, looking at me with an expression that demanded my attention, she poked her head under the arm of a tall grenadier, stationed to guard our window, and trying to catch the eye of the object of her devotion, called out, in an accent of tenderness, "M'Ami! M'Ami!"

The surprise she required was now gratified in full, though what she concluded to be excited by her happiness, was simply the effect of so caressing a public address from so diminutive a little creature to so gigantic a big one. Three or four times the soft sound was repeated ere it reached the destined ear, through the hubbub created by his own loud and rough manner of calling to order; but, when at last he caught the gentle appellation, and looked down upon her, it was with an eyebrow so scowling, a mouth so pouting, and an air that so rudely said, "*What the D—— do you want?*" that I was almost afraid he would have taken her between his thumb and finger, and given her a shake. However, he only grumbled out, "Qu'est-ce que c'est donc?" A little at a loss what to say, she gently stammered, "M'Ami,—le—le premier Consul, ne vient-il pas?" "Oui! oui!" was blustered in reply, with a look that completed the phrase by "*you fool you!*" though the voice left it unfinished.

Not disconcerted even yet, though rather abashed, she turned to me with a pleased grin that showed her proud of his noble ferociousness, and said, "C'est mon mari, Madame!" as if still fearful I was not fully convinced of the grandeur of her connection. "M'ami" having now cleared the passage by ranging all the company in two direct lines, the officers of highest rank were assembled, and went in a sort of procession into the inner apartment to the audience of the First Consul. During the time this lasted, some relaxation of discipline ensued, and the gentlemen from the opposite row ventured to approach and peep at the windows with the ladies; but as soon as the generals descended from the steps they had mounted, their short conference being over, "M'ami" again appeared, to the inexpressible gratification of his loving little mate, again furiously

hustled every one to his post; and the flags, next, as I think, were carried in procession to the inner apartment, but soon after brought back.

The Prince of Orange[1] then passed us to enter the audience chamber, with a look so serious, an air so depressed, that I have not been at all surprised to hear he was that very night taken very ill.

The last object for whom the way was cleared was the Second Consul, Cambacérès,[2] who advanced with a stately and solemn pace, slow, regular, and consequential; dressed richly in scarlet and gold, and never looking to the right or left, but wearing a mien of fixed gravity and importance. He had several persons in his suite, who, I think, but am not sure, were ministers of state.

At length the two human hedges were finally formed, the door of the audience chamber was thrown wide open with a commanding crash, and a vivacious officer—sentinel—or I know not what, nimbly descended the three steps into our apartment, and placing himself at the side of the door, with one hand spread as high as possible above his head, and the other extended horizontally, called out in a loud and authoritative voice, "Le Premier Consul!"

You will easily believe nothing more was necessary to obtain attention; not a soul either spoke or stirred as he and his suite passed along, which was so quickly that, had I not been placed so near the door, and had not all about me facilitated my standing foremost, and being least crowd-obstructed, I could hardly have seen him. As it was, I had a view so near, though so brief, of his face, as to be

[1] William Frederick, 1772-1843, afterwards (1815) King of the Netherlands.

[2] Jean-Joseph-Régis de Cambacérès, 1753-1824, Duke of Parma, and High Chancellor under Napoleon. The *Code Napoléon* was based on his *Projet de Code Civil.*

very much struck by it. It is of a deeply impressive cast, pale even to sallowness, while not only in the eye but in every feature—care, thought, melancholy, and meditation are strongly marked, with so much of character, nay, genius, and so penetrating a seriousness, or rather sadness, as powerfully to sink into an observer's mind.

Yet, though the busts and medallions I have seen are, in general, such good resemblances that I think I should have known him untold, he has by no means the look to be expected from Bonaparte, but rather that of a profoundly studious and contemplative man, who "o'er books consumes" not only the "midnight oil" but his own daily strength, "and wastes the puny body to decay"[1] by abstruse speculation and theoretic plans, or rather visions, ingenious but not practicable. But the look of the commander who heads his own army, who fights his own battles, who conquers every difficulty by personal exertion, who executes all he plans, who performs even all he suggests; whose ambition is of the most enterprising, and whose bravery is of the most daring cast:—this, which is the look to be expected from his situation, and the exploits which have led to it, the spectator watches for in vain. The plainness, also, of his dress,[2] so conspicuously contrasted by the finery of all around him, conspires forcibly with his countenance, so "sicklied o'er with the pale hue of thought," to give him far more the air of a student than a warrior.

The intense attention with which I fixed him in this short but complete view made me entirely

[1] Obviously an imperfect memory of Dryden's "Fretted the pigmy-body to decay" (*Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I. l. 152).

[2] Raimbach, the engraver, who saw him at this date, and also at a review, describes him as wearing a blue unornamented uniform, plain cocked-hat, white pantaloons, and jockey boots (*Memoirs, etc., of Abraham Raimbach, Esq.*, 1843, 68).

forget the lady who had promised me to hold him in conference. When he had passed, however, she told me it was upon his return she should address him, as he was too much hurried to be talked with at the moment of going to the parade. I was glad to find my chance not over, and infinitely curious to know what was to follow.

The review I shall attempt no description of. I have no knowledge of the subject, and no fondness for its object. It was far more superb than anything I had ever beheld; but while all the pomp and circumstance of war animated others, it only saddened me; and all of past reflection, all of future dread, made the whole grandeur of the martial scene, and all the delusive seduction of martial music, fill my eyes frequently with tears, but not regale my poor muscles with one single smile.

Bonaparte, mounting a beautiful and spirited white horse,[1] closely encircled by his glittering aides-de-camp, and accompanied by his generals, rode round the ranks, holding his bridle indifferently in either hand, and seeming utterly careless of the prancing, rearing, or other freaks of his horse, insomuch as to strike some who were near me with a notion of his being a bad horseman. I am the last to be a *judge* upon this subject; but as a *remarker*, he only appeared to me a man who knew so well he could manage the animal when he pleased, that he did not deem it worth his while to keep constantly in order what he knew, if urged or provoked, he could subdue in a moment.

Precisely opposite to the window at which I was placed, the Chief Consul stationed himself after making his round; and thence he presented some swords of honour, spreading out one arm

[1] This may have been Marengo, the famous Arab, whose skeleton is now in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution.

with an air and mien which changed his look from that of scholastic severity to one that was highly military and commanding.

Just as the consular band, with their brazen drums as well as trumpets, marched facing the First Consul, the sun broke suddenly out from the clouds which had obscured it all the morning; and the effect was so abrupt and so dazzling that I could not help observing it to my friend, the wife of *m'ami*, who, eyeing me with great surprise, not unmixed with the compassion of contempt, said—

"Est-ce que vous ne savez pas cela, Madame? Dès que le Premier Consul vient à la parade, le soleil vient aussi! Il a beau pleuvoir tout le matin; c'est égal, il n'a qu'à paroître, et tout de suite il fait beau."

I apologised for my ignorance; but doubt whether it was forgiven.

The review over, the Chief Consul returned to the palace. The lines were again formed, and he re-entered our apartment with his suite. As soon as he approached our window, I observed my first acquaintance start a little forward. I was now all attention to her performance of her promise; and just as he reached us she stretched out her hand to present him—a petition!

The enigma of the conference was now solved, and I laughed at my own wasted expectation. *Lui parler*, however, the lady certainly did; so far she kept her word; for when he had taken the scroll, and was passing on, she rushed out of the line, and planting herself immediately before him so as to prevent his walking on, screamed, rather than spoke, for her voice was shrill with impetuosity to be heard and terror of failure, "C'est pour mon fils! vous me l'avez promis!"

The First Consul stopped and spoke; but not loud enough for me to hear his voice; while his

aides-de-camp and the attending generals surrounding him more closely, all in a breath rapidly said to the lady, "Votre nom, Madame, votre nom!" trying to disengage the Consul from her importunity, in which they succeeded, but not with much ease, as she seemed purposing to cling to him till she got his personal answer. He faintly smiled as he passed on, but looked harassed and worn; while she, turning to me, with an exulting face and voice, exclaimed, "Je l'aurai! je l'aurai!" meaning what she had petitioned for—"car . . . tous ces Généraux m'ont demandé mon nom!" Could any inference be clearer?

The moment the Chief Consul had ascended the steps leading to the inner apartment, the gentlemen in black with gold chains gave a general hint that all the company must depart, as the ambassadors and the ministers were now summoned to their monthly public audience with the Chief Consul. The crowd, however, was so great, and Madame d'Henin was so much incommoded, and half ill, I fear, by internal suffering, that M. d'Arblay procured a pass for us by a private door down to a terrace leading to a quiet exit from the palace into the Tuileries garden. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney

Paris, 1802.

. . . . . .

With the nearest relatives now existing of M. d'Arblay I am myself more pleased than I can tell you. We have spent a fortnight at *Joigny*, and found them all awaiting us with the most enthusiastic determination to receive with open arms and open heart the choice and the offspring of their returned exile. Their kindness has truly penetrated

me; and the heads of the family, the uncle and the aunt, are so charming as well as so worthy, that I could have remained with them for months had not the way of life which their residence in a country town has forced them to adopt, been utterly at war with all that, to me, makes peace, and happiness, and cheerfulness, namely, the real domestic life of living with my own small but all-sufficient family. I have never loved a dissipated life, which it is no virtue in me, therefore, to relinquish; but I now far less than ever can relish it, and know not how to enjoy anything away from home, except by distant intervals; and *then* with that real moderation, I am so far from being a misanthrope or sick of the world, that I have real pleasure in mixed society. It is difficult, however, in the extreme, to be able to keep to such terms. M. d'Arblay has so many friends, and an acquaintance so extensive, that the mere common decencies of established etiquettes demand, as yet, nearly all my time; and this has been a true fatigue both to my body and my spirits.

I am now endeavouring to make an arrangement, after a fashion of my own, to put an end to these claims, at least, to their being *fulfilled.* I am sure I shall have a far better chance to do well by those I mix with, as well as by myself, if I succeed; for my voice is as wearied of pronouncing as my brain is wearied in searching words to pronounce. All I experienced, however, from company, interruption, and visiting at Paris was so short of what I found at Joigny, that, in the comparison, I seemed completely mistress of my time; for at Joigny I can truly affirm I never had one hour, or even half a one, to myself. By myself I mean to *our three selves.*

M. d'Arblay is related, though very distantly, to a quarter of the town, and the other three-

quarters are his friends or acquaintance; and all of them came, first, to see me; next, to know how I did after the journey; next, were all to be waited upon in return; next, came to thank me for my visit; next, to know how the air of Joigny agreed with me; next, to make a little further acquaintance; and, finally, to make a visit of congé. And yet all were so civil, so pleasant, and so pleased with my Monsieur's return, that could I have lived three lives, so as to have had some respite, I could not have found fault; for it was scarcely ever with the individual intruder, but with the continuance or repetition of interruption. F. D'A.

Addressed to Miss Planta for the Queen and Princesses

Passy, *December* 19, 1802.

. . . . . .

Rarely, indeed, my dear Miss Planta, I have received more pleasure than from your last most truly welcome letter, with assurances so unspeakably seasonable.[1] I had it here at Passy the 5th day after its date. I thank you again and again, but oh! how I thank God.

. . . . . .

Permit me now to go back to Joigny, for the purpose of giving some account of two very interesting acquaintances we made there. The first was Colonel Louis Bonaparte,[2] youngest brother but one (Jerome)[3] of the first Consul. His regiment was quartered at Joigny, where he happened to be upon our last arrival at that town, and where the first visit he made was to M. Bazille,

[1] Probably in reference to her pension.

[2] Louis Buonaparte, 1778-1846, third brother of Napoleon, afterwards (1806) made King of Holland.

[3] Jérôme Buonaparte, 1784-1860, afterwards (1807) King of Westphalia.

the worthy maternal uncle of M. d'Arblay. He is a young man of the most serious demeanour, a grave yet pleasing countenance, and the most reserved yet gentlest manners. His conduct in the small town (for France) of Joigny was not merely respectable, but exemplary; he would accept no distinction in consequence of his powerful connections, but presented himself everywhere with the unassuming modesty of a young man who had no claims beyond what he might make by his own efforts and merits. He discouraged all gaming, to which the inhabitants are extremely prone, by always playing low himself; and he discountenanced parade, by never suffering his own servant to wait behind his chair where he dined. He broke up early both from table and from play; was rigid in his attentions to his military duties, strict in the discipline of his officers as well as men, and the first to lead the way in every decency and regularity. When to this I add that his conversation is sensible, and well bred, yet uncommonly diffident, and that but twenty-three summers have yet rolled over his head, so much good sense, forbearance, and propriety, in a situation so open to flattery, ambition, or vanity, obtained, as they merited, high consideration and perfect goodwill.

I had a good deal of conversation with him, for he came to sit by me both before and after his card-party wherever I had the pleasure to meet him; and his quiet and amiable manners, and rational style of discourse, made him a great loss to our society, when he was summoned to Paris, upon the near approach of the event which gave him a son and heir. He was very kind to my little Alex, whom he never saw without embracing, and he treated M. d'Arblay with a marked distinction extremely gratifying to me.

The second acquaintance to which I have alluded

is a lady, Madame de Souza.[1] She soon found the road to my goodwill and regard, for she told me that she, with another lady, had been fixed upon by M. del Campo, my old sea-visitor,[2] for the high honour of aiding him in his reception of the first lady of our land and her lovely daughters, upon the Grande Fête which he gave upon the dearest and most memorable of occasions; and she spoke with such pleasure and gratitude of the sweet condescension she then experienced, that she charmed and delighted me, and *we struck up an intimacy* without further delay. Our theme was always ready, and I only regretted that I could see her but seldom, as she lived two or three miles out of Joigny, at Cesy, in the small château of la *ci-devant* Princesse de Beaufremont,[3] a lady with whom I had had the honour of making acquaintance in Paris, and who is one of those who suffered most during the horrors of the revolution. At the dreadful period when all the rage was to burn the property and title-deeds of the rich and high-born, her noble château, one of the most considerable in France, was utterly consumed, and all her papers, that no record of her genealogy might remain, were committed, with barbarous triumph, to the flames: yet was this, such is her unhappy fate, the least of her misfortunes; her eldest daughter, a beautiful young creature, upon whom she doated, was in the château at this horrible period, and forced to make her escape with such alarm and precipitance, that she never recovered from the excess of her terror, which robbed her of her life before she was quite seventeen years of age!

Around the small and modest *château* de Cesy,

[1] Adélaïde-Marie-Émilie Filleul, Marquise de Souza-Botelho, 1761-1836, wife of the Portuguese Minister at Paris, and author of *Adèle de Senanges* (1794), etc.

[2] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 256.

[3] Perhaps Louise, the wife of Joseph, Prince de Baufrement-Listenais, Comte de Cézy.

in which Madame de Beaufremont and her youngest and now only daughter, Madame de Listenois, at present reside, the grounds have been cultivated in the English style; and the walks, now shady, now open, now rising, now descending, with water, bridges, cascades, and groves, and occasional fine picturesque views from the banks of the Yonne, are all laid out with taste and pretty effects. We strolled over them with a large party, till we came to a little recess. Madame de Beaufremont then took me by the arm, and we separated from the company to enter it together, and she showed me an urn surrounded with cypress trees and weeping willows, watered by a clear, small, running rivulet, and dedicated to the memory of her first-born and early-lost lamented daughter.

Poor lady! she seems entirely resigned to all the rest of her deprivations, but here the wound is incurable! yet, this subject *apart*, she is cheerful, loves society, or rather social discourse, with a chosen few, and not only accepts with pleasure whatever may enliven her, but exerts herself to contribute all that is in her power to the entertainment of others. She has still preserved enough from the wreck of her possessions to live elegantly, though not splendidly; and her table is remarkably well served. She has a son-in-law, M. de Listenois, whom I did not see; but her remaining daughter, Madame de Listenois, is a very fine young woman. Madame de Souza has spent the whole summer with these ladies. She told me she liked England so very much, and was so happy during the six weeks she passed there, that she wept bitterly on quitting it. She was received, she says, at court in the most bewitching manner, and she delights in retracing her honours, and her sense of them. She is still so very handsome, though sickly and suffering, that I imagine she must then have been exquisitely

beautiful. I am told, by a French officer who has served in Spain, M. de Meulan, that when she left that country she was reckoned the most celebrated beauty of Madrid.

I had another new acquaintance at Joigny, also, in a lady who came from Auxerre, as she was pleased to say, to see me, Madame La Villheurnois, widow of M. La Villheurnois, who was amongst the unhappy objects *déportés*, by the order of the Directory, *à la Guyane*. As soon as the first civilities were over, she said, "Permettez, Madame! connaissez-vous Sidney?"[1] I could not doubt who she meant, though there is no avoiding a smile at this drolly concise way of naming a man by his nom de baptême. She was extremely surprised when I answered no; telling me she had concluded "que tout le monde en Angleterre" must know Sidney! Yes, I said, by character certainly; but personally I had never the gratification of meeting with him. She told me she was intimately acquainted with him herself, from seeing him continually when he was confined in the Temple, as she attended there her "malheureux époux"; and she saw also, she said, "son valet, et son jockey," whom she never suspected to be disguised emigrants, watching to aid his escape. "Surtout," she added, "comme le jockey avait des trous aux bas terribles"; which induced her daughter to buy him a new pair of stockings for charity. A gentleman who accompanied her to Joigny, her secretary, told me he had played at ball with Sidney every day for six months, while he also attended upon poor M. La Villheurnois.

When we parted, she begged me, as soon as I returned to England, "d'aller voir Sidney pour lui

[1] Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith, 1764-1840. In 1796 he was captured off Havre while conducting a cutting-out expedition from the *Diamond* frigate, and imprisoned for two years in the Temple.

faire ses reproches de ce qu'il n'avait pas répondu à sa lettre," though she was sure it had been delivered to him, because her son had given it lui-même to "Spencer," when he passed through Paris on his return from Constantinople.

Shall I never have done, you will say, with Joigny? Nay, you don't yet know what I could add; I could give you lists of the dinners with which M. d'Arblay's return was celebrated, that might grace a Lord Mayor's feast. But basta, basta. F. D'A.

PART LVII

La Grippe, a prevailing disease in France—Apprehensions of war—General Lauriston—War inevitable between England and France—M. d'Arblay's prospects in France—His *retraite*—Madame d'Arblay at Passy—M. d'Arblay receives civil employment from the French Government—Dr. Burney dines with the Prince of Wales at Lord Melbourne's—Accomplishments of his Royal Highness—Dr. Burney's meeting with Mrs. Piozzi at Bath—Difficulties of correspondence—Anxiety of Madame d'Arblay respecting her friends in England—Her desire for a reunion—Dr. Burney a corresponding Member of the French Institute—Recollections of May-day—Hopes of peace—Joy of Madame d'Arblay on receiving a letter from her father—Her description of her son—A delicious banquet—Madame d'Arblay's fortitude—An octogenarian vocalist.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Passy, *March* 23, 1803.

No, my dearest Padre, *bumptious*!—no! I deny the charge *in toto.* I had not such a thought—or rather such a feel in the world; but 'twas "very *disencouraging, Tommy,*"[1] to receive none of that coin which urged forth my merchandise!—for I had hoped some return in some of your narratory letters in which I so delight, and which nobody writes in so interesting a manner to *my gusto,* and which you used to enliven my retirement with occasionally in our tight little island. However, if it must not be expected, I will make up my mind the best I can to the good of the world, in

[1] See *ante,* vol. v. p. 437. "Tommy" was Dr. Arne.

this public monopoliser of a dictionary,[1] to which I should feel, I doubt not, less grudge, if it were more in my way.

I have been anxious to write since I received your last kind inquiries, my dearest Padre; but so tedious has been my seizure, that I have not yet got from its wraps or confinements. I feel, however, as if this were their last day, and that to-morrow would have the honour to see me abroad. I have had no fever, and no physician, and no important malady; but cold has fastened upon cold, so as utterly to imprison me. *La grippe*, however, I escaped, so has Alex, and our maid and helpers—and M. d'Arblay, who caught it latterly in his excursions to Paris, had it so slightly, that but for the fright attached to the seizure (which I thought would almost have demolished me at first, from the terror hanging on its very name at that fatal period) I should have deemed it a mere common cold. It is now universally over, but the mischief it has done is grievously irreparable. M. de la Harpe[2] I mourn the most, and much regret never having seen. The Abbé Ricard, who had just published about half his translation of Plutarch, I was also very sorry for.[3] I had dined in his company once, and he was my next neighbour; and so gentle, so quiet, so modest, so reserved, that he appeared an almost *singular* character in these times. Do you know his poem called *La Sphère*?[4] I am really sorry he is gone,—and by an illness so insidious, that appeared to have so little authority for the havoc it made. Madame

[1] Dr. B. was then writing for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* [*Mrs. Barrett's note*]. Probably Rees' *New Cyclopædia* is meant, 1803-19, for preparing the musical articles in which Fanny's father got £1000 (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 302).

[2] Jean-François de La Harpe, 1739–February 11, 1803, the famous critic.

[3] Dominique Ricard, 1741–January 28, 1803. His translation of Plutarch's *Vies des Hommes Illustres* appeared 1799-1803, 12 vols. 12mo.

[4] *La Sphère* was a poem in "VIII Chants," which appeared in 1796.

Trimouille, the lady of the house at Mousseau of which we occupied one *pavillon*, sank under it also, as did the mother-in-law of B——'s brother the doctor. It was a disastrous and frightful time. The streets of Paris were said to be as full of funerals as of cabriolets. For my own part, I have not once been able to enter that capital since I left it at the end of October. But I cannot help attributing much of the mortality which prevailed in consequence of this slight disease, to the unwholesome air occasioned by the dreadful want of cleanliness in that city, which, but for the healthiness of the beautiful and delicious walks around it, *i.e.* Les Boulevards, must surely have proved pestilential. The air of our house at Passy is perfectly pure and sweet.

By never going to Paris, I have never, of course, seen our ambassador or his duchess.[1] The very only thing that I regret not residing in Paris for, is my inability to go to His Excellency's chapel.

I send you a newspaper, to let you see *titles* can be *bestowed* here, as well as taken away.

M. d'Arblay is now making a last effort with respect to his *retraite*, which has languished in adjournment above a year. He has put it into the hands of a faithful and most amiable friend, now in high esteem with the Premier Consul, General Lauriston, who so kindly renewed an ancient friendship with his former *camarade* when he was on his splendid short embassy in England.[2] If through him it should fail, I shall never think of it more.

[1] Charles, Earl Whitworth, 1752-1825, who had married the widowed Duchess of Dorset in 1801.

[2] See *ante*, p. 17.

To Mrs. Lock

No. 54 Rue Basse, Passy, near Paris,
April 30, 1803.

How to write I know not, at a period so tremendous — nor yet how to be silent. My dearest, dearest friends! if the war indeed prove inevitable, what a heart-breaking position is ours! —to explain it fully would demand folios, and yet be never so well done as you, with a little consideration, can do it for us. Who better than Mr. Lock and his Fredy—who so well can comprehend, that, where one must be sacrificed, the other will be yet more to be pitied?—I will not go on—I will talk only of you, till our fate must be determined. And M. d'Arblay, who only in the wide world loves his paternal uncle as well (we always except *ourselves* at Westminster), how tenderly does he join in my every feeling! and how faithfully keep unimpaired all our best and happiest sympathies!

May 2. — Better appearances in the political horizon now somewhat recruit my spirits, which have been quite indescribably tortured, rather than sunk, by the impossibility of any private arrangement for our mutual happiness in the dread event of War. God Almighty yet avert it! And should it fall to the lot of Lauriston to confirm the Peace, what a guardian angel upon earth I shall deem him! How I wish he could meet with you! he is so elegant in his manners he would immediately give you pleasure; and his countenance is so true in announcing him amiable, that you might look at him with trust as well as satisfaction.

He fills his very high and powerful post in this country with a modesty and moderation that keep aloof from him all the jealousy, envy, and calumny that usually attend such stations. He receives M. d'Arblay upon exactly the same terms of intimacy,

regard, and equality as formerly, and always admits him, be his engagements ever so pressing, be who will present, or be the moment he can accord him ever so short or hurried.

M. de Lally has long been gone to Bordeaux, and with whom should he travel thither but Sir John Coghill![1] I saw that dear M. de Lally but very seldom, yet I regret his immense distance. My greatest regret is, however, for the Princesse d'Henin, who set off for Bordeaux eight months ago, and is not returned. I have had a charming and most feeling account from her of Madame La Tour du Pin,[2] and her admirable, exemplary manner of passing her time, in the regulation of her family, the education of her children, and the exertion of almost every virtue. Madame d'Henin finishes her letter with charging me to call her to the remembrance of those friends whom she so highly venerates, and whom she always flatters herself she yet shall visit again.

May 13.—Ah, my dearest friends—what a melancholy end to my hopes and my letter. I have just heard that Lord Whitworth[3] set off for Chantilly last night; war therefore seems inevitable;[4] and my grief, I, who feel myself now of two countries, is far greater than I can wish to express. While posts are yet open, write to me, my beloved friend, and by Hamburgh. I trust we may still and regularly correspond, long as the letters may be in travelling. As our letters never treat but of our private concerns, health, and welfare, neither country can object to our intercourse. Let me not therefore lose a solace I shall more than ever require in this lengthened absence—an absence for which I was so little prepared, and to which I am

[1] Sir John Coghill, *d.* 1817.

[2] Probably the wife of Fréderic-Séraphin, Marquis de La Tour du Pin-Gouvernet, 1759-1837.

[3] See *ante*, p. 37.

[4] It was declared May 22, 1803.

so little able to reconcile myself. I can but pray for peace. My dearest friends will join the prayer, made with the whole troubled soul of their tenderly affectionate F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Passy, *May* 6, 1803.

If my dearest father has the smallest idea of the suspense and terror in which I have spent this last fortnight, from the daily menace of war, he will be glad, I am sure, of the respite allowed me—if no more—from a visit I have just received from Mrs. Huber, who assures me the Ambassador has postponed his setting off, and consented to send another courier. To say how I pray for his success would indeed be needless. I have hardly closed my eyes many nights past. My dearest father will easily conceive the varying conflicts of our minds, and how mutual are our sufferings. We have everywhere announced our intention to embrace you next October, the state of M. d'Arblay's affairs makes it impossible for him to indulge me sooner; but if the war takes place, the difficulties of procuring licence, passports, passage, and the ruinous length of travelling through Hamburgh, as well as the deadly sickness of so long a voyage—all these thoughts torment me night and day, and rest will, I fear, be a stranger to my eyes till the conflict is terminated; and then, whether it will bring me back rest, or added rest-robbing materials for destroying it, who can tell? At all events, let me intreat to hear from you, my beloved padre, as speedily as possible. Our last accounts of you were good, with regard to your recovery from the influenza. God grant you may be able to confirm the assurance of your re-establishment!

We were buoyed up here for some days with the

hope that General Lauriston was gone to England as *plenipo*, to end the dread contest without new effusion of blood: but Paris, like London, teems with hourly false reports, and this intelligence, unhappily, was of the number. The continued kindness and friendship of that gentleman for M. d'Arblay make me take a warm interest in whatever belongs to him, About ten days ago, when M. d'Arblay called upon him, relative to the affair so long impending of his *retraite*, he took his hand, and said, "*Fais-moi ton compliment.*" You are sure how heartily M. d'Arblay would be ready to comply—"but what," he demanded, "can be new to *you* of honours?" "I have succeeded," he answered, "for you!—the First Consul has signed your mémoire." When such delicacy is joined to warm attachment, my dearest father will not wonder I should be touched by it. The forms of the business, however, are not yet quite completed, but it has passed all the difficulties which could impede its conclusion. At any other time I should have announced this with far more spirit, but my heart is at present so oppressed with the still remaining fear of hostilities, that I can merely state the fact; and rejoice that—small, very small as it proves—M. d'Arblay has now something in his native country, where all other claims are vain, and all other expectations completely destroyed. He had been flattered with recovering some portion, at least, of his landed property near Joigny; but those who have purchased it during his exile add such enormous and unaccountable charges to what they paid for it at that period, that it is become, to us, wholly unattainable.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

May 14, 1803.

My dearest Father—The enclosed missed the opportunity for which it was written, and now—the ambassador is gone. I am offered a place for this in a conveyance that follows him; and it is well something was ready, for I am incapable of writing now, further than expressing my ceaseless prayers for a speedy restoration of peace. My dearest father!—how impossible to describe my distress. Had I any other partner upon earth I could hardly support it at all: but he suffers nearly as much as myself. He has just received the *retraite*,[1] which is a mark of being under government protection, and that is much. You will easily, however, conceive how completely it makes it impossible for him to quit his country during a war. I need write nothing explanatory; and I cannot, in the disordered state of my nerves, from this bitter stroke, do more now than pray Heaven to bless and preserve my beloved father, and to restore the nations to peace, and me to his arms.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Passy, *April* 11, 1804.

We live in the most quiet, and, I think, enviable retirement. Our house is larger than we require, but not a quarter furnished. Our view is extremely pretty from it, and always cheerful; we rarely go out, yet always are pleased to return. We have our books, our prate, and our boy—how, with all this, can we, or ought we to suffer ourselves to complain of our narrowed and narrowing income? If we are still able to continue at Passy, endeared

[1] A retiring allowance of 1500 francs per annum (£62 : 10s.). See *post*, p. 43.

to me now beyond any other residence away from you all, by a friendship I have formed here with one of the sweetest women I have ever known, Madame de Maisonneuve, and to M. d'Arblay by similar sentiments for all her family,[1] our philosophy will not be put to severer trials than it can sustain. And this engages us to bear a thousand small privations which we might, perhaps, escape, by shutting ourselves up in some spot more remote from the capital. But as my deprivation of the society of my friends is what I most lament, so something that approaches nearest to what I have lost affords me the best reparation.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Passy, *May* 29, 1805.

Before I expected it, my promised opportunity for again writing to my most dear father is arrived. I entirely forget whether, before the breaking out of the war stopt our correspondence, M. d'Arblay had already obtained his *retraite*;[2] and, consequently, whether that is an event I have mentioned or not. Be that as it may, he now has it—it is 1500 livres, or £62 : 10s. per annum. But all our resources from England ceasing with the peace, we had so little left from what we had brought over, and M. d'Arblay has found so nearly nothing remaining of his natural and hereditary claims in his own province, that he determined upon applying for some employment that might enable him to live with independence, however parsimoniously. This he has, with infinite difficulty, etc., at length obtained, and he is now a *redacteur* in the civil department of *les Batimens*, etc.[3] This is no sinecure. He attends at his bureau from half-past

[1] Mme. de Maisonneuve was the sister of General Victor de Latour Maubourg (see *post*, p. 97).

[2] He had (see *ante*, p. 42).

[3] *Ministère de l'Intérieur* (see *post*, p. 65).

nine to half-past four o'clock every day; and as we live so far off as Passy he is obliged to set off for his office between eight and nine, and does not return to his hermitage till past five. However, what necessity has urged us to desire, and made him solicit, we must not, now acquired, name or think of with murmuring or regret. He has the happiness to be placed amongst extremely worthy people; and those who are his *chefs* in office treat him with every possible mark of consideration and feeling.

We continue steady to our little cell at Passy, which is retired, quiet, and quite to ourselves, with a magnificent view of Paris from one side, and a beautiful one of the country on the other. It is unfurnished—indeed, unpapered, and every way unfinished; for our workmen, in the indispensable repairs which preceded our entering it, ran us up bills that compelled us to turn them adrift, and leave everything at a stand, when three rooms only were made just habitable.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

July 12, 1805.

. . . . . .

Your brother, Dr. Charles, and I, have had the honour last Tuesday of dining with the Prince of Wales at Lord Melbourne's,[1] at the particular desire of H.R.H. He is so good-humoured and gracious to those against whom he has no party prejudice, that it is impossible not to be flattered by his politeness and condescension. I was astonished to find him, amidst such constant dissipation, possessed of so much learning, wit, knowledge of books in general, discrimination of character, as well as original humour. He quoted Homer in

[1] Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne, 1748-1819, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, 1784.

Chose excessivement importante

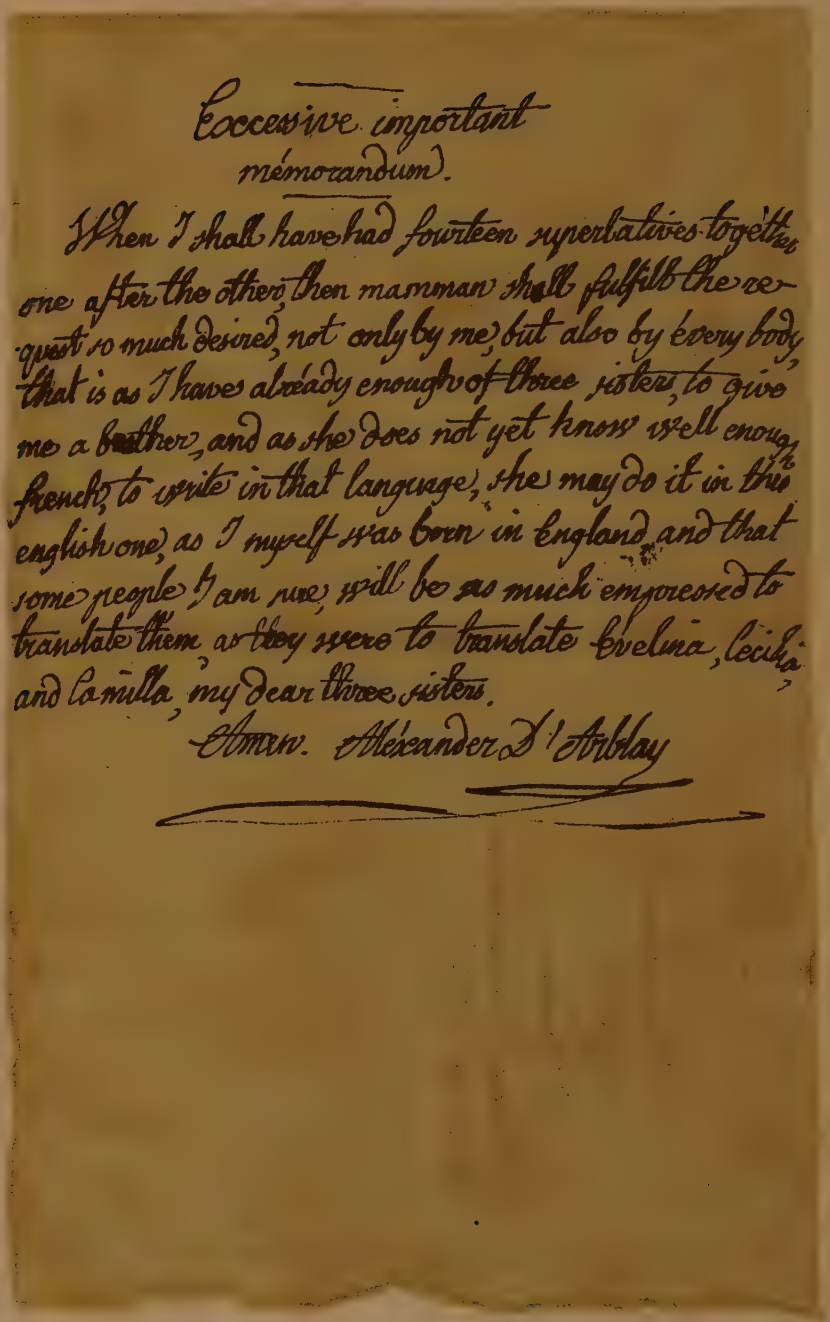
A Madame

Madame D'Arblay. rue basse : en face de la rue de l'Eglise.

A Passy près Paris.

Département de la Seine.

Excessive important mémorandum.


Excessive important
mémorandum.

When I shall have had fourteen superlatives together
one after the other, then mamman shall fulfilb the re-
quest so much desired, not only by me, but also by every body,
that is as I haves already enough of three sisters, to give
me a brother, and as she does not yet know well enough
french, to write in that language, she may do it in the
english one, as I myself was born in England and that
some people I am sure, will be as much empressed to
translate them, as they were to translate Evelina, Cecilia
and Camilla, my dear three sisters.

Amen. Alexander D'Arblay

Facsimile of a Letter from Alexander D'Arblay to his Mother

Greek to my son as readily as if the beauties of Dryden or Pope had been under consideration. And as to music, he is an excellent critic; has an enlarged taste—admiring whatever is good in its kind, of whatever age or country the composers or performers may be; without, however, being insensible to the superior genius and learning necessary to some kinds of music more than others.

The conversation was general and lively, in which several of the company, consisting of eighteen or twenty, took a share, till towards the heel of the evening, or rather the *toe* of the morning; for we did not rise from table till one o'clock, when Lady Melbourne[1] being returned from the opera with her daughters, coffee was ordered; during which H.R.H. took me aside and talked exclusively about music near half an hour, and as long with your brother concerning Greek literature. He is a most excellent mimic of well-known characters: had we been in the dark any one would have sworn that Dr. Parr and Kemble were in the room. Besides being possessed of a great fund of original humour, and *good humour*, he may with truth be said to have as much wit as Charles II., with much more learning—for his merry majesty could spell no better than the *bourgeois gentil-homme.*

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

June 12, 1808.[2]

My dear Fanny—The complaint made in one of two short notes I have received, of letters never

[1] Lady Melbourne, 1749-1818, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke. She married Lord Melbourne in 1769. She had been one of Dr. Burney's pupils when he returned from Lynn to London (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 354).

[2] In the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 378-381, this letter is given in more extended form, and is dated "*Nov.* 12, 1808." Possibly several versions of the same budget went to Paris.

answered, old Charles returns, as his account of family affairs, he finds, has never reached you. Indeed, for the last two or three years, I have had nothing *good* to say of *own self*, and I peremptorily charged all the rest of the family to say nothing *bad* on the subject of health, for I never understood the kindness of alarming distant friends with accounts of severe illness, as we may be recovered or dead before the information reaches them.

Last autumn I had an alarming seizure in my left hand; and, mine being pronounced a *Bath case*, on Christmas Eve I set out for that city, extremely weak and dispirited—put myself under the care of Dr. Parry,[1] and after remaining there three months I found my hand much more alive, and my general health considerably amended.

During my invalidity at Bath I had an unexpected visit from your Streatham friend, of whom I had lost sight for more than ten years.[2] I saw very few people, but none of an evening nor of a morning, on the days my hand was pumped on. When her name was sent in I was much surprised, but desired she might be admitted; and I received her as an old friend with whom I had spent much time very happily, and never wished to quarrel. She still looks well, but is grave, and candour itself; though still she says good things, and writes admirable notes and letters, I am told, to my granddaughters C. and M., of whom she is very fond. We shook hands very cordially, and avoided any allusion to our long separation and its cause; the *Caro Sposo* still lives, but is such an object from the gout that the account of his sufferings made me pity him sincerely; he wished, she told me, "to see his old and worthy friend," and, *un beau matin*, I could not refuse compliance with his wish. She nurses him with great

[1] See *ante*, vol. v. p. 438.

[2] Mrs. Piozzi.

affection and tenderness, never goes out or has company when he is in pain. God bless you and yours, prays—

Your very affectionate Padre.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney, Chelsea

ce 16 *Septembre* 1807.

My most dear Father—I have just received a kind offer to send a few lines to the spot whence my most ardent wishes are to receive many, but whence the handwriting that most of all I sigh to behold has not blessed my sight since the return of Madame de Cadignan. Nor have I ever heard whether the last six letters I have written have as yet been received. Two of them were antiques that had waited three or four years some opportunity; a third was concerning the Institute, and M. le Breton's[1] wish to see you installed one of the foreign members and correspondents; the two last were to reach you through a voyage by America, and therefore may not yet be arrived. I do not count the few lines sent by Maria,[2] though to obtain even a smaller mite myself would fill me with joy and thankfulness.

21 *Août* 1808.—The expected opportunity for which I had strung this lamentable list of unacknowledged claims, nearly a twelvemonth since, failed; another at this moment offers—may it prove more propitious! Could it but rebound to me with news of your health, such as it conveys from hence of ours, how should I bless it! But an intercourse such as that must wait for other blessings than mine—the blessings of peace—and those, the whole wounded universe would surely

[1] Joachim Lebreton, 1760-1819, Secrétaire Perpetuel de la Classe des Beaux Arts de l'Institut National de France.

[2] See *ante*, vol. v. p. 489.

join to hail. My paper is so stinted, and my time so limited, that I can begin no regular account of our proceedings, which, indeed, have but little varied since we lost Maria. Oh that any one could give me here the history of yours! I am in such terrible arrears of all such knowledge that I know not who will ever undertake to pay me. My last intelligence was that you were well, my dearest father, and that the family at large, in that at least, imitated you. But details—none, none reach me! I have a bitter anxiety of suspense upon some subjects very near my heart. Not even the loved names of any of my family now reach me; Esther, James, Charles, Charlotte, Sally, with all their younger selves, and Richard and his boys, all are sounds strange to my ears, and my beloved friends of Norbury are banished thence with the same rigour! I am sad, sad indeed, at this deprivation; though in all else I am still and constantly happy, for in my two faithful companions I find sympathy in all my feelings, and food, sweet food for all my hopes.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

September 1808.

After being so long robbed of all means of writing to my beloved father, I seize, with nearly as much surprise as gratitude, a second opportunity of addressing him almost before the first can have brought my hand to his sight. When will some occasion offer to bring me back—not my revenge, but my first and most coveted satisfaction? With how much more spirit, also, should I write, if I knew what were received of what already I have scrawled! Volumes, however, must have been told you, of what in other times I should have

written, by Maria. For myself, when once a reunion takes place, I can scarcely conceive which will be hardest worked, my talking faculties or my listening ones. Oh what millions of things I want to inquire and to know! The *rising generation*, methinks, at least, might keep me some letters and packets ready for occasional conveyances. I should be grateful beyond measure. M. d'Arblay writes—"how desired is, how happy shall be, the day, in which we shall receive your dearest blessing and embrace! Pray be so kind not to forget the mate, always remembering your kindness for him and his. A thousand thousand loves to *all*."

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

March 28, 1810.

Have you received, my dearest father, the honour designed you by the Institute? The worthy M. le Breton, *Secrétaire Perpétuel*, entered your name upon the first vacancy the moment we informed him you would be sensible to such a distinction.[1] I have never but once, as yet, been to the Institution; and that once was upon the occasion of the reception of M. de Tracy,[2] with whom and with all his amiable family we are very much connected. He made a very good discourse, which he sent me a day or two after; and it was replied to by M. de Segur,[3] now *Grand Maître des Cérémonies*, admirably in a discourse, which he also has had the goodness to send me in a very elegant letter from his charming wife, a lady who, though now a grandmother, retains the beauty of twenty-

[1] *i.e.*—of Correspondent to the recently established (1795) Institute of France—*Classe des Beaux Arts* (see *post*, p. 53).

[2] Antoine-Louis-Claude Destutt, Comte de Tracy, 1754-1836. He had been, like M. d'Arblay, a *maréchal de camp* under La Fayette; but was now a senator and member of the Institute—*Classe des Sciences Morales et Politiques*.

[3] Louis-Philippe, Comte de Segur, 1753-1830.

five, and the grace and attraction of eighteen years of age. You are always remembered here, and named with pleasure, by M. Suard[1] and M. l'Abbé Morellet,[2] both of whom we meet chez Madame de Tessé, one of the most *spirituelle* and *instruite*, and charming of women, though so little in her bloom that she has been married a second time to her first husband after a trial how she liked the state with him of fifty years. Adieu, dearest, most dear Sir! Oh that our approaching rejoicings may announce us some prospect of peace! I entreat to be remembered most affectionately to all my dear family and my friends, and to be kept always warm in the heart of my beloved father, who preserves an unalterable place in that of his dutiful and devoted

F. D'A.

P.S.—M. d'Arblay conjures you to retain all your goodness for him. It cannot easily, dear Sir, be better bestowed.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

No. 13 Rue d'Anjou, Paris,
May 1, 1810.

A happy May-day to my dearest father! Sweet-scented be the cowslips which approach his nostrils! lovely and rosy the milkmaids that greet his eyes, and animating as they are noisy the marrow-bones and cleavers that salute his ears! Dear, and even touching, are these anniversary recollections where distance and absence give them existence only in

[1] Jean-Baptiste-Antoine Suard, 1733-1817. He was perpetual secretary of the Institute—*Classe de la Langue et de la Littérature Française*. Dr. Burney had known him in Paris, having gone to him with an introduction from Garrick (*Memoirs*, 1832, iii. 386).

[2] André Morellet, 1727-1819, author and member of the Institute. He was the Abbé "Mords-les" of Voltaire; and had visited England in 1772, making the acquaintance of Franklin and Lord Shelburne, afterwards first Marquess of Lansdowne.

the memory! and, at this moment, to hear and see them I would exchange all the Raphaels in our Museum,[1] and the new and beautiful composition of Paesiello in the chapel. The pleasure of admiration is so relative that no intrinsic merit can awaken it like our proper interests. Yet I need not fear *you* will think me insensible to the noble works here exhibited. Oh no! You, my dearest father, will unfold all my meaning, and enter into every feeling that makes even excellence vapid, which we can only witness through separation from those we love.

Could you but send me a little food for the hope now in private circulation that the new alliance of the Emperor may perhaps extend to a general alliance of all Europe, oh, heaven! how would that brighten my faculties of enjoyment! I should run about to see all I have hitherto omitted to seek, with the ardent curiosity of a traveller newly arrived; and I should hasten to review and consider all I have already beheld, with an alertness of vivacity that would draw information from every object I have as yet looked at with undiscerning tameness. Oh, such a gleam of light would new-model or re-model me, and I should make you present to all my sights, and partake of all the wonders that surround me!

Were not this cruel obscurity so darkening to my views, and so depressing to my spirits, I could tell my dearest father many things that might amuse him, and detail to him, in particular, my great and rare happiness in a point the most essential, after domestic comforts, to peace of mind and cheerfulness, namely, my good fortune in my adopted friends in this my adopted country. The society in which I mix, when I can prevail with myself to quit my yet dearer fireside, is all that can

[1] Raphael's *Transfiguration*, now in the Vatican, was then among the borrowed treasures in the Louvre.

be wished, whether for wit, wisdom, intelligence, gaiety, or politeness. The individuals with whom I chiefly mix, from being admired at first for their talents or amiability, are now sincerely loved for their kindness and goodness. Could I write more frequently, or with more security that I write not to the winds and the waves, I would characterise the whole set to you, and try to make us yet shake hands in the same party. I have heard of this opportunity so suddenly that I have not a moment for extending my use of it to my dear sisters, brothers, and friends, except through your goodness, which must again fabricate messages to all and every one from the materials you well know to be in my heart, and which no one can draw forth and disseminate with equal justness.

M. d'Arblay is at his office, and knows nothing of this offer; he is well, but thinner, *much*, and overworked, terribly, at this moment. Alex is writing on the same table, but not quite so familiarly nor so glibly; for he is preparing twenty lines of Euripides for his master. Heaven bless my ever dear father, prays his F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

No. 13 Rue d'Anjou, Paris,
ce 16 *Sept.* 1810.

Can I tell you, my dearest father!—oh no! I can never tell you—the pleasure, the rapture with which I received your letter by Madame Solvyns.[1] It had been so cruelly long since I had heard from you, so anxious and suffering a space since I had seen your handwriting, that, when at last it came, I might have seemed, to one who did not know me, rather penetrated by sudden affliction than

[1] In the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 392, this lady is called Mme. Greenwood Solvyns. She was an English lady married to a Frenchman.

by joy. But how different was all within to what appeared without! My partner-in-all received it at his bureau, and felt an impatience so unconquerable to communicate so extreme a pleasure that he quitted everything to hasten home; for he was incapable of going on with his business. How satisfactory, also, is all the intelligence! how gaily, with what spirit written! I have not been able to give the joy to Madame Solvyns, whom I have not the pleasure to know, nor have ever even seen, though I am well disposed to admire, after your agreeable picture of her, and the great obligation I owe to her. I have sent your message to M. Suard by a lady with whom he is particularly acquainted, and who assures me *qu'il a été bien touché* by your remembrance. With regard to the Institute, my dearest Sir, you are nominated correspondent in the class "des Beaux Arts." The Secrétaire Perpétuel, M. le Breton, has been so good as to bring to me himself the form of your nomination. He has received the letter you wrote of acceptance, and with perfect approvance. I am soon to meet M. Suard at the house of the lady I have mentioned, and I shall then make the inquiries you desire, of books and authors. I do nothing of late but dream of seeing you, my most dear father. I think I dream it wide awake, too; the desire is so strong that it pursues me night and day, and almost persuades me it has something in it of reality: and I do not choose to discourage even ideal happiness. But my poor mate dreams no such dreams: his bureau is of a business too substantial to allow of castle-building in the air. *My* castles are rather upon the sea; pray for me that they be not all drowned.

Adieu, most dear Sir,

Your own

F. D'A.

P.S.—Alex will venture to write for himself. My married nieces, with all their charms, and all their merits, and all their bambinos, are most unnatural little chits never to ask my consent first, nor my benediction afterwards. Will they wait till their little ones give them a better example?

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

No. 13 Rue d'Anjou, Paris,
Sept. 16, 1810.

Should this reach you, my ever dearest friend, may it urge you to prepare me at least a similar slip, and my Amine another, for the first possible opportunity to be left at my dear father's. It is so long, so dreadfully long, since I have had the blessing to see your beloved handwritings, that methinks if your names only arrived I should feel a joy past description.

When, when, may I embrace you again! I think of late of nothing else. I form projects, and dream dreams. Oh, dearest friends, give me your prayers I may not dream only always!

My excellent mate, toujours the same, has not less desire, but is still wider from probability. His health is not all I could wish—it is preserved with watchfulness, but cannot bear neglect. Alex is thin and pale, but strong and without complaint. He is terribly singular, and more what they here call *sauvage* than any creature I ever beheld. He is untameably wild, and averse to all the forms of society. Where he can have got such a rebel humour we conceive not; but it costs him more to make a bow than to resolve six difficult problems of algebra, or to repeat twelve pages from Euripides; and as to making a civil speech, he would sooner renounce the world.

How should I delight to see my dearest friends

encircled by all their lovely tribes! *Two* letters I have received, but long, long since, from my indulgent Amine; so sweetly satisfactory, so dwelling on interesting details, so descriptive of all I most wish to see and know, that for many months even, after reading them, I thought and felt myself *au fait* with all that passed, and no longer a stranger to all your proceedings, your interests, your affairs, and your bosom-feelings. But why have I not my dear Augusta's letter? I beseech that it may be sent to Chelsea; occasions there present themselves sometimes; rarely, indeed, but yet sometimes. How kind of her to have written! No matter for the date; all will still, alas! to me be new; for I hear so seldom, and after such chasms, that a letter of six years ago will stand a chance to give me as much intelligence as one written last week. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

No. 13 Rue d'Anjou,
April 14, 1811.

Many, or rather countless, as are the times that the sight of the handwriting of my dearest father has brought joy to my heart, it never yet, methinks, proved so truly a balsam as this last time of its blessing me.

Seated round our wood fire by one, by two, by three, we gave to it a whole evening, stopping upon every phrase, commenting upon every paragraph, and I, the reader, indulging them and myself by expounding and dilating upon every allusion, quotation, and family story or saying. It was therefore a long and delicious banquet; and we have agreed to lock it up, and take it out again once in every three months for another family reading, till another arrives.

I yield, dearest Sir, implicitly to your decision, and my dear sisters and brothers, with respect to the worthy Letty, upon one condition—that you do not let a too delicate consideration for us deprive the good soul of our little assistance should any change of circumstances, or any unfortunate increase of infirmity or ill health, make the mite of more consequence. I beg, through your means, to put the management of *this solution*, as Mr. Tyers called every doubt, into the hands of our just and feeling Esther, who sees her the oftenest, and will soon find if the small addition, eventually, may become more important; and pray tell my dear Esther that we graciously forgive her "worldly and grovelling" spirit for us, if we may depend upon her accepting carte blanche for amending it, should occasion invite any change.

Have you received the letter in which I related that your diploma has been brought to me by the perpetual secretary of the class of the Fine Arts of the Institute of France? I shall not have it conveyed but by some very certain hand, and that, now, is most difficult to find.[1] M. le Breton has given me, also, a book of the list of your *camarades*, in which he has written your name. He says it will be printed in next year's register. He has delivered to me, moreover, a medal, which is a mark of distinction reserved for peculiar honour to peculiar select personages. Do you suppose I do not often—often—often think who would like, and be fittest to be the bearer to you of these honours?

I am heartily glad Mrs. Hawkins has recovered her property,[2] though I had never heard it had been lost or disputed. So many letters have failed to

[1] See *ante*, p. 53. It was apparently conveyed to Dr. Burney by Mme. Solvyns (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 392).

[2] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 38.

reach me, that some seem like the second volume of a book which comes to hand before the first. *Lady Keith*[1]—is it *Miss Thrale*, or one of her sisters? Whichever it is, I am glad of her kind remembrance, and most cordially hope she is happy. If she would write, and leave a letter with you, some favourable packet might enclose it.

I have not met M. Suard for many months, but I have sent him and his lady your kind words by M. Lally Tolendal, and they have both expressed themselves highly gratified by your remembrance. The Abbé Morellet,[2] now 85 or 86, walks about Paris like a young man, and preserves his spirits, memory, and pleasure in existence, and has a *bookery* in such elegant order that people beg to go and see it, as they do to visit that of a certain *other* member of les beaux arts of our Institute.[3]

How kind was the collection of letters you made more precious by *endorsing*! I beseech you to thank all my dear correspondents, and to bespeak their patience for answers, which shall arrive by every wind that I can make blow their way; but yet more, beseech their generous attention to my impatience for more, should the wind blow fair for *me* before it will let me hail them in return. Difficultly can they figure to themselves my joy—my emotion at receiving letters from such dates as they can give me!

During this year Madame d'Arblay's correspondence with her English connections was interrupted not only by the difficulty of conveying letters, but also by a dangerous illness and the menace of a cancer, from which she could only be relieved by submitting to a painful and hazardous

[1] "Queenie" Thrale had married Viscount Keith in 1808.
[2] See *ante*, p. 50.
[3] Dr. Burney, who had known Morellet when in England (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 386).

operation.[1] The fortitude with which she bore this suffering, and her generous solicitude for Monsieur d'Arblay and those around her, excited the warmest sympathy in all who heard of her trial, and her French friends universally gave her the name of *L'Ange*; so touched were they by her tenderness and magnanimity.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney, Chelsea

No. 8 Rue d'Anjou, Paris,
May 29, 1812.

A friend of Maria's[2] has just promised me to convey to her a letter which I may direct. I snatch the happy opportunity to enclose it in a few lines to my dearest father, who will forward it to Bath Easton with my best love.

Immense as is the distance between a letter and an interview, where the dearer is unattainable, its *succedaneum* becomes more precious than those who enjoy both can believe, or even conceive. Oh my dearest father, let no possible conveyance pass without giving me the sight of your hand, if it be but by your signature.

We are well, and Alex, latterly, has taken the good turn of approaching nearer in personal resemblance to his father; for, from being extremely little of his age, he is now suddenly grown to a goodly size.

I have seen, at length, Madame Solvyns; I think her charming, gay, spirited, natural, and agreeable. Various circumstances had prevented our meeting till the other day; and then, how did we talk of my dearest father! She is truly worthy of the subject, for she says she sees nothing perfect without recollecting him. "He is *so French in his*

[1] By Baron de Larrey, the famous surgeon of Napoleon (see *post*, p. 65).

[2] See *ante*, p. 47.

manners! so attentive, so polite, so pleasing!—it's so rarely one sees an Englishman, however good and excellent, so charmingly well bred and engaging."

Monsieur Guinguiné,[1] whom you inquired after in one of your letters, is well and flourishing. I have never seen him, which I regret, since you have known him; but he is much acquainted at a house where I visit with very particular pleasure, M. de Tracy's,[2] and where I hope one day to meet him. I have all my old horror of *arranged* encounters, or Madame de Tracy would instantly contrive one; but they always seem to me formidable, and I leave all my meetings to chance.

M. d'A. saw lately our justly celebrated De Lille,[3] and amongst other subjects he mentioned his knowledge of my dear father, and spoke of him in warm terms of admiration and regard. This leads me to inquire after Mrs. Crewe. It is very long since I have heard of her.

Monsieur Suard is still as active in literature, as much sought in society, and as alive in the world as when you knew him. The Abbé Morellet, about five years ago, sung me a ballad of his own composition, at the house of Madame de Tessé, that he made upon completing his 80th year; it was gay, touching, amusing, and informing. I will endeavour to get you a copy. He is now member of the *Corps Législatif*, and, to the entertainment of his numerous friends, wears, when in *grand costume*, a sword. He is quite well, cheerful, spirited, and chattily agreeable; and still tall and upright. I am charmed to see how literature, as well as astronomy, is long of life.

[1] Pierre-Louis Ginguené, 1748-1816, author of the *Histoire littéraire de l'Italie*, and Member of the Institute—*Classe des Sciences Morales et Politiques*.

[2] See *ante*, p. 49.

[3] The Abbé Jacques Delille, 1738-1813, the translator of Virgil, and author of *Les Jardine*. Dr. Burney had met him and Calonne at Mr. Woodford's in 1799 (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 280-281).

Adieu, my most dear Sir. My old visions of again seeing you, and being blest with your blessing, revisit again my slumbers. Oh give them your prayers!

For your devotedly affectionate and dutiful

F. D'ARBLAY.

My tenderest love to all my dears: my two that are my constant consolation and support send you theirs with the most dutiful respect.

PART LVIII

Journal from Paris to London

Madame d'Arblay desirous of visiting her friends in England—Fouché—A disappointment—She prepares to take her son with her—Commissions—Detained at Dunkirk—The French Government permit her manuscripts to be forwarded to her—Spanish prisoners—Her sympathy towards them—Examination at the police office—Sails from Dunkirk—The vessel captured by the English—Landing in England—Recognition of her brother—Arrival at Chelsea—Saddening change in Dr. Burney.

Dunkirk, 1812.

There are few events of my life that I more regret not having committed to paper while they were fresher in my memory, than my police-adventure at Dunkirk, the most fearful that I have ever experienced, though not, alas, the most afflicting, for terror, and even horror, are short of deep affliction; while they last they are, nevertheless, absorbers; but once past, whether ill or well, they are over, and from them, as from bodily pain, the animal spirits can rise uninjured: not so from that grief which has its source in irremediable calamity; from that there is no rising, no relief, save in hopes of eternity: for here on earth all buoyancy of mind that might produce the return of peace, is sunk for ever. I will now, however, put down all that recurs to me of my first return home.

In the year 1810, when I had been separated

from my dear father, and country, and native friends, for eight years, my desire to again see them became so anxiously impatient that my tender companion proposed my passing over to England alone, to spend a month or two at Chelsea. Many females at that period, and amongst them the young Duchesse de Duras,[1] had contrived to procure passports for a short similar excursion; though no male was permitted, under any pretence, to quit France, save with the army.

Reluctantly—with all my wishes in favour of the scheme—yet most reluctantly, I accepted the generous offer; for never did I know happiness away from that companion, no, not even out of his sight! but still, I was consuming with solicitude to see my revered father—to be again in his kind arms, and receive his kind benediction.

For this all was settled, and I had obtained my passport, which was brought to me without my even going to the police office, by the especial favour of M. le Breton, the Secrétaire Perpétuel *à l'Institut.* The ever active services of M. de Narbonne aided this peculiar grant; though, had not Bonaparte been abroad with his army at the time, neither the one nor the other would have ventured at so hardy a measure of assistance. But whenever Bonaparte left Paris, there was always an immediate abatement of severity in the police; and Fouché,[2] though he had borne a character dreadful beyond description in the earlier and most horrible times of the Revolution, was, at this period, when *Ministre de la Police,* a

[1] Claire de Kersaint, 1778-1829, wife of the Duc de Durfort Duras (see *ante*, vol. v. p. 470), author of *Ourika*, a novel, 1823, and *Edouard*, 1825. She read the first part of the latter to Miss Berry in 1822 at Andilly (*Extracts from Journals*, 1865, iii. 317).

[2] Joseph Fouché, duc d'Otrante, and, for the second time, Minister of Police, 1754-1820.

man of the mildest manners, the most conciliatory conduct, and of the easiest access in Paris. He had least the glare of the new imperial court of any one of its administration; he affected, indeed, all the simplicity of a plain Republican. I have often seen him strolling in the most shady and unfrequented parts of the *Elysian Fields*, muffled up in a plain brown rocolo,[1] and giving *le bras* to his wife, without suite or servant, merely taking the air, with the evident design of enjoying also an unmolested tête-à-tête. On these occasions, though he was universally known, nobody approached him; and he seemed, himself, not to observe that any other person was in the walks. He was said to be remarkably agreeable in conversation, and his person was the best fashioned and most gentlemanly of any man I have happened to see, belonging to the government. Yet, such was the impression made upon me by the dreadful reports that were spread of his cruelty and ferocity at Lyons,[2] that I never saw him but I thrilled with horror. How great, therefore, was my obligation to M. de Narbonne and to M. le Breton, for procuring me a passport, without my personal application to a man from whom I shrunk as from a monster.

I forget now for what spot the passport was nominated—perhaps for Canada, but certainly not for England; and M. le Breton, who brought it to me himself, assured me that no difficulty would be made for me either to go or to return, as I was known to have lived a life the most inoffensive to government, and perfectly free from all species of political intrigue, and as I should leave behind me such sacred hostages as my husband and my son.

[1] Roquelaure or "rocklow."

[2] He had assisted, with Collot d'Herbois, in the reduction of the revolted city of Lyons when retaken by the armies of the Republic, and he had shown great cruelty.

Thus armed, and thus authorised, I prepared, quietly and secretly, for my expedition, while my generous mate employed all his little leisure in discovering where and how I might embark ; when, one morning, when I was bending over my trunk to press in its contents, I was abruptly broken in upon by M. de Boinville, who was in my secret, and who called upon me to stop ! He had received certain, he said, though as yet unpublished information, that a universal embargo was laid upon every vessel, and that not a fishing-boat was permitted to quit the coast.

Confounded, affrighted, disappointed, and yet relieved, I submitted to the blow, and obeyed the injunction. M. de Boinville then revealed to me the new political changes that occasioned this measure, which he had learned from some confiding friends in office ; but which I do not touch upon, as they are now in every history of those times.

I pass on to my second attempt, in the year 1812. Disastrous was that interval ! All correspondence with England was prohibited under pain of death ! One letter only reached me, most unhappily, written with unreflecting abruptness, announcing, without preface, the death of the Princess Amelia,[1] the new and total derangement of the King,[2] and the death of Mr. Lock.[3] Three such calamities overwhelmed me, overwhelmed us both, for Mr. Lock, my revered Mr. Lock, was as dear to my beloved partner as to myself. Poor Mrs. —— concluded these tidings must have already arrived, but her fatal letter gave the first intelligence, and no other letter, at that period,

[1] The Princess Amelia died November 2, 1810.

[2] The King's health, which had been much affected by the failure of the Walcheren expedition of 1809, finally broke down after the death of the Princess Amelia.

[3] Mr. Locke died October 5, 1810, aged seventy-eight, and is buried at Mickleham. As already stated (vol. v. p. 479), his son William sold Norbury in 1819.

found its way to me. She sent hers, I think, by some trusty returned prisoner.

She little knew my then terrible situation; hovering over my head was the stiletto of a surgeon for a menace of cancer; yet, till that moment, hope of escape had always been held out to me by the Baron de Larrey—hope which, from the reading of that fatal letter, became extinct.

When I was sufficiently recovered for travelling, after a dreadful operation, my plan was resumed; but with an alteration which added infinitely to its interest, as well as to its importance. Bonaparte was now engaging in a new war, of which the aim and intention was no less than —the conquest of the world. This menaced a severity of conscription to which Alexander, who had now spent ten years in France, and was seventeen years of age, would soon become liable. His noble father had relinquished all his own hopes and emoluments in the military career, from the epoch that his king was separated from his country; though that career had been his peculiar choice, and was suited peculiarly to the energy of his character, the vigour of his constitution, his activity, his address, his bravery, his spirit of resource, never overset by difficulty nor wearied by fatigue — all which combination of military requisites—

> The eye could in a moment reach,
> And read depicted in his martial air.

But his high honour, superior to his interest, superior to his inclination, and ruling his whole conduct with unremitting, unalienable constancy, impelled him to prefer the hard labour and obscure drudgery of working at a *Bureau* of the Minister of the Interior, to any and every advantage or promotion that could be offered him in his own

immediate and favourite line of life, when no longer compatible with his allegiance and loyalty. To see, therefore, his son bear arms in the very cause that had been his ruin—bear arms against the country which had given himself as well as his mother, birth, would indeed have been heart-breaking. We agreed, therefore, that Alexander should accompany me to England, where, I flattered myself, I might safely deposit him, while I returned to await, by the side of my husband, the issue of the war, in the fervent hope that it would prove our restoration to liberty and reunion.

My second passport was procured with much less facility than the first. Fouché was no longer Minister of Police,[1] and, strange to tell, Fouché, who, till he became that minister, had been held in horror by all France—all Europe, conducted himself with such conciliatory mildness to all ranks of people while in that office, evinced such an appearance of humanity, and exerted such an undaunted spirit of justice in its execution, that at his dismission all Paris was in affliction and dismay! Was this from the real merit he had shown in his police capacity? Or was it from a yet greater fear of malignant cruelty awakened by the very name of his successor, Savary, Duke of Rovigo?[2]

Now, as before, the critical moment was seized by my friends to act for me when Bonaparte had left Paris to proceed towards the scene of his next destined enterprise, and he was, I believe, already at Dresden when my application was made. My kind friend Madame de T—— here took the agency which M. de Narbonne could no longer sustain, as he was now attending the Emperor, to whom he had been made aide-de-camp, and through

[1] He had ceased to hold that office on June 3, 1810.

[2] Anne-Jean-Marie-René Savary de Rovigo, duc de Rovigo, 1774-1833. He had presided at the execution of the Duc d'Enghien.

her means, after many difficulties and delays, I obtained a licence of departure for myself and for Alexander. For what place, nominally, my passport was assigned, I do not recollect; I think, for Newfoundland, but certainly for some part of the coast of America. Yet everybody at the police office saw and knew that England was my object. They connived, nevertheless, at the accomplishment of my wishes, with significant though taciturn consciousness.

From all the friends whom I dared trust with my secret expedition, I had commissions for London; though merely verbal, as I was cautioned to take no letters. No one, at that time, could send any to England by the post. I was charged by sundry persons to write for them, and in their names, upon my arrival. Madame de Tracy begged me to discover the address of her sister-in-law, Madame de Civrac,[1] who had emigrated into the wilds of Scotland, and of whom she anxiously wished for some intelligence. This occasioned my having a little correspondence with her, which I now remark because she is named as one of the principal *Dames de la Société* by Madame de Genlis. Madame d'Astorre desired me to find out her father, M. le Comte de Cely, and to give him news of her and her children. This I did, and received from the old gentleman some visits, and many letters. Madame la Princesse de Chimay[2] entrusted me with a petition—a verbal one, to the Prince of Wales, in favour of the Duc de Fitzjames, who, in losing his wife, had lost an English pension. This I was to transmit to his Royal

[1] Wife of the Duc de Civrac-Durfort (*Memoirs of Mme. de Genlis*, 1825, i. 196, 266).

[2] Jeanne-Marie-Ignace Thérésia Cabarrus, 1773-1835, a beautiful Spaniard, formerly Mme. Tallien. In 1805 she married M de Caraman, who subsequently became Prince de Chimay (Belgium). M. de Caraman was her third husband, her first having been M. Devint de Fontenay.

Highness by means of the Duchess Dowager of Buccleugh; who was also entreated to make known the Duke's situation to M. d'Escars,[1] who was in the immediate service of Louis XVIII.; for M. d'Escars I had a sort of cipher from Madame de Chimay, to authenticate my account.

Our journey — Alexander's and mine — from Paris to Dunkirk was sad, from the cruel separation which it exacted, and the fearful uncertainty of impending events; though I was animated at times into the liveliest sensations, in the prospect of again beholding my father, my friends, and my country.

General d'Arblay, through his assiduous researches, aided by those of M. de Boinville and some others, found that a vessel was preparing to sail from Dunkirk to Dover, under American colours, and with American passports and licence; and, after privately landing such of its passengers as meant but to cross the Channel, to proceed to the western continents. M. d'Arblay found, at the same time, six or seven persons of his acquaintance who were to embark in this vessel, namely, Madame and Mademoiselle de Cocherelle, Madame de Carbonière,[2] Madame de Roncherolle, Madame de Caillebot and her son and daughter, the two Miss Potts, and Mrs. Gregory.[3]

We all met, and severally visited at Dunkirk, where I was compelled, through the mismanagement and misconduct of the captain of the vessel, to spend the most painfully wearisome six weeks of my life, for they kept me alike from all that was dearest to me, either in France or in England, save my Alexander. I was twenty times on the point of returning to Paris; but whenever I made known

[1] François-Nicolas-René de Pérusse, Comte d'Escars, 1759-1822. Louis XVIII. made him a peer of France in August 1815.

[2] See *post*, under April 1815.

[3] See *post*, p. 71.

that design, the captain promised to sail the next morning. The truth is, he postponed the voyage from day to day and from week to week, in the hope of obtaining more passengers; and, as the clandestine visit he meant to make to Dover, *in his way to America*, was whispered about, reinforcements very frequently encouraged his cupidity.

The *ennui* of having no positive occupation was now, for the first time, known to me; for though the first object of my active cares was with me, it was not as if that object had been a daughter, and always at my side; it was a youth of seventeen, who, with my free consent, sought whatever entertainment the place could afford, to while away fatigue. He ran, therefore, wildly about at his pleasure, to the quay, the dockyard, the sea, the suburbs, the surrounding country; but chiefly, his time was spent in skipping to the *Mary Ann*, our destined vessel, and seeing its preparations for departure.

To stroll about the town, to call upon my fellow-sufferers, to visit the principal shops, and to talk with the good Dutch people while I made slight purchases, was all I could devise to do that required action.

When I found our stay indefinitely protracted, it occurred to me that if I had the papers of a work which I had then in hand, they might afford me an occupation to while away my truly vapid and uninteresting leisure. I wrote this idea to my *partner in all*—as M. de Talleyrand had called M. d'Arblay; and, with a spirit that was always in its first youth where any service was to be performed, he waited on M. de Saulnier at the police office,[1] and made a request that my manuscripts might be sent after me, with a permission that I might also be allowed to carry them with me on

[1] Secretary to the Duc de Rovigo, Minister of Police (see *post*, p. 78).

board the ship. He durst not say to England, whither no vessel was supposed to sail; but he would not, to M. de Saulnier, who palpably connived at my plan and purpose, say America. M. de Saulnier made many inquiries relative to these papers; but on being assured, upon honour, that the work had nothing in it political, nor even national, nor possibly offensive to the government, he took the single word of M. d'Arblay, whose noble countenance and dauntless openness of manner were guarantees of sincerity that wanted neither seals nor bonds, and invested him with the power to send me what papers he pleased, without demanding to examine, or even to see them—a trust so confiding and so generous, that I have regretted a thousand times the want of means to acknowledge it according to its merit.

This work was *The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties*, of which nearly three volumes were finished.[1] They arrived, nevertheless, vainly for any purpose at Dunkirk; the disturbance of my suspensive state incapacitating me for any composition, save of letters to my best friend, to whom I wrote, or dictated by Alexander, every day; and every day was only supported by the same kind diurnal return. But when, at length, we were summoned to the vessel, and our goods and chattels were conveyed to the custom-house, and when the little portmanteau was produced, and found to be

[1] Published in March 1814 (see *post*, p. 95). She must already have been attempting, from Paris, some informal negotiations as to its issue, for Byron had heard of its existence. "My bookseller, Cawthorne," he writes to Harness in Dec. 1811,—"has just left me, and tells me, with a most important face, that he is in treaty for a novel of Madame D'Arblay's, for which 1000 guineas are asked. He wants me to read the MS. (if he obtains it), which I shall do with pleasure; but I should be very cautious in venturing an opinion on her whose *Cecilia* Dr. Johnson superintended [an error: see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 116]. If he lends it to me, I shall put it into the hands of Rogers and M[oor]e, who are truly men of taste." Three days later, he repeats the story to Hodgson; but the amount has grown to 1500 guineas (Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*, 1844, p. 147).

filled with manuscripts, the police officer who opened it began a rant of indignation and amazement at a sight so unexpected and prohibited, that made him incapable to inquire or to hear the meaning of such a freight. He sputtered at the mouth, and stamped with his feet, so forcibly and vociferously, that no endeavours of mine could induce him to stop his accusations of traitorous designs, till, tired of the attempt, I ceased both explanation and entreaty, and stood before him with calm taciturnity. Wanting, then, the fresh fuel of interruption or opposition, his fire and fury evaporated into curiosity to know what I could offer. Yet even then, though my account staggered his violence into some degree of civility, he evidently deemed it, from its very nature, incredible; and this fourth child of my brain had undoubtedly been destroyed ere it was born, had I not had recourse to an English merchant, Mr. Gregory, long settled at Dunkirk,[1] to whom, happily, I had been recommended, as to a person capable, in any emergence, to afford me assistance; he undertook the responsibility; and the letter of M. d'Arblay, containing the licence of M. de Saulnier, was then all-sufficient for my manuscripts and their embarkation.

The second event I have to relate I never even yet recollect without an inward shuddering. In our walks out of the town, on the borders of the Ocean, after passing beyond the dockyard or wharf, we frequently met a large party of Spanish prisoners, well escorted by *gens d'armes*, and either going to their hard destined labour, or returning from it for repast or repose. I felt deeply interested by them, knowing they were men with and for whom our own English and the immortal Wellington were then fighting; and this

[1] See *post*, p. 79.

interest induced me to walk on the bank by which they were paraded to and fro, as often as I could engage Alexander, from his other pursuits, to accompany me. Their appearance was highly in their favour, as well as their situation; they had a look calmly intrepid, of concentrated resentment, yet unalterable patience. They were mostly strong-built and vigorous; of solemn, almost stately deportment, and with fine dark eyes, full of meaning, rolling around them as if in watchful expectation of insult; and in a short time they certainly caught from my countenance an air of sympathy, for they gave me, in return, as we passed one another, a glance that spoke grateful consciousness. I followed them to the place of their labour; though my short-sightedness would not let me distinguish what they were about, whether mending fortifications, dykes, banks, parapets, or what not: and I durst not use my glass, lest I should be suspected as a spy. We only strolled about in their vicinity, as if merely visiting and viewing the sea.

The weather—it was now August—was so intensely hot, the place was so completely without shade, and their work was so violent, that they changed hands every two hours, and those who were sent off to recruit were allowed to cast themselves upon the burnt and straw-like grass, to await their alternate summons. This they did in small groups, but without venturing to solace their rest by any species of social intercourse. They were as taciturn with one another as with their keepers and taskmasters.

One among them there was who wore an air of superiority, grave and composed, yet decided, to which they all appeared to bow down with willing subserviency, though the distinction was only demonstrated by an air of profound respect when-

ever they approached or passed him, for discourse held they none. One morning, when I observed him seated at a greater distance than usual from his overseers, during his hour of release, I turned suddenly from my walk as if with a view to bend my way homewards, but contrived, while talking with Alexander and looking another way, to slant my steps close to where he sat surrounded by his mute adherents, and to drop a handful of small coin nearly under the elbow upon which, wearily, he was reclining. We proceeded with alertness, and talking together aloud; but Alexander perceived this apparent chief evidently moved by what I had done, though forbearing to touch the little offering, which, however, his companions immediately secured.

After this I never met him that he did not make me a slight but expressive bow. This encouraged me to repeat the poor little tribute of compassion, which I soon found he distributed, as far as it would go, to the whole set, by the kindly looks with which every one thenceforward greeted me upon every meeting. Yet he whom we supposed to be some chief, and who palpably discovered it was himself I meant to distinguish, never touched the money, nor examined what was taken up by the others, who, on their part, nevertheless seemed but to take charge of it in trust.

We were now such good friends, that this became more than ever my favourite walk; and these poor unhappy captives never saw me without brightening up into a vivacity of pleasure that was to me a real exhilaration.

We had been at Dunkirk about five weeks, when one evening, having a letter of consequence to send to Paris, I begged Alexander to carry it to the Post himself, and to deposit me upon the quay, and there to join me. As the weather was very

fine I stood near the sea, wistfully regarding the element on which depended all my present hopes and views. But presently my meditations were interrupted, and my thoughts diverted from mere self by the sudden entrance, in a large body, of my friends the Spanish prisoners, who all bore down to the very place where I was stationed, evidently recognising me, and eagerly showing that it was not without extreme satisfaction. I saw their approach, in return, with lively pleasure, for, the quay being, I suppose, a place of certain security, they were unencumbered by their usual *turnkeys*, the gens d'armes, and this freedom, joined to their surprise at my sight, put them also off their guard, and they flocked round though not near me, and hailed me with smiles, bows, and hands put upon their breasts. I now took courage to speak to them, partly in French, partly in English, for I found they understood a little of both those languages. I inquired whence they came, and whether they knew General Wellington. They smiled and nodded at his name, and expressed infinite delight in finding I was English; but though they all, by their head movements, entered into discourse, my friend the chief was the only one who attempted to answer me.

When I first went to France, being continually embarrassed for terms, I used constantly to apply to M. d'Arblay for aid, till Madame de Tessé charged him to be quiet, saying that my looks filled up what my words left short, "*de sorte que*," she added, "*nous la devinons*"; this was the case between my Spaniards and myself, and we *deviné-d* one another so much to our mutual satisfaction, that while this was the converse the most to my taste of any I had had at Dunkirk, it was also, probably, most to theirs of any that had fallen to their lot since they had been torn from their native country.

While this was going on I was privately drawing from my purse all that it contained of small money to distribute to my new friends; but at this same moment a sudden change in the countenance of the chief from looks of grateful feeling to an expression of austerity, checked my purpose, and, sorry and alarmed lest he had taken offence, I hastily drew my empty hand from my reticule. I then saw that the change of expression was not simply to austerity from pleasure, but to consternation from serenity; and I perceived that it was not to me the altered visage was directed; the eye pointed beyond me, and over my head; startled, I turned round, and what, then, was my own consternation when I beheld an officer of the police, in full gold trappings, furiously darting forward from a small house at the entrance upon the quay, which I afterwards learned was his official dwelling. When he came within two yards of us he stood still, mute and erect; but with an air of menace, his eyes scowling first upon the chief, then upon me, then upon the whole group, and then upon me again, with looks that seemed diving into some conspiracy.

My alarm was extreme; my imprudence in conversing with these unhappy captives struck me at once with foreboding terror of ill consequences. I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to meet the eyes of my antagonist with a look that showed surprise rather than apprehension at his wrath.

This was not without some effect. Accustomed, probably, to scrutinise and to penetrate into secret plots, he might be an adept in distinguishing the fear of ill-treatment from the fear of detection. The latter I certainly could not manifest, as my compassion had shown no outward mark beyond a little charity; but the former I tried, vainly, perhaps, to subdue; for I well knew that pity

towards a Spaniard would be deemed suspicious, at least, if not culpable.

We were all silent, and all motionless; but when the man, having fixed upon me his eyes with intention to petrify me, saw that I fixed him in return with an open though probably not very composed face, he spoke, and with a voice of thunder, vociferating reproach, accusation, and condemnation all in one. His words I could not distinguish; they were so confused and rapid from rage.

This violence, though it secretly affrighted me, I tried to meet with simple astonishment, making no sort of answer or interruption to his invectives. When he observed my steadiness, and that he excited none of the humiliation of discovered guilt, he stopped short and, after a pause, gruffly said,—

"Qui êtes-vous?"

"Je me nomme d'Arblay."

"Etes-vous mariée?"

"Oui."

"Où est votre mari?"

"A Paris."

"Qui est-il?"

"Il travaille aux Bureaux de l'Intérieur."

"Pourquoi le quittez-vous?"

I was here sensibly embarrassed. I durst not avow I was going to England; I could not assert I was really going to America. I hesitated; and the sight of his eyes brightening up with the hope of mischief, abated my firmness; and, while he seemed to be staring me through, I gave an account, very imperfect, indeed, and far from clear, though true, that I came to Dunkirk to embark on board the *Mary Ann* vessel.

"Ah ha!" exclaimed he, "vous êtes Anglaise?"

Then, tossing back his head with an air of

triumphant victory, "Suivez-moi!" he added, and walked away, fast and fierce, but looking back every minute to see that I followed.

Never can I forget the terror with which I was seized at this command; it could only be equalled by the evident consternation and sorrow that struck me, as I turned my head around to see where I was, in my poor chief and his group. Follow I did, though not less per force than if I had been dragged by chains. When I saw him arrive at the gate of the little dwelling I have mentioned, which I now perceived to belong to him officially, I impulsively, involuntarily stopped. To enter a police-office, to be probably charged with planning some conspiracy with the enemies of the State, my poor Alexander away, and not knowing what must have become of me; my breath was gone; my power of movement ceased; my head, or understanding, seemed a chaos, bereft of every distinct or discriminating idea; and my feet, as if those of a statue, felt riveted to the ground, from a vague but overwhelming belief I was destined to incarceration in some dungeon, where I might sink ere I could make known my situation to my friends, while Alex, thus unaccountably abandoned, might be driven to despair, or become the prey to nameless mischiefs.

Again the tiger vociferated a "Suivez-moi!" but finding it no longer obeyed, he turned full round as he stood upon his threshold, and perceiving my motionless and speechless dismay, looked at me for two or three seconds in scornful, but investigating taciturnity. Then, putting his arms a-kimbo, he said, in lower, but more taunting accents, "*Vous ne le jugez donc pas à propos de me suivre?*"

This was followed by a sneering, sardonic grin that seemed anticipating the enjoyment of using compulsion. On, therefore, I again forced myself,

and with tolerable composure I said, "Je n'ai rien, Monsieur, je crois, à faire ici?"

"Nous verrons!" he answered, bluffly, and led the way into a small hovel rather than parlour; and then haughtily seated himself at a table, on which were pen, ink, and paper; and, while I stood before him, began an interrogation, with the decided asperity of examining a detected criminal, of whom he was to draw up the *procès verbal.*

When I perceived this, my every fear, feeling, nay, thought, concentrated in Alexander, to whom I had determined not to allude, while I had any hope of self-escape, to avoid for us both the greatest of all perils, that of an accusation of intending to evade the ensuing conscription, for which, though Alex was yet too young, he was fast advancing to be amenable.

But now that I was enclosed from his sight, and there was danger every moment of his suddenly missing me, I felt that our only chance of safety must lie in my naming him before he should return. With all the composure, therefore, that I could assume, I said that I was come to Dunkirk with my son to embark in the *Mary Ann*, an American vessel, with a passport from M. de Saulnier, secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, Minister of the Police.

And what had I done with this son?

I had sent him to the post-office with a letter for his father.

At that instant I perceived Alexander wildly running past the window.

This moment was critical. I instantly cried, "Sir, there is my son!"

The man rose, and went to the door, calling out "Jeune homme!"

Alex approached, and was questioned, and though much amazed, gave answers perfectly agreeing with mine.

I now recovered my poor affrighted faculties, and calmly said that if he had any doubt of our veracity, I begged he would send for Mr. Gregory, who knew us well. This, a second time, was a most happy reference. Mr. Gregory was of the highest respectability, and he was near at hand. There could be no doubt of the authenticity of such an appeal. The brow of my ferocious assailant was presently unbent. I seized the favourable omen to assure him, with apparent indifference, that I had no objection to being accompanied or preceded to l'Hotel Sauvage, where I resided, nor to giving him the key of my portmanteau and portfolio, if it were possible I had excited any suspicion by merely speaking, from curiosity, to the Spanish prisoners.

No, he answered, he would not disturb me; and then, having entered the name of Alexander by the side of mine, he let us depart.

Speechless was my joy, and speechless was the surprise of Alexander, and we walked home in utter silence.

Happily, this incident occurred but just before we set sail, for with it terminated my greatest solace at Dunkirk, the seeing and consoling those unhappy prisoners, and the regale of wandering by the sea-coast.

Six weeks completely we consumed in wasteful weariness at Dunkirk; and our passage, when at last we set sail, was equally, in its proportion, toilsome and tedious. Involved in a sickening calm, we could make no way, but lingered two days and two nights in this long-short passage. The second night, indeed, might have been spared me, as it was spared to all my fellow-voyagers. But when we cast anchor, I was so exhausted by the unremitting sufferings I had endured, that I was literally unable to rise from my hammock.

Yet was there a circumstance capable to have aroused me from any torpidity, save the demolishing ravage of sea-sickness; for scarcely were we at anchor, when Alex, capering up to the deck, descended with yet more velocity than he had mounted, to exclaim, "Oh, maman! there are two British officers now upon deck!"

But, finding that even this could not make me recover speech or motion, he ran back again to this new and delighting sight, and again returning, cried out in a tone of rapture, "Maman, we are taken by the British! We are all captured by British officers!"

Even in my immoveable, and nearly insensible state, this juvenile ardour, excited by so new and strange an adventure, afforded me some amusement. It did not, however, afford me strength, for I could not rise, though I heard that every other passenger was removed. With difficulty, even next morning, I crawled upon the deck, and there I had been but a short time, when Lieutenant Harford came on board to take possession of the vessel, not as French, but American booty, war having been declared against America the preceding week.[1]

Mr. Harford, hearing my name, most courteously addressed me, with congratulations upon my safe arrival in England. These were words to rewaken all the happiest purposes of my expedition, and they recovered me from the nerveless, sinking state into which my exhaustion had cast me, as if by a miracle. My father, my brothers, my sisters, and all my heart-dear friends, seemed rising to my view and springing to my embraces, with all the joy of renovating reunion. I thankfully accepted his obliging offer to carry me on shore in his own boat; but when I turned round, and called upon

[1] War was declared by Congress in June 1812.

Alexander to follow us, Mr. Harford, assuming a commanding air, said, "No, madam, I cannot take that young man. No French person can come into my boat without a passport and permission from Government."

My air now a little corresponded with his own, as I answered, "He was born, Sir, in England."

"Oh!" cried he, "that's quite another matter; come along, Sir! we'll all go together."

I now found we were rowing to Deal, not Dover, to which town we had been destined by our engagement: but we had been captured, it seems, *chemin faisant*, though so gently, and with such utter helplessness of opposition, that I had become a prisoner without any suspicion of my captivity.

We had anchored about half a mile, I imagine, from the shore; which I no sooner touched than, drawing away my arm from Mr. Harford, I took up on one knee, with irrepressible transport, the nearest bright pebble, to press to my lips in grateful joy at touching again the land of my nativity, after an absence, nearly hopeless, of more than twelve years.[1]

Of the happiness that ensued—my being again in the arms of my dearly loved father—in those of my dear surviving sisters—my brothers—my friends, some faint details yet remain in a few letters to my heart's confidant that he preserved: but they are truly faint, for my satisfaction was always damped in recording it to him who so fondly wished to partake of it, and whose absence from that participation always rendered it incomplete.

And, on one great source of renovated felicity,

[1] The *Memoirs of Dr. Burney* (1832) add that Mme. D'Arblay and her son were immediately recognised and entertained by the wife of the Commander-in-Chief in the Downs, Admiral Sir Thomas Foley (pp. 400-1). They remained at Deal three or four days.

I did not dare touch even by inference, even by allusion—that of finding my gracious royal mistress and her august daughters as cordial in their welcome, as trustingly confidential, and as amiably condescending, I had almost said affectionate, as if I had never departed from the royal roof under which, for five years, I had enjoyed their favour. To have spoken of the Royal Family in letters sent to France under the reign of Bonaparte, might have brought destruction on him for whom I would a thousand times sooner have suffered it myself.[1]

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Broome

August 15, 1812.

In a flutter of joy such as my tender Charlotte will feel in reading this, I write to her from England! I can hardly believe it; I look around me in constant inquiry and doubt; I speak French to every soul, and I whisper still if I utter a word that breathes private opinion.

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We set off for Canterbury, where we slept, and on the 20th proceeded towards Chelsea. While, upon some common, we stopped to water the horses, a gentleman on horseback passed us twice, and then, looking in, pronounced my name; and I saw it was Charles, dear Charles! who had been watching for us several hours and *three nights* following, through a mistake. Thence we pro-

[1] Miss Edgeworth notes as "an extraordinary evidence of the ignorance in which Napoleon I. kept the French people, that when Mme. d'Arblay landed at Portsmouth [Deal] a few months ago, and saw on a plate at Admiral Foley's a head of Lord Nelson, and the word Trafalgar, she asked what Trafalgar meant. She actually, as Lady Spencer told me, who had the anecdote from Dr. Charles Burney, did not know the English had been victorious, or that Lord Nelson was dead" (*A Study of Maria Edgeworth*, by Grace A. Oliver, 1882, p. 277).

ceeded to Chelsea, where we arrived at nine o'clock at night. I was in a state almost breathless. I could only demand to see my dear father alone: fortunately, he had had the same feeling, and had charged all the family to stay away, and all the world to be denied. I found him, therefore, in his library, by himself—but oh! my dearest, very much altered indeed—weak, weak and changed—his head almost always hanging down, and his hearing most cruelly impaired. I was terribly affected, but most grateful to God for my arrival. Our meeting, you may be sure, was very tender, though I roused myself as quickly as possible to be gay and cheering. He was extremely kind to Alex, and said, in a tone the most impressive, "I should have been very glad to have seen M. d'Arblay!" In discourse, however, he reanimated, and was, at times, all himself. But he now admits scarcely a creature but of his family, and will only see for a short time even his children. He likes quietly reading, and lies almost constantly upon the sofa, and will never eat but alone! What a change![1]

[1] At this point may be interpolated the following extract from the *Journals* of Miss Berry published in 1865:—"*Tuesday, November 10th* [1812]. I went to Lady Crewe's, who gave a sort of *luncheon dinner*, to which we were invited to meet Dr. [Charles] Burney and his sister Madame D'Arblay. They were neither of them there. When we entered a dozen ladies were sitting round the fire with Miladi. Lawrence, the painter, the only gentleman. Dr. Burney was ill and could not come, but at last Madame D'Arblay arrived. I was very glad to see her again. She is wonderfully improved in good looks in ten years, which have usually a very different effect at an age when people begin to fall off. Her face has acquired expression and a charm which it never had before. She has gained an *embonpoint* very advantageous to her face. We did not talk much about France; but with her intelligence there was a good deal she could tell, and much she could not, having a husband and French establishment, to which she was to return after the winter" (ii. 508).

PART LIX

1813

Madame d'Arblay at St. James's—Her son obtains the Tancred scholarship—Attempt of a mad woman to enter the Queen's apartment—Kindness of Her Majesty and the Princesses to Madame d'Arblay—The King's health—Lady Crewe—Early introduction of young ladies into society—Madame de Staël—Party at the house of Mr. Rogers—Conversation with Mr. Wilberforce—Madame d'Arblay's arrangements for a new work—Death of M. de Narbonne—Publication of *The Wanderer*—Peace between France and England—Death of Dr. Burney—Grillon's hotel—Mr. Grattan and his family—John Bull seen to great advantage—Madame la Baronne de M—— —The Prince de Condé—Levée of Louis XVIII. at Grillon's hotel—Presentation of Madame d'Arblay—The King's speeches to her—Letter from the Count de Lally Tolendal to Madame d'Arblay—Arrival of M. d'Arblay.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Chenies Street,[1] London,
February 8, 1813.

Your kind invitation, my dearest Padre, I should instantly have answered, and not with my pen, had all been as favourable as my inclination and the weather; but this last week has been wholly dedicated to the Queen and the Princesses: a letter came to me from Windsor to prepare me for their arrival, and, consequently, to keep me

[1] Alfred Place, Tottenham Court Road. Mme. D'Arblay lived here from February to May 1813.

always in readiness for the honour of a summons; and, out of their five days' residence in town, they have had the gracious indulgence to admit me three, and, upon those occasions, I never quitted the palace till they went to one of the Princes' to dinner, between seven and eight o'clock. Nor then, neither, in fact, for I still stayed to dine myself, with my successor.

But why, my dearest father may say, not hasten to Chelsea now? The fact is, I have been obliged to omit various precautionary measures during the whole of this week, and I now feel an absolute necessity to nurse again and refit. To-day I have entirely kept quiet and silent upstairs in my room, and as, these other days, I have kept wholly the reverse, my lungs, strength, and spirits, all demand the recruit. I fear that for some days I must go on *doctoring* myself after these late excesses; but bad weather alone, after Wednesday, shall withhold me from embracing my dearest father.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

March 16, 1813.

How will my kindest father rejoice for me! for my dear partner—for my boy! The election is gained, and Alexander has obtained the Tancred scholarship.[1] He had all the votes: the opponent retired. Sir D—— behaved handsomely, came forward, and speechified for us. Sir Francis Milman,[2] who was chairman, led the way in the harangue.

Dr. Davy,[3] our supporter, leader, inspirer,

[1] Studentships founded by Christopher Tancred, of Whixley Hall, Yorkshire, 1689-1754, at Christ's and Caius Colleges, Cambridge. Elections are by a mixed body,—partly Cambridge, partly London.

[2] Sir Francis Milman, 1746-1821, President of the College of Physicians, and Physician to the Queen's Household.

[3] Martin Davy, D.D., Master of Caius from 1803 to 1839.

director, heart and head, patron and guide, spoke also.

Mr. H—— spoke, too; but nothing, they tell me, to our purpose, nor yet against it. He gave a very long and elaborate history of a cause which he is to plead in the House of Lords, and which has not the smallest reference whatsoever to the case in point. Dr. Davy told me, in recounting it, that he is convinced the good and wary lawyer thought this an opportunity not to be lost for rehearsing his cause, which would prevent loss of time to himself, or hindrance of business, except to his hearers: however, he gave us his vote. 'Tis a most glorious affair.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

May 11, 1813.

My own inclination and intention kept in mind your charge, my dearest Sir, that as soon as I was able I would wait upon Lady Crewe; fortunately, I found her at home, and in her best style, cordial as well as good-humoured, and abounding in acute and odd remarks. I had also the good fortune to see my lord, who seems always pleasing, unaffected, and sensible, and to possess a share of innate modesty that no intercourse with the world, nor addition of years, can rob him of. I was much satisfied with my visit; but what I shall do for time, now once I have been launched from my council, or sick chamber, I wot not.

What a terrible alarm is this which the poor tormented Queen has again received![1] I wrote

[1] A woman named Davenport, an assistant mistress of the wardrobe, in a fit of insanity, perhaps induced by the death of the Princess Amelia, attempted to break into the Queen's bedroom at Windsor to obtain the redress of some imaginary wrongs. She was eventually overpowered, and removed to an asylum. There is an account of the incident in the *Annual Register*, 1813, pp. 35-36 (*Chronicle*).

my concern as soon as I heard of it, though I have not yet seen the printed account, my packet of papers reaching only to the very day before that event. My answer has been a most gracious summons to the Queen's house for to-morrow. Her Majesty and two of the Princesses come to town for four days. This robs me of my Chelsea visit for this week, as I keep always within call during the town residences, when I have royal notice of them; and, indeed, there is nothing I desire more than to see Her Majesty at this moment, and to be allowed to express what I have felt for her. My letter from Madame Beckersdorff[1] says that such an alarm would have been frightful for *anybody*, but how much more peculiarly so for the Queen, who has experienced such poignant horror from the effects of disordered intellects! who is *always* suffering from them, and so nearly a victim to the unremitting exercise of her duties upon that subject and these calls.

I have had a visit this morning from Mrs. Piozzi,[2] who is in town only for a few days upon business. She came while I was out; but I must undoubtedly make a second tour, after my royal four days are passed, in order to wait upon and thank her.

I have been received more graciously than ever, if that be possible, by my dear and honoured Queen and sweet Princesses Eliza and Mary. The Queen has borne this alarm astonishingly, considering how great was the shock at the moment; but she has so high a character, that she will not suffer anything personal to sink her spirits, which she saves wholly for the calls upon them of others,

[1] Mrs. Charlotte Beckersdorff (or Beckedorff), who slept in the Queen's room, and Miss S. Beckersdorff, were now Keepers of the Robes (*Royal Calendar*, 1813, p. 137). Mlle. Bachmeister and Mrs. Bremyer must have departed (see *ante*, vol. v. p. 363).

[2] She was now a widow, Piozzi having died of gout in March 1809, at Brynbella (the Italian villa he had built in the Vale of Clwydd), which continued to be her headquarters until 1814.

and great and terrible have been those calls. The beloved King is in the *best state possible* for his present melancholy situation; that is, wholly free from real bodily suffering, or imaginary mental misery, for he is persuaded that he is always conversing with angels.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Chenies Street, Alfred Place,
May 23, 1813.

Oh, how teased I am, my dearest Padre, by this eternal unwalkable weather! Every morning rises so fairly, that at every noon I am preparing to quit my conjuring, and repair, by your kind invitation, to prelude my promised chat by a repast with Sarah; when mizzling falls the rain, or hard raps the hail, and the day, for me, is involved in damps and dangers that fix me again to my dry, but solitary conjurations. I am so tired now of disappointments, that I must talk a little with my Padre in their defiance, and in a manner *now*, thank God! out of their reach. Ah, how long will letters be any safer than meetings! The little world I see all give me hope and comfort from the posture of affairs; but I am too deeply interested to dare be sanguine while in such suspense.

Lady Crewe[1] invited me to her party that she calls Noah's ark; but I cannot *yet* risk an evening, and a *dressed* one too. She then said she would make me a small party with the Miss Berrys,[2] and for a morning; and now she has written to Charles to make *interest with me* to admit Lord Lansdowne,[3] at his own earnest request! I am quite *non*

[1] Mrs. Crewe had become Lady Crewe in 1806, when her husband was elevated to the peerage as Baron Crewe, of Crewe in Cheshire.

[2] See *ante*, p. 83.

[3] Sir Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice, third Marquis of Lansdowne, 1780-1863.

compos to know how I shall make my way through these honours, to my strength and re-establishment, for they clash with my private plan and adopted system of quiet. However, she says the meeting shall be in the country, at Brompton,[1] and without fuss or ceremony. Her kindness is inexpressible, therefore I have not courage to refuse her. She has offered me her little residence at Brompton for my dwelling, for a week or so, to restore me from all my influenzas: she may truly be called a faithful family friend. I hope dear Sarah and Fanny Raper[2] will be of the party. If they are, charge them, dear Sir, to let me hear their voices, for I shall never find out their faces.

What weather! what weather! when shall I get to Chelsea, and embrace again my beloved father?

This *free-born weather* of our sea-girt isle of liberty is very incommodious to those who have neither carriages for wet feet, nor health for damp shoulders.

If the farmers, however, are contented, I must be patient. We may quarrel with all our wishes better than with our corn.

Adieu, my most dear father, till the sun shines drier.

Ever and ever most dutifully
And affectionately yours,
F. B. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to a Friend

London, *August* 20, 1813.

. . . Your charming girl, by what I can gather, has seen, upon the whole, a great deal of this vast town and its splendours; a little more might,

[1] See *infra*, line 8.
[2] Mrs. Phillips's only daughter Fanny married a Mr. C. C. Raper.

perhaps, have been better, in making her, with a mind such as hers, regret it a little less. Merit of her sort can here be known with difficulty. Dissipation is so hurried, so always in a bustle, that even amusement must be prominent, to be enjoyed. There is no time for development; nothing, therefore, is seen but what is conspicuous; and not much is heard but what is obstreperous. They who, in a short time, can make themselves known and admired now in London, must have their Cupids, in Earl Dorset's phrase—

> Like blackguard boys,
> Who thrust their links full in your face.[1]

I had very much matter that I meant and wished to say to you upon this subject; but in brief—I do not myself think it a misfortune that your dear girl cannot move in a London round, away from your own wing: you have brought her up so well, and she seems so good, gentle, and contented, as well as accomplished, that I cannot wish her drawn into a vortex where she may be imbued with other ideas, views, and wishes, than those that now constitute her happiness—and happiness! what ought to be held more sacred where it is innocent—what ought so little to risk any unnecessary or premature concussion? With all the deficiencies and imperfections of her present situation, which you bewail but which she does not find out, it is, alas! a million to one whether, even in attaining the advantages and society you wish for her, she will ever again, after any change, be as happy as she is at this moment. A mother whom she looks up to and doats upon—a sister whom she so fondly loves—how shall they be

[1] Dorset's song beginning—

> DORINDA'S sparkling wit and eyes—

ends—

> Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
> That runs his link full in your face.

replaced? The chances are all against her (though the world *has*, *I* know, such replacers), from their rarity.

I am truly glad you had a gratification you so earnestly coveted, that of seeing Madame de Staël: your account of her was extremely interesting to me. As to myself, I have not seen her at all.[1] Various causes have kept me in utter retirement; and, in truth, with respect to Madame de Staël, my situation is really embarrassing. It is too long and difficult to write upon, nor do I recollect whether I ever communicated to you our original acquaintance, which, at first, was intimate. I shall always, internally, be grateful for the partiality with which she sought me out upon her arrival in this country before my marriage: and still, and far more, if she can forgive my dropping her, which I could not help; for none of my friends, at that time, would suffer me to keep up the intercourse![2] I had messages, remonstrances, entreaties, representations, letters, and conferences, till I could resist no longer; though I had found her so charming, that I fought the hardest battle I dared fight against almost all my best connections. She is now received by all mankind;—but that, indeed, she always was—all womankind, I should say;—with distinction and pleasure. I wish much to see her *Essay on Suicide*;[3] but it has not yet fallen in my way. When will the work come out for which she was, she says, *chassée de la France*?[4] Where

[1] She was in London in this year.

[2] See *ante*, p. 9.

[3] *Reflexions sur le Suicide*, Londres, 1813. It was also translated into English in the same year.

[4] *De l'Allemagne*. "After 10,000 copies had, with their [the French censors'] permission, been printed, Savary, the Minister of Police, seized and destroyed the whole impression, compelled Madame De Staël to give up the original manuscript, and ordered her to quit France, her native country, within 24 hours" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1813, p. 461). This was in 1810. The book appeared subsequently at London in 1813, both in French and English.

did . . . hear her a whole evening? She is, indeed, most uncommonly entertaining, and animating as well as animated, almost beyond anybody. *Les Mémoires de Madame de Staël* I have read long ago, and with singular interest and eagerness. They are so attaching, so evidently original and natural, that they stand very high, indeed, in reading that has given me most pleasure. My boy has just left me for Greenwich.[1] He goes in October to Cambridge;[2] I wish to install him there myself. My last letter from Paris gives me to the end of October to stay in England. There is a wish the present campaign should be over before my return, that I may go by Calais or Dunquerque. I dread inexpressibly the long passage by Morlaix.

Adieu, my ever dear friend.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

August 24, 1813.

Your seal, my dearest Padre, waits but for opportunity to throw itself at your feet. I have brought it twice to you, in my little green bag, but I have found always so little time, and so much to hear and say, that I have never recollected my poor fellow-voyager till my return; and he never put me in mind of my neglect. He was sulky, perhaps; and no wonder, for he certainly is not used to be treated with such apathy. His appearance, he well knows, is accustomed to excite gratitude, and awaken hope and pleasure, as the sure herald of wit, humour, information, or kindness; who, then, can be surprised that he should resent being denied the light, which only shines upon him for other people's profit? But, how could I help

[1] No doubt to go to his uncle, Dr. Charles Burney.
[2] To Caius College.

Samuel Rogers's House, 22 St. James's Place, 1905

beginning with an *Hurrah*! to your patriotism? What glorious intelligence! How big with hope as well as honour! I was delighted by meeting Lady Wellington,[1] not long since, at Lady Templetown's. Her very name electrified me with emotion. I dined at Mr. Rogers's, at his beautiful mansion in the Green Park,[2] to meet Lady Crewe; and Mrs. Barbauld was also there, whom I had not seen many, many years, and alas, should not have known! Mr. Rogers was so considerate to my *sauvagerie* as to have no party, though Mr. Sheridan, he said, had expressed his great desire to meet again his old friend Madame d'Arblay! Lady Crewe told me she certainly would not leave town without seeking another chattery with *her* old friend, Dr. Burney, whom she always saw with fresh pleasure.

Adieu! my most dear Padre!

Ever most dutifully,

F. B. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Sandgate, *Sept.* 1813.

Let me steal a moment to relate a singular gratification, and, in truth, a real and great honour I have had to rejoice in. You know, my Padre, probably, that Marianne Francis[3] was commissioned by Mr. Wilberforce[4] to bring about an acquaintance with your F. d'A., and that, though highly susceptible to such a desire, my usual shyness, or rather consciousness of inability to meet the expectations that must have made him seek me, induced my declining an interview. Eh bien

[1] The Hon. Catherine Pakenham, *d.* 1831, third daughter of Edward Michael, second Lord Longford.

[2] 22 St. James's Place, the best rooms of which face the Green Park.

[3] Marianne Francis was the daughter of Mme. D'Arblay's sister Charlotte.

[4] William Wilberforce, M.P., the philanthropist, 1759-1833, author of the *Practical View of Christianity*, 1795.

—at church at Sandgate, the day after my arrival, I saw this justly celebrated man, and was introduced to him in the churchyard, after the service, by Charles. The ramparts and martellos around us became naturally our theme, and Mr. Wilberforce proposed showing them to me. I readily accepted the offer, and Charles and Sarah, and Mrs. Wilberforce and Mrs. Barrett,[1] went away in their several carriages, while Mr. Barrett alone remained, and Mr. Wilberforce gave me his arm, and, in short, we walked the round from one to five o'clock! Four hours of the best conversation I have, nearly, ever enjoyed. He was anxious for a full and true account of Paris, and particularly of religion and infidelity, and of Bonaparte and the wars, and of all and everything that had occurred during my ten years' seclusion in France; and I had so much to communicate, and his drawing out and comments and episodes were all so judicious, so spirited, so full of information yet so unassuming, that my shyness all flew away and I felt to be his confidential friend, opening to him upon every occurrence and every sentiment, with the frankness that is usually won by years of intercourse. I was really and truly delighted and enlightened by him; I desire nothing more than to renew the acquaintance, and cultivate it to intimacy. But, alas! he was going away next morning. That his discourse should be edifying, could not, certainly, surprise me; I expected from him all that was elevated in instruction; but there was a mixture of simplicity and vivacity in his manner that I had not expected, and found really captivating. In contemplating the opposite, and alas, hostile shore which, to our fancy's eye, at least, was visible, I

[1] *Née* Charlotte Francis, another of Mme. D'Arblay's nieces, who had been married when she was about sixteen to a man much older than herself. She was the editor of this Diary, and died in 1870.

THE

WANDERER;

OR,

FEMALE DIFFICULTIES.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

EVELINA; CECILIA; AND CAMILLA.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1814.

could not forbear wafting over to it a partial blessing, nor refuse myself beseeching one from Mr. Wilberforce; and the smiling benevolence with which he complied has won my heart for ever,

Addio, Padre mio.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Richmond Hill, *Oct.* 12, 1813.

My most dear Padre will, I am sure, congratulate me that I have just had the heartfelt delight of a few lines from M. d'Arblay, dated September 5th. I had not had any news since the 17th of August, and I had the melancholy apprehension upon my spirits that no more letters would be allowed to pass till the campaign was over. It has been therefore one of the most welcome surprises I ever experienced.

He tells me, also, that he is perfectly well, and quite *accablé* with business. This, for the instant, gives me nothing but joy; for, were he not essentially necessary in some department of civil labour and use, he would surely be included in some *levée en masse.* Every way, therefore, this letter gives me relief and pleasure.

I have had, also, this morning, the great comfort to hear that my Alexander is "stout and well" at Cambridge, where his kind uncle Charles still remains.

I am indescribably occupied, and have been so ever since my return from Ramsgate, in giving more and more last touches to my work, about which I begin to grow very anxious.[1] I am to receive merely £500 upon delivery of the MS.; the two following £500 by instalments from nine

[1] *The Wanderer; or, Female Difficulties,* published in March of the following year (1814).

months to nine months, that is, in a year and a half from the day of *publication.*

If all goes well, the whole will be £3000, but only at the end of the sale of eight thousand copies. Oh, my Padre, if *you* approve the work, I shall have good hope.

At my return from Ramsgate, my purpose was to claim your permission for my so long delayed fortnight; Alex wished it also; but the sudden and unexpected arrival of Clement[1] made Alex so earnest to gather documents and hints, for conducting himself at Cambridge, that he thought it absolutely indispensable to his initiation in college *etiquettes* to stay and consult and confer with his cousin. A lady, Mrs. Aufrère, whom I know not even by name, has just sent me word that she desires to see me *de la part de M. d'Arblay,* whom she saw in Paris, the 1st of August. I have entreated her to hasten the interview, for which I am very impatient; it will probably decide my fate with respect to the time of my return to France.

Most affectionately yours,

F. B. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

Dec. 16, 1813.

Ah, my dearest friend, how is my poor cottage —how are my proofs—how is everything forced from my mind, except what necessity drives there, by this cruel stroke to my suffering partner![2] The world had power only in *two* instances to have given him quite so deadly a blow, dear to his heart of love as are some, nay, many others; but here—

[1] No doubt the son of Mrs. Francis, now Broome, and Alexander D'Arblay's cousin.

[2] The death of M. de Narbonne-Lara at Torgau in Austria, of which he was governor, November 17, 1813.

for M. de Narbonne, it was a passion of admiration, joined to a fondness of friendship, that were a part of himself. How he will bear it, and in our absence, perpetually occupies my thoughts. And I have no means to hear from, or to write to him!—none, absolutely none!

Just before this wound was inflicted, I was already overwhelmed with grief for my poor Madame de Maisonneuve, for M. d'Arblay himself, and for my own personal loss, in the death—premature and dreadful, nay, inhuman—of the noble, perfect brother of that Madame de Maisonneuve, General Latour Maubourg,[1] a man who, like my own best friend was—*is* signalised among his comrades by the term of a *vrai Chevalier Français. He* was without a blot; and his life has been thrown away merely to prevent his being made a prisoner! He had received a horrible wound on the first of the tremendous battles of Leipzic, and on the second he suffered amputation; and immediately after was carried away to follow the retreating army! In such a condition, who can wonder to hear that, a very few miles from Leipzic, he expired?

Oh my poor Madame de Maisonneuve! she loved him with that perfect esteem and tenderness united, that I love one in whom, as in him, I never saw a blemish. Oh my sweet friends; how must we think of times to come, of blessed futurity, to bear these strokes!

What a war is this! When, when will it terminate? I struggle hardly to bear up, for I am utterly powerless to offer any species of consolation to my dear, unhappy, absent sufferers. F. D'A.

. . . . . .

[1] Marie-Victor-Nicolas de Fay, Marquis de Latour-Maubourg, 1768-1850. He was wounded in the thigh at Leipzic (October 1813), but lived to be Ambassador to London, Minister of War, and Governor of the Invalides.

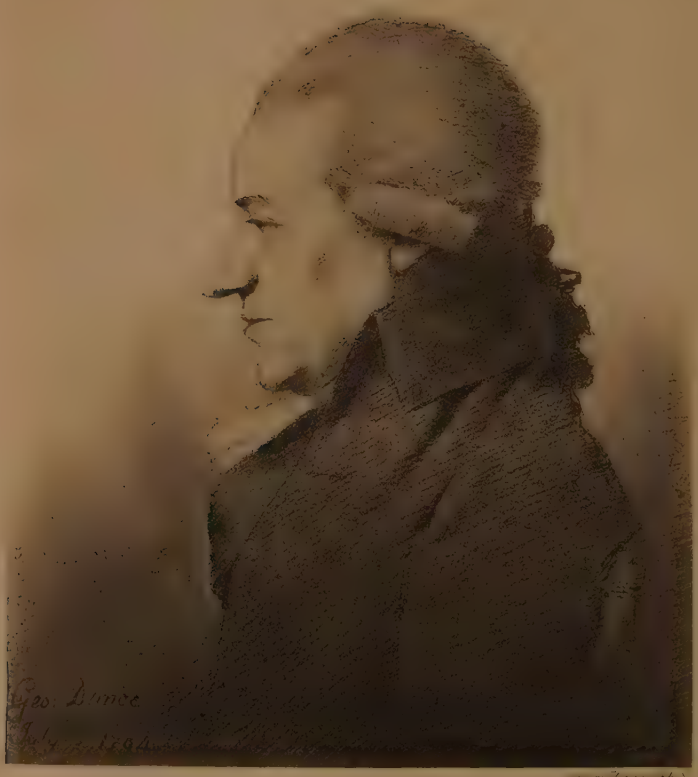
December 24, 1815[3?].[1]

My heart has been almost torn asunder, of late, by the dreadful losses which the newspapers have communicated to me, of the two dearest friends[2] of my absent partner; both sacrificed in the late sanguinary conflicts. It has been with difficulty I have forborne attempting to return to him; but a winter voyage might risk giving him another loss. The death of one[3] of these so untimely departed favourites, how will Madame de Staël support? Pray tell me if you hear anything of her, and what. In beginning her *Germany*,[4] in which I am only advanced to about a third of the first volume, I perpetually longed to write to her, but imperious obstacles are in the way; and next, to you, to tell you as the person most likely to sympathise with me sincerely—the pleasure, the transport rather, with which I read nearly every phrase: such acuteness of thought, such vivacity of ideas, and such brilliancy of expression, I know not where I have met before. I often lay the book down to enjoy for a considerable time a single sentence. I have rarely, even in the course of my whole life, read anything with so glowing a fullness of applause; but there I now stop. These two heavy misfortunes reached me, and I have not had my mind enough at ease, nor my intellects enough at liberty, to take up the book since. Whether it will carry me on, hereafter, with the same charm, I know not.

1814

In the beginning of this year Madame d'Arblay published her fourth work, *The Wanderer*,[5] and

[1] Mrs. Barrett placed this letter under 1815, an obvious error.
[2] The Comte de Narbonne and General Latour-Maubourg.
[3] Narbonne. [4] See *ante*, p. 91. [5] See *ante*, p. 95.



Charles Burney
Mus. Doc.
after George Dance R.A.

nearly at the same time Peace was declared between France and England.[1] Her satisfaction at an event so long wished for, was deeply saddened by the death of her father, Dr. Burney;[2] whom she nursed and attended to the last moment with dutiful tenderness.

Soon after the Restoration of the French Royal Family, Monsieur d'Arblay was placed by the Duke de Luxembourg in the French "Gardes du Corps." He obtained leave of absence towards the close of the year, and came to England for a few weeks; after which Madame d'Arblay returned with him to Paris, leaving their son to pursue his studies at Cambridge.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ——

March 19, 1814.

Be not uneasy for me, my tender friend: my affliction is heavy, but not acute; my beloved father had been spared to us something beyond the verge of the prayer for his preservation, which you must have read, for already his sufferings had far surpassed his enjoyments. I could not have wished him so to linger, though I indulged almost to the last hour a hope he might yet recover, and be restored to comfort. I last of all gave him up, but never wished his duration such as I saw him on the last few days. Dear blessed parent! how blest am I that I came over to him while he was yet susceptible of pleasure—of happiness! My best comfort in my grief, in his loss, is that I watched by his side the last night, and hovered over him two hours after he breathed no more;

[1] April 14, 1814.

[2] Dr. Burney died at Chelsea College, April 12, 1814, in his eighty-seventh year; and was buried on the 20th, next to his second wife, in the College burying-ground. There is a tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription by Mme. D'Arblay, which is printed in the *Memoirs*, 1832, iii. 436.

for though much suffering had preceded the last hours, they were so quiet, and the final exit was so soft, that I had not perceived it though I was sitting by his bedside, and would not believe when all around announced it. I forced them to let me stay by him, and his revered form became stiff before I could persuade myself that he was gone hence for ever.

Yet neither then nor now has there been any violence, anything to fear from my grief; his loss was too indubitably to be expected; he had been granted too long to our indulgence to allow any species of repining to mingle with my sorrow; and it is repining that makes sorrow too hard to bear with resignation. Oh, I *have* known it!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

April 3, 1814.

I hasten to impart to my kind and sympathising friend that I received last night good tidings of my best friend of friends; they have been communicated to me, oddly enough, through the Alien Office! Mr. Reeves wrote them to my reverend brother, by the desire of an English lady now resident in Paris—Madame Solvyns (wife of a Frenchman), at the request of M. d'Arblay; they assure me of his perfect health. They are dated Paris, 18th of February. It will not seem any recent news to me in a few days, but now it appears yesterday; my last intelligence, and that circuitous, being of the 16th of January; and my last *direct* information, the end of December.

At a time like this, when all public news, good or bad, of a warlike nature, fills me with almost equal alarm, though by no means equal joy or sorrow, an assurance such as this is more precious

than words can say. I have had no hope of any information at all till the dire contest was over. When will that be?——Say the bells—not "at Stepney" but the whole world over, and the whole world over may answer

I do not know!

as well as the great bell at Bow.

Nothing could be so well timed as this intelligence, for my inquietude was beginning to be doubly restless from the accession of time that has fallen to me by having got rid of all my proofs,[1] etc.; it is only real and indispensable business that can force away attention from suspensive uneasiness. Another comfort of the very first magnitude, my sweet friend will truly, I know, participate in—my Alexander begins to listen to reason. He assures me he is now going on with very tolerable regularity; and I have given him, for this term, to soberise and methodise him a little, a private tutor; and this tutor has won his heart by indulging him in his problem passion. They work together, he says, with a rapidity and eagerness that makes the hour of his lesson by far the most delightful portion of his day. And this tutor, he tells me, most generously gives him problems to work at in his absence: a favour for which every pupil, perchance, would not be equally grateful, but which Alexander, who loves problems algebraic as another boy loves a play or an opera, regards as the height of indulgence. He comes to me next week, to stay till the 20th of April.

No one is so unsettled in her prospects, so uncertain in her fate, as I am at this period. Upon public events my very private destiny is entirely hanging! When, where will the conflict end? and how? F. D'A.

[1] Of *The Wanderer*.

Soon after the publication of *The Wanderer*, Madame d'Arblay wrote as follows to a friend :—

I beseech you not to let your too ardent friendship disturb you about the reviews and critiques, and I quite supplicate you to leave their authors to their own severities or indulgence. I have ever steadily refused all interference with public opinion or private criticism. I am told I have been very harshly treated ;[1] but I attribute it not to what alone would affect me, but which I trust I have not excited, personal enmity. I attribute it to the false expectation, universally spread, that the book would be a picture of France, as well as to the astonishing *éclat* of a work in five volumes being all bespoken before it was published. The booksellers, erroneously and injudiciously concluding the sale would so go on, fixed the rapacious price of two guineas, which again damped the sale. But why say *damped*, when it is only their unreasonable expectations that are disappointed ? for they acknowledge that 3600 copies are positively sold and paid for in the first half year. What must I be, if not far more than contented ? I have not

[1] Croker reviewed the book viciously in the *Quarterly* for April 1814 ; and Hazlitt did not commend it in the survey of the national fiction which he contributed to the *Edinburgh* for February 1815. This he afterwards, with some omissions and alterations, converted into No. vi. of his *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, 1819, pp. 208-265. One of the omitted passages concerning *The Wanderer* (it is the last in the review, and may, of course, have been added by Jeffrey) is as follows : "We are sorry to be compelled to speak so disadvantageously of the work of an excellent and favourite writer ; and the more so, as we perceive no decay of talent, but a perversion of it. There is the same admirable spirit in the dialogues, and particularly in the characters of Mrs. Ireton, Sir Jasper Herrington, and Mr. Giles Arbe, as in her former novels. But these do not fill a hundred pages of the work, and there is nothing else good in it. In the story, which here occupies the attention of the reader almost exclusively, Madame D'Arblay never excelled" (*Edinburgh Review*, February 1815, p. 338). Macaulay later seems almost to echo Hazlitt's words : "In *The Wanderer*, we catch now and then a gleam of her [Mme. D'Arblay's] genius. Even in the Memoirs of her Father there is no trace of dotage. They are very bad ; but they are so, as it seems to us, not from a decay of power, but from a total perversion of power" (*Edinburgh Review*, January 1843, p. 564).

read or heard one of the criticisms; my mind has been wholly occupied by grief for the loss of my dearest father, or the inspection of his MSS. and my harassing situation relative to my own proceedings. Why, then, make myself *black bile* to disturb me further? No; I will not look at a word till my spirits and time are calmed and quiet, and I can set about preparing a corrected edition. I will then carefully read all; and then, the blow to immediate feelings being over, I can examine as well as read, impartially and with profit, both to my future surveyors and myself.

Presentation to Louis XVIII.

1814.

While I was still under the almost first impression of grief for the loss of my dear and honoured father, I received a letter from Windsor Castle, written by Madame Beckersdorff, at the command of Her Majesty, to desire I would take the necessary measures for being presented to Son Altesse Royale Madame Duchesse d'Angoulême,[1] who was to have a drawing-room in London, both for French and English, on the day preceding her departure for France. The letter added, that I must waive all objections relative to my recent loss, as it would be improper, in the present state of things, that the wife of a General Officer should not be presented; and, moreover, that I should be personally expected and well received, as I had been named to Son Altesse Royale by the Queen herself. In conclusion, I was charged not to mention this circumstance, from the applications or jealousies it might excite.

[1] "Madame Royale" (see *ante*, vol. v. p. 280), who had been married at Mittau in Courland in 1799 to her cousin the Duc d'Angoulême. She joined Louis XVIII. at Paris, May 27, 1814.

To hesitate was out of the question; and to do honour to my noble absent partner, and in his name to receive honour, were precisely the two distinctions my kind father would most have enjoyed for me.

I had but two or three days for preparation. Lady Crewe most amiably came to me herself, and missing me in person, wrote me word she would lend me her carriage, to convey me from Chelsea to her house in Lower Grosvenor Street, and thence accompany me herself to the audience. When the morning arrived I set off with tolerable courage.

Arrived, however, at Lady Crewe's, when I entered the room in which this dear and attached friend of my father received me, the heaviness of his loss proved quite overpowering to my spirits; and in meeting the two hands of my hostess, I burst into tears and could not, for some time, listen to the remonstrances against unavailing grief with which she rather chid than soothed me. But I could not contest the justice of what she uttered, though my grief was too fresh for its observance. Sorrow, as my dearest father was wont to say, requires time, as well as wisdom and religion, to digest itself; and till that time is both accorded and well employed, the sense of its uselessness serves but to augment, not mitigate, its severity.

Lady Crewe purposed taking this opportunity of paying her own respects, with her congratulations, to Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême. She had sent me a note from Madame de Gouvello, relative to the time, etc., for presentation, which was to take place at Grillon's hotel,[1] in Albemarle Street.

We went very early, to avoid a crowd. But Albemarle Street was already quite full, though quiet. We entered the hotel without difficulty, Lady Crewe having previously demanded a private

[1] Grillion's Hotel, No. 7 Albemarle Street.

room of Grillon, who had once been cook to her lord. This private room was at the back of the house, with a mere yard or common garden for its prospect. Lady Crewe declared this was quite too stupid, and rang the bell for waiter after waiter, till she made M. Grillon come himself. She then, in her singularly open and easy manner, told him to be so good as to order us a front room, where we might watch for the arrival of the Royals, and be amused ourselves at the same time by seeing the entrances of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, and other odd characters, who would be coming to pay their court to these French princes and princesses.

M. Grillon gave a nod of acquiescence, and we were instantly shown to a front apartment just over the street door, which was fortunately supplied with a balcony.

I should have been much entertained by all this, and particularly with the originality, good humour, and intrepid yet intelligent odd fearlessness of all remark, or even consequence, which led Lady Crewe to both say and do exactly what she pleased, had my heart been lighter; but it was too heavy for pleasure; and the depth of my mourning, and the little, but sad time that was yet passed since it had become my gloomy garb, made me hold it a matter even of decency, as well as of feeling, to keep out of sight. I left Lady Crewe, therefore, to the full enjoyment of her odd figures, while I seated myself, solitarily, at the further end of the room.

In an instant, however, she saw from the window some acquaintance, and beckoned them up. A gentleman, middle-aged, of a most pleasing appearance and address, immediately obeyed her summons, accompanied by a young man with a sensible look; and a young lady, pretty, gentle, and engaging, with languishing, soft eyes; though with a smile and an

expression of countenance that showed an innate disposition to archness and sport.

This uncommon trio I soon found to consist of the celebrated Irish orator, Mr. Grattan,[1] and his son and daughter.

Lady Crewe welcomed them with all the alertness belonging to her thirst for amusement, and her delight in sharing it with those she thought capable of its participation. This she had sought, but wholly missed in me; and could neither be angry nor disappointed, though she was a little vexed. She suffered me not, however, to remain long in my seclusion, but called me to the balcony, to witness the jolting out of their carriages of the aldermen and common councilmen, exhibiting, as she said, "Their fair round bodies with fat capon lined"; and wearing an air of proudly hospitable satisfaction, in visiting a King of France who had found an asylum in a street of the city of Westminster.

The crowd, however, for they deserve a better name than mob, interested my observation still more. John Bull has seldom appeared to me to greater advantage. I never saw him *en masse* behave with such impulsive propriety. Enchanted to behold a King of France in his capital; conscious that *le grand Monarque* was fully in his power; yet honestly enraptured to see that "The King would enjoy his own again," and enjoy it through the generous efforts of his rival, brave, noble old England; he yet seemed aware that it was fitting to subdue all exuberance of pleasure, which, else, might annoy, if not alarm, his regal guest. He took care, therefore, that his delight should not amount to exultation; it was quiet and placid, though pleased and curious: I had almost said it was gentlemanlike.

[1] Henry Grattan, 1746-1820, at this date M.P. for Dublin.

And nearly of the same colour, though from so inferior an incitement, were the looks and attention of the Grattans, particularly of the father, to the black mourner whom Lady Crewe called amongst them. My garb, or the newspapers, or both, explained the dejection I attempted not to repress, though I carefully forbade it any vent; and the finely speaking face of Mr. Grattan seemed investigating the physiognomy, while it commiserated the situation of the person brought thus before him. His air had something foreign in it, from the vivacity that accompanied his politeness; I should have taken him for a well-bred man of fashion of France. Good breeding, in England, amongst the men, is ordinarily stiff, reserved, or cold. Among the exceptions to this stricture, how high stood Mr. Wyndham! and how high in gaiety with vivacity stood my own honoured father! Mr. Lock, who was elegance personified in his manners, was lively only in his own domestic or chosen circle.

A new scene now both astonished and discomposed me.

A lady, accompanied humbly by a gentleman, burst into the room with a noise, a self-sufficiency, and an assuming confidence of superiority, that would have proved highly offensive, had it not been egregiously ridiculous. Her attire was as flaunting as her air and her manner; she was rouged and beribboned. But English she was not; she was Irish, in its most flaunting and untamed nature, and possessed of so boisterous a spirit, that she appeared to be just caught from the woods—the bogs, I might rather say.

When she had poured forth a volley of words, with a fluency and loudness that stunned me, Lady Crewe, with a smile that seemed to denote she intended to give her pleasure, presented me by name to Madame la Baronne de M——.

She made me a very haughty courtesy, and then, turning rudely away, looked reproachfully at Lady Crewe, and screamed out, "Oh, fie! fie, fie, fie!" Lady Crewe, astonished and shocked, seemed struck speechless, and I stood still with my eyes wide open, and my mouth probably so also, from a sort of stupor, for I could annex no meaning nor even any idea to such behaviour. She made not, however, any scruple to develop her motives, for she vehemently inveighed against being introduced to such an acquaintance, squalling out, "She has writ against the *émigrés*!—she has writ against the Great Cause! Oh, fie! fie! fie!"

When she had made these exclamations, and uttered these accusations, till the indulged vent to her rage began to cool it, she stopped of her own accord, and, finding no one spoke, looked as if she felt rather silly; while M. le Baron de M——, her very humble *sposo*, shrugged his shoulders. The pause was succeeded by an opening harangue from Lady Crewe, begun in a low and gentle voice, that seemed desirous to spare me what might appear an undue condescension, in taking any pains to clear me from so gross an attack. She gave, therefore, nearly in a whisper, a short character of me and of my conduct, of which I heard just enough to know that such was her theme; and then, more audibly, she proceeded to state, that far from writing against the emigrants, I had addressed an exhortation to all the ladies of Great Britain in their favour.

"Oh, then," cried Madame de M——, "it was somebody else—it was somebody else!"

And then she screamed out delightedly, "I'm so glad I spoke out, because of this explanation!—I'm so glad!—I never was so glad!"

She now jumped about the room, quite crazily, protesting she never rejoiced so much at anything she had ever done in her life.

But when she found her joy, like her assault, was all her own, she stopped short, astonished, I suppose, at my insensibility, and said to me, "How lucky I spoke out! the luckiest thing in the world! I'm so glad! A'n't you? Because of this *éclaircissement.*"

"If I had required any *éclaircissement*," I dryly began;

"Oh, if it was not you, then," cried she, "'twas Charlotte Smith."[1]

Lady Crewe seemed quite ashamed that such a scene should pass where she presided, and Mr. Grattan quietly stole away.

Not quietly, nor yet by stealth, but with evident disappointment that her energies were not more admired, Madame la Baronne now called upon her attendant *sposo*, and strode off herself. I found she was a great heiress of Irish extraction and education, and that she had bestowed all her wealth upon this emigrant Baron, who might easily merit it, when, besides his title, he gave her his patience and obsequiousness.

Some other friends of Lady Crewe now found her out, and she made eager inquiries amongst them relative to Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême, but could gather no tidings. She heard, however, that there were great expectations of some arrivals down stairs, where two or three rooms were filled with company.

She desired Mr. Grattan, junior, to descend into this crowd, and to find out where the Duchess was to be seen, and when, and how.

He obeyed. But, when he returned, what was the provocation of Lady Crewe, what my own disappointment, to hear that the Duchess was not

[1] Charlotte Smith's novel of *Desmond*, 1792, was written when she was strongly influenced by certain advocates of the French Revolution, and it aroused much hostile feeling.

arrived, and was not expected! She was at the house of Monsieur le Comte d'Artois, her father-in-law.[1]

"Then what are we come hither for?" exclaimed her ladyship: "expressly to be tired to death for no purpose! Do pray, at least, Mr. Grattan, be so good as to see for my carriage, that we may go to the right house."

Mr. Grattan was all compliance, and with a readiness so obliging and so well bred that I am sure he is his father's true son in manners, though there was no opportunity to discover whether the resemblance extended also to genius.

He was not, however, cheered when he brought word that neither carriage nor footman were to be found.

Lady Crewe then said he must positively go down and make the Duc de Duras tell us what to do.[2]

In a few minutes he was with us again, shrugging his shoulders at his ill success. The king, Louis XVIII., he said, was expected, and M. le Duc was preparing to receive him, and not able to speak or listen to any one.

Lady Crewe declared herself delighted by this information, because there would be an opportunity for having me presented to His Majesty. "Go to M. de Duras," she cried, "and tell him Madame d'Arblay wishes it."

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed I, "do no such thing! I have not the most distant thought of the kind! It is Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême alone that I——"

"Oh, pho, pho!—it is still more essential to be done to the king—it is really important: so *go*, and

[1] Charles-Philippe de Bourbon, Comte d'Artois, 1757-1836, afterwards Charles X. He was then living at No. 72 South Audley Street.

[2] The Duc de Durfort Duras (see *ante*, vol. v. p. 470) was First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Louis XVIII. (*post*, p. 120).

tell the Duke, Mr. Grattan, that Madame d'Arblay is here, and desires to be presented. Tell him 'tis a thing quite indispensable."

I stopped him again, and quite entreated that no such step might be taken, as I had no authority for presentation but to the Duchess. However, Lady Crewe was only provoked at my backwardness, and charged Mr. Grattan not to heed me. "Tell the Duke," she cried, "that Madame d'Arblay is our Madame de Staël!—tell him we are as proud of our Madame d'Arblay as he can be of his Madame de Staël."

Off she sent him, and off I flew again to follow him; and whether he was most amused or most teased by our opposing petitions, I know not; but he took the discreet side of not venturing again to return among us.

Poor Lady Crewe seemed to think I lost a place at Court, or perhaps a peerage, by my untameable shyness, and was quite vexed. Others came to her now, who said several rooms below were filled with expectant courtiers. Miss Grattan then earnestly requested me to descend with her, as a chaperon, that she might see something of what was going forwards.

I could not refuse so natural a request, and down we went, seeking one of the commonly crowded rooms, that we might not intrude where there was preparation or expectation relative to the king.

And here, sauntering or grouping, meditating in silence or congratulating each other in coteries, or waiting with curiosity, or self-preparing for presentation with timidity, we found a multitude of folks in an almost unfurnished and quite unadorned apartment. The personages seemed fairly divided between the nation at home and the nation from abroad; the English and the French; each equally, though variously, occupied in expecting the extra-

ordinary sight of a monarch thus wonderfully restored to his rank and his throne, after misfortunes that had seemed irremediable, and an exile that had appeared hopeless.

Miss Grattan was saluted, *en passant*, by several acquaintances, and amongst them by the son-in-law of her dear country's Viceroy, Lord Whitworth, the young Duke of Dorset;[1] and Lady Crewe herself, too tired to abide any longer in her appropriated apartment, now descended.

We *patroled* about, zig-zag, as we could; the crowd, though of very good company, having no chief or regulator, and therefore making no sort of avenue or arrangement for avoiding inconvenience. There was neither going up nor coming down; we were all hustled together, without direction and without object, for nothing whatsoever was present to look at or to create any interest, and our expectations were merely kept awake by a belief that we should know in time when and where something or somebody was to be seen.

For myself, however, I was much tormented during this interval from being named incessantly by Lady Crewe. My deep mourning, my recent heavy loss, and the absence and distance of my dear husband made me peculiarly wish to be unobserved. Peculiarly, I say; for never yet had the moment arrived in which to be marked had not been embarrassing and disconcerting to me, even when most flattering.

A little hubbub soon after announced something new, and presently a whisper was buzzed around the room of "The Prince de Condé."[2]

[1] See *ante*, p. 37. Lord Whitworth was Viceroy of Ireland from 1813 to 1817. The young Duke of Dorset was his stepson (cp. vol. i. p. 9, n. 2).

[2] Louis-Henri-Joseph de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, 1736-1818, father-in-law of the Duc d'Enghien. He entered Paris with Louis XVIII., May 3, 1814.

His Serene Highness looked very much pleased —as no wonder—at the arrival of such a day; but he was so surrounded by all his countrymen who were of rank to claim his attention, that I could merely see that he was little and old, but very unassuming and polite. Amongst his courtiers were sundry of the French noblesse that were known to Lady Crewe; and I heard her uniformly say to them, one after another, "Here is Madame d'Arblay, who must be presented to the king."

Quite frightened by an assertion so wide from my intentions, so unauthorised by any preparatory ceremonies, unknown to my husband, and not, like a presentation to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, encouraged by my Queen, I felt as if guilty of taking a liberty the most presumptuous, and with a forwardness and assurance the most foreign to my character. Yet to control the zeal of Lady Crewe was painful from her earnestness, and appeared to be ungrateful to her kindness; I therefore shrunk back, and presently suffered the crowd to press between us so as to find myself wholly separated from my party. This would have been ridiculous had I been more happy; but in my then state of affliction, it was necessary to my peace.

Quite to myself, how I smiled inwardly at my adroit cowardice, and was contemplating the surrounding masses of people, when a new and more mighty hubbub startled me, and presently I heard a buzzing whisper spread throughout the apartment of "The King!—Le Roi!"

Alarmed at my strange situation, I now sought to decamp, meaning to wait for Lady Crewe up stairs: but to even approach the door was impossible. I turned back, therefore, to take a place by the window, that I might see His Majesty alight from his carriage, but how great was my

surprise when, just as I reached the top of the room, the King himself entered it at the bottom![1]

I had not the smallest idea that this was the chamber of audience; it was so utterly unornamented. But I now saw that a large *fauteuil* was being conveyed to the upper part, exactly where I stood, ready for his reception and repose.

Placed thus singularly, by mere accident, and freed from my fears of being brought forward by Lady Crewe, I felt rejoiced in so fair an opportunity of beholding the King of my honoured husband, and planted myself immediately behind, though not near to his prepared seat; and, as I was utterly unknown and must be utterly unsuspected, I indulged myself with a full examination. An avenue had instantly been cleared from the door to the chair, and the King moved along it slowly, slowly, slowly, rather dragging his large and weak limbs than walking; but his face was truly engaging; benignity was in every feature, and a smile beamed over them that showed thankfulness to Providence in the happiness to which he was so suddenly arrived; with a courtesy, at the same time, to the spectators, who came to see and congratulate it, the most pleasing and cheering.

The scene was replete with motives to grand reflections; and to me, the devoted subject of another monarch, whose melancholy alienation of mind was a constant source to me of sorrow, it was a scene for conflicting feelings and profound meditation.

His Majesty took his seat, with an air of mingled sweetness and dignity. I then, being immediately behind him, lost sight of his countenance, but saw that of every individual who

[1] Louis-Stanislas-Xavier, Comte de Provence, 1755-1824, younger brother of Louis XVI. He was called by the Senate to the throne of France as Louis XVIII., April 6, 1814. Since 1810 he had been residing in England, at Hartwell House, near Aylesbury.

approached to be presented. The Duc de Duras stood at his left hand, and was le Grand Maître des Cérémonies; Madame de Gouvello stood at his right side; though whether in any capacity, or simply as a French lady known to him, I cannot tell. In a whisper, from that lady, I learned more fully the mistake of the hotel, the Duchesse d'Angoulême never having meant to quit that of her *beau-père*, Monsieur le Comte d'Artois, in South Audley Square.[1]

The presentations were short, and without much mark or likelihood. The men bowed low, and passed on; the ladies courtsied, and did the same. Those who were not known gave a card, I think, to the Duc de Duras, who named them; those of former acquaintance with His Majesty simply made their obeisance.

M. de Duras, who knew how much fatigue the King had to go through, hurried every one on, not only with speed but almost with ill-breeding, to my extreme astonishment. Yet the English, by express command of His Majesty, had always the preference and always took place of the French; which was an attention of the King in return for the asylum he had here found, that he seemed delighted to display.

Early in this ceremony came forward Lady Crewe, who being known to the King from sundry previous meetings, was not named; and only, after courtsying, reciprocated smiles with His Majesty, and passed on. But instead of then moving off, though the Duke, who did not know her, waved his hand to hasten her away, she whispered, but loud enough for me to hear, "*Voilà* Madame d'Arblay; *il faut qu'elle soit présentée.*" She then went gaily off, without heeding me.

The Duke only bowed, but by a quick glance

[1] Street (see *post*, p. 119).

recognised me, and by another showed a pleased acquiescence in the demand.

Retreat, now, was out of the question; but I so feared my position was wrong, that I was terribly disturbed, and felt hot and cold, and cold and hot, alternately, with excess of embarrassment.

I was roused, however, after hearing for so long a time nothing but French, by the sudden sound of English. An address, in that language, was read to His Majesty, which was presented by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the county of Buckingham,[1] congratulatory upon his happy restoration, and filled with cordial thanks for the graciousness of his manners, and the benignity of his conduct, during his long residence amongst them; warmly proclaiming their participation in his joy, and their admiration of his virtues. The reader was Colonel Nugent, a near relation of the present Duke of Buckingham.

But, if the unexpected sound of these felicitations delivered in English, roused and struck me, how much greater arose my astonishment and delight when the French Monarch, in an accent of the most condescending familiarity and pleasure, uttered his acknowledgments in English also—expressing his gratitude for all their attentions, his sense of their kind interest in his favour, and his eternal remembrance of the obligations he owed to the whole county of Buckinghamshire, for the asylum and consolations he had found in it during his trials and calamities!

I wonder not that Colonel Nugent was so touched by this reply, as to be led to bend the knee, as to his own Sovereign, when the King held out his hand; for I myself, though a mere outside auditress, was so moved, and so transported with surprise by the dear English language from his

[1] Hartwell House is in Bucks.

mouth, that I forgot at once all my fears, and dubitations, and, indeed, all *myself*, my poor little *self*, in my pride and exultation at such a moment for my noble country.

Fortunately for me, the Duc de Duras made this the moment for my presentation, and, seizing my hand and drawing me suddenly from behind the chair to the Royal presence, he said, "Sire, Madame d'Arblay."

How singular a change, that what, but the instant before, would have overwhelmed me with diffidence and embarrassment, now found me all courage and animation! and when His Majesty took my hand—or, rather, took hold of my fist—and said, in very pretty English, "I am very happy to see you," I felt such a glow of satisfaction, that, involuntarily, I burst forth with its expression, incoherently, but delightedly and irresistibly, though I cannot remember how. He certainly was not displeased, for his smile was brightened and his manner was most flattering, as he repeated that he was very glad to see me, and added that he had known me, "though without sight, very long: for I have *read* you—and been charmed with your books — charmed and entertained. I have read them often, I know them very well indeed; and I have long wanted to know *you*!"—

I was extremely surprised,—and not only at these unexpected compliments, but equally that my presentation, far from seeming, as I had apprehended, strange, was met by a reception of the utmost encouragement. When he stopped, and let go my hand, I courtsied respectfully, and was moving on; but he again caught my *fist*, and, fixing me, with looks of strong though smiling investigation, he appeared archly desirous to read the lines of my face, as if to deduce from them the qualities of my mind. His manner, however, was

so polite and so gentle that he did not at all discountenance me; and though he resumed the praise of my little works, he uttered the panegyric with a benignity so gay as well as flattering, that I felt enlivened, nay, elevated, with a joy that overcame *mauvaise honte.*

The Duc de Duras, who had hurried on all others, seeing he had no chance to dismiss me with the same *sans cérémonie* speed, now joined his voice to exalt my satisfaction, by saying, at the next pause, "Et M. d'Arblay, Sire, bon et brave, est un des plus dévoués et fidèles serviteurs de votre Majesté."

The King, with a gracious little motion of his head, and with eyes of the most pleased benevolence, expressively said, "*Je le crois.*" And a third time he stopped my retiring courtesy, to take my hand.

This last stroke gave me such delight, for my absent best *ami*, that I could not again attempt to speak. The King pressed my hand — wrist, I should say, for it was that he grasped,—and then saying, "Bon jour, Madame la Comtesse,"[1] let me go.

My eyes were suffused with tears, from mingled emotions; I glided nimbly through the crowd to a corner at the other end of the room, where Lady Crewe joined me almost instantly, and with felicitations the most amiably cordial and lively.

We then repaired to a side-board, on which we contrived to seat ourselves, and Lady Crewe named to me the numerous personages of rank who passed on before us for presentation. But every time any one espied her and approached, she named me also;

[1] She was, in fact, as she says in an unpublished letter of June 26, 1827, Comtesse Piochard D'Arblay. But she never used the title for lack of means; and her son relinquished his claims to the succession on becoming a clergyman of the Church of England (see APPENDIX II., "Letter of Mme. D'Arblay to the Rev. Charles Parr Burney").

an honour to which I was very averse. This I intimated, but to no purpose; she went on her own way. The curious stares this produced, in my embarrassed state of spirits, from recent grief, were really painful to sustain; but when the seriousness of my representation forced her to see that I was truly in earnest in my desire to remain unnoticed, she was so much vexed, and even provoked, that she very gravely begged that, if such were the case, I would move a little further from her; saying, "If one must be so ill-natured to people as not to name you, I had rather not seem to know who you are myself."

When, at length, her ladyship's chariot was announced, we drove to Great Cumberland Place, Lady Crewe being so kind as to convey me to Mrs. Angerstein.

As Lady Crewe was too much in haste to alight, the sweet Amelia Angerstein[1] came to the carriage to speak to her, and to make known that a letter had arrived from M. de la Châtre[2] relative to my presentation, which by a mistake of address, had not come in time for my reception.

I must here copy the note which was written in answer to Mrs. Angerstein's inquiries relative to my mode of proceeding.

A Madame Angerstein

Ce 22 *Avril*, 1814.

Je n'ai pu prendre que ce matin les ordres de Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême, qui sera très aise de recevoir Madame d'Arblay entre trois heures et trois heures et demie. Il faudra demander en arrivant au No. 72, South Audley Street, Madame la Duchesse de Serrent.

[1] Mr. Locke's daughter (see *ante*, vol. v. p. 333).
[2] See *ante*, vol. v. p. 156.

Le Roi, qui désira voir Madame d'Arblay, et qui la recevra avec grand plaisir, sous le double rapport de son nom actuel et de celui du charmant auteur de *Cecilia*, etc., verra du monde depuis quatre heures jusqu'à cinq. Il faudra demander le Duc de Duras, senior gentilhomme de la chambre du Roi, bien connu de Madame d'Arblay.

M. de la Châtre a l'honneur de présenter ses hommages à Madame Angerstein, et de la prier de l'excuser de n'avoir pu lui faire plutôt réponse.

This note dispelled all of astonishment that had enveloped with something like incredulity my own feelings and perceptions in my unexpected presentation and reception. The King himself had personally desired to bestow upon me this mark of royal favour. What difficulty, what embarrassment, what confusion should I have escaped, had not that provoking mistake which kept back my letter occurred!

From the Comte de Lally Tolendal to Madame d'Arblay

Paris, 25 *Avril*, 1814.

Oui, chère Madame, je vous écris de ce Paris d'où j'étais exilé depuis un an, avec défense d'en approcher de plus de soixante lieues. Pour quel délit? allez-vous dire. Pour avoir écrit dans la biographie, et lu dans un cercle d'amis, l'article de Charles I.; pour avoir eu, en composant et en lisant cet article, *l'intention maligne* de ravivre l'intérêt public sur la mémoire, les malheurs, les vertus, les héritiers de Louis XVI. Je n'avoue pas la *malignité*, mais je ne puis nier *l'intention*; cette fois du moins les délateurs n'ont pas calomnié! Enfin je vais le voir sur son trône l'héritier de Louis XVI., de Henri IV., de Louis XII., de

Charles le Sage, de Louis le Saint! je vais voir la fille de Louis XVI.[1] adorée dans le palais de ses pères après avoir été plongée dans le donjon de son père. Je vais m'unir à ses actions de grâce dans la même chapelle où j'ai vu son cœur se briser la surveille du 10 août; et dans ma soixante et quatrième année je chanterai le Cantique de Simeon. Vous vous souvenez que mon petit fils est né le 21 Janvier, 1808, qu'en le bénissant dans son berceau je lui ai dit: *je te voue à venger l'auguste victime de ce jour.* Vous verrez dans la lettre que je vous envoye comme déjà il répond à mon vœu. Vous y verrez aussi comme ma fille est bien de mon sang, comme mon gendre est bien selon mon cœur, et comme M. le Duc d'Angoulême, comme le gendre de Louis XVI., est bien selon tous les cœurs. Je l'attends et je les attends avec une impatience que vous pouvez concevoir. Ne serez-vous donc pas ici pour partager, pour savourer toute cette félicité publique, et toutes ces joyes particulières, pour augmenter encore celles-ci dans le cœur de tous vos amis et de tous vos serviteurs? Mais où vous êtes, vous avez aussi des jouissances qu'on voudrait partager avec vous. Cette Angleterre, votre première patrie et ma seconde, elle a été la grande âme de cette grande coalition; et l'âme de cette âme, c'est la vertu courageuse et persévérante de George III., dont l'impulsion lui survivra; c'est la magnanimité chevaleresque du Prince Régent; c'est la générosité, la grandeur, la force, et la sagesse britanniques, portées au plus haut dégré dans les hommes d'état et dans les hommes de guerre, dans les grands et dans le peuple. Les Anglais ont créé toutes ces merveilles, et les contemplant, ils ont le droit de se dire que *cela est bon*, comme l'Eternel se le disait à lui-même à chaque œuvre de sa création.

[1] The Duchess d'Angoulême, the "*orpheline du Temple.*"

La Providence aussi avait disposé sur le Continent les cœurs des princes coalisés, pour qu'ils fussent dignes par leurs vertus, autant qu'ils étaient capables par leur puissance, d'être avec vous les libérateurs du monde. Faites-vous raconter en détail, par M. d'Arblay, le moment où les souverains dont on avait incendié et détruit les capitales, furent baignés dans leurs larmes parcequ'ils crurent qu'on allait les forcer à détruire Paris—le mouvement qui, devant leurs armées pleurant comme eux, les précipita dans les bras l'un de l'autre à la première nouvelle que Paris capitulait—l'accent avec lequel ils s'écrièrent—"*La cause de l'humanité est gagnée!*" Le doigt de Dieu est là, chère Madame. En faisant renaître la paix du monde, il a voulu ressusciter l'empire de la vertu. Cette époque est sans pareille dans les annales du genre humain : je vous écrirais sans fin, mais c'est cette nuit que mon ami d'Arblay est venu me dire qu'il partait ce matin, et la bonne princesse me fait appeller pour son déjeuner. Maintenant, chère Madame, vous si bonne, si pure, si noble, si élevée en tout, priez pour que la sagesse ne nous abandonne pas dans le triomphe, pour qu'à toutes les vertus de cœur qui caractérisent les princes français, aux lumières de leur esprit, aux grâces de leurs personnes, se joigne une force de raison, une impartialité de justice, une pureté d'entourage, une fidélité aux promesses, bien nécessaires à la gravité des circonstances et à la stabilité de leur restauration. Adieu, chère Madame ; de quel côté de l'eau nous reverrons-nous pour la première fois ? J'aurais bien envie de vous visiter à Londres, mais cette terrible loi qui rend responsable, qui tout bonnement et tout cruement fait emprisonner un mari pour les dettes de sa femme ! or je suis là-dessus dans une profonde obscurité. Feu Lord Loughborough m'avait préservé une fois, et il le

devait bien en conscience. Qui me préserverait aujourd'hui ? J'ai passé deux jours avec les Lords Castlereagh et Cathcart. S'ils pouvaient me charger d'une petite dépêche ministérielle, cela me rendrait peut-être inviolable. Je verrai. Ils m'ont dit que mon ami Lord Whitworth était Vice-roi d'Irlande. J'espère qu'il ne m'ôtera pas ma pension; je vis à la lettre des bienfaits de George III., et vous savez si j'ai été fidèle à mon allégeance envers lui, et en face de qui je l'ai deux fois professé imperturbablement.[1] Tous mes amis se portent bien, m'ont dit les deux ambassadeurs ; Lord Sheffield, Lord Glenbervie,[2] Mr. Keene, Mr. et Madame Trevor, la Duchesse de Devonshire, Lady Besborough, etc. Ils n'ont pas pu me donner des nouvelles de Lady Lucy Stuart, sœur de Lord Traquair, et que j'aime fraternellement depuis trente à quarante ans. Je prie mon ami d'Arblay de s'informer de M. Dundas, Chirurgien du Roi, et de toute sa famille.[3] Tout les Français, et moi en particulier, qui avons demeuré à Richmond, nous devons tant à Mr. Dundas. Quelles expressions employer, pour vous prier de porter à Madame Lock le tribut de tous mes respects et de toutes mes tendresses. Etendez-les à toute son angélique famille, je vous en conjure; et conservez-moi, chère Madame, conservez-moi toujours vos précieuses et glorieuses bontés : vous ne les accorderez jamais à un serviteur plus respectueux, à un admirateur plus vrai, ni à un ami plus passionné.

[1] "Privé de ressources il [Lally Tollendal] accepta des secours du gouvernement britannique" (*Nouvelle Biographie Universelle*).

[2] Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie, 1743-1823.

[3] David Dundas, now Sergeant-Surgeon to the King (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 402).

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

April 30, 1814.

My own dearest friend must be the first, as she will be among the warmest, to participate in my happiness—M. d'Arblay is arrived. He came yesterday, quite unexpectedly as to the day, but not very much quicker than my secret hopes. He is extremely fatigued with all that has passed, yet well; and all himself, *i.e.* all that is calculated to fill my heart with gratitude for my lot in life.

How would my beloved father have rejoiced in his sight, and in these glorious new events!

PART LX

1814-15

The Emperor of Russia—The King of Prussia and the Foreign Princes in England—M. d'Arblay appointed an officer of the Corps de Garde du Roi—Rejoicings for peace—Paris almost peopled with English—The Royal Family of France and the Duke of Wellington—Presentation of Madame d'Arblay to the Duchesse d'Angoulême—The Duchess d'Angoulême's opinion of the Prince Regent and his family—Return of Bonaparte from Elba—Effects of this intelligence in Paris—The Prince de Poix—Apprehensions created by Bonaparte's approach to the capital—Conduct of Madame d'Arblay's French friends at this juncture—Indecision of the Princess d'Henin—M. d'Arblay prepares to take the field with the King's body-guard.

Madame d'Arblay to Monsieur d'Arblay

June 18, 1814.

Ah, mon ami! you are really, then, well?—really in Paris?—really without hurt or injury? What I have suffered from a suspense that has no name from its misery shall now be buried in restored peace, and hope, and happiness. With the most fervent thanks to Providence that my terrors are removed, and that I have been tortured by only false apprehensions, I will try to banish from my mind all but the joy, and gratitude to Heaven, that your safety and health inspire. Yet still, it is difficult to me to feel assured that all is well! I have so long been the victim to fear and anguish,

that my spirits cannot at once get back their equilibrium.

Your letter, mon ami, had not its tardiness so terribly distressed me, is all I could wish—interesting, full of intelligence, satisfactory, instructive, and amusing; while full of kindness and feeling. You make me *aimer* not *un peu*, as she is so good, in her letter, as to desire, but *beaucoup*, et *de bon cœur*, Madame de Laval;[1] her amitié for you has an activity of zeal, and a delicacy of *tact*, with a spirit of constancy that are truly charming.

Hier, j'ai quitté ma retraite, très volontiers, pour indulge myself with the sight of the Emperor of Russia.[2] How was I charmed with his pleasing, gentle, and so perfectly unassuming air, manner, and demeanour! I was extremely gratified, also, by seeing the King of Prussia,[3] who interests us all here, by a look that still indicates his tender regret for the partner of his hopes, toils, and sufferings, but not of his victories and enjoyments. It was at the Queen's palace I saw them, by especial and most gracious permission. The Prussian Princes, six in number, and the young Prince of Mecklenburg, and the Duchess of Oldenbourg, were of the party. All our Royal Dukes assisted, and the Princesses Augusta and Mary. The Princess Charlotte looked quite beautiful. She is wonderfully improved. It was impossible not to be struck with her personal attractions, her youth, and splendour. The assemblage was highly magnificent. The invitation was confined to Sovereigns, Princes, Princesses, and the immediate officers of the Crown and the Court. The Duchess

[1] See *post*, under May 13, 1815.

[2] Alexander I., 1777-1825, who had aided in the overthrow of Napoleon.

[3] Frederick William III., 1770-1840, who also aided in Napoleon's downfall. His wife, the popular Queen Louisa of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, had died in 1810.

of York looked amongst the happiest; the King of Prussia is her brother.[1] I was admirably placed for the view, where every one passed close to me, yet without my being *en évidence*.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

London, *July* 1814.

After a most painful suspense I have been at length relieved by a letter from Paris. It is dated the 18th of June, and has been a fortnight on the road. It is, he says, his fourth letter, and he had not then received one of the uneasy tribe of my own.

The Consul-Generalship is, alas, entirely relinquished, and that by M. d'Arblay himself, who has been invited into the *Corps de Garde* by the Duc de Luxembourg, for his own *Compagnie*;[2] an invitation he deemed it wrong to resist at such a moment; and he has since been named one of the officers of the Corps de Garde by the King, Louis XVIII., to whom he had taken the customary oath that very day—the 18th.

The season, however, of danger over, and the throne and order steadily re-established, he will still, I trust and believe, retire to civil domestic life. May it be speedily! After twenty years' lying by, I cannot wish to see him re-enter a military career at sixty years of age, though still young in all his faculties and feelings, and in his capacity of being as useful to others as to himself. There is a time, however, when the poor machine, though still perfect in a calm, is unequal to a storm. Private life, then, should be sought while it yet may be enjoyed; and M. d'Arblay has resources

[1] She was the Princess Royal of Prussia.

[2] Charles-Emmanuel-Sigismond de Montmorency, Duc de Luxembourg, 1774-? He had just been made Captain of the Third Company of Bodyguards (see *post*, p. 169).

for retirement the most delightful, both for himself and his friends. He is dreadfully worn and fatigued by the last year; and he began his active services at thirteen years of age. He is now past sixty. Every propriety, therefore, will abet my wishes, when the King no longer requires around him his tried and faithful adherents. And, indeed, I am by no means myself insensible to what is so highly gratifying to his feelings as this mark of distinction: *bien plus honorable, cependant*, as he adds, than *lucrative*.

I must remain here till my own many affairs are settled, and till he sees the turn likely to accelerate or retard his final projects abroad. But he will obtain a short leave of absence in the autumn, should matters wear a procrastinating aspect.

I shall quite grieve if you have never been tempted from your retirement to view the good and THEREFORE *really* great Emperor. I delight in the unpretending simplicity of his manner and conduct. The King of Prussia made friends of all who most nearly approached him. Blücher[1] is still the general idol; and he seems to enjoy as well as merit so being. Platoff[2] is the only one of the noble set I have not had the pleasure to see. Nothing else has yet taken me forth. But my own kind Princess Augusta graciously asks me to see the fireworks from her Royal Highness's apartment, and to that I gladly consent. Rejoicings for PEACE!

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. LOCK

August 9, 1814.

The friends of M. d'A. in Paris are now preparing to claim for him his rank in the army, as he

[1] Field-Marshal Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher, 1742-1819. He accompanied the Allied Sovereigns to England in this year.

[2] Count Matvei Ivanovich Platoff, 1757-1818, who harassed the French in their retreat from Moscow.

held it under Louis XVI., of Maréchal de Camp; and as the Duc de Luxembourg will present, in person, the demand *au Roi*, there is much reason to expect it will be granted.

M. de Thuisy, who brought your letter from Adrienne,[1] has given a flourishing account of M. d'A. in his new uniform, though the uniform itself, he says, is very ugly. But so sought is the Company of the *Corps de Gardes du Roi* that the very privates, M. de T. says, are gentlemen. M. d'A. himself has only the place of *Sous-lieutenant*; but it is of consequence sufficient, in *that* Company, to be signed by the King, who had rejected two officers that had been named to him just before he gave his signature for M. d'A.

I need not say what spirits and what pleasure this has occasioned to him. I have heard much of him—all of cheerful import—lately through Miss Planta, whose sister has just accompanied Lady Rolle[2] to Paris; that favoured capital seems to be half peopled by English. The rage for Parisian excursions is almost incredible.

August 24, 1814.

M. d'Arblay has obtained his rank, and the kind king has dated it from the æra when the original Brevet was signed by poor Louis XVI. in 1792.

Monsieur d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay

Paris, ce 30 *Août*, 1814.

Il n'y a que deux jours, ma bonne Fanny, que j'ai passé plus de huit heures entières à m'entretenir avec toi, sans même me douter que la position dans laquelle j'écrivais me faisait beaucoup de mal.

[1] Adrienne de Chavagnac (see *ante*, vol. v. p. 492).
[2] Judith Maria Walrond, *d.* 1820, wife of John Rolle, Baron Rolle of Stevenstone, 1750-1842, the hero of the *Rolliad*.

N'importe—aujourd'hui je ne puis résister au plaisir de venir te confier l'extrême satisfaction que me fait éprouver la manière dont la fête donnée hier au Roi par la Ville s'est passée. Tout a été non seulement bien, mais à merveille; et cela est d'autant plus important, que je n'ai actuellement aucune doute que notre réunion au mois de Novembre ne souffrira pas la moindre difficulté; puisque la seule chose qui pouvait s'y opposer, c'est-à-dire le moindre doute sur la stabilité du gouvernement paternel qui nous a été rendu si miraculeusement, n'est plus même admissible.[1] Ce n'est pas simplement avec plaisir, mais avec transport, avec la plus expansive effusion de cœur, que le Roi, Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême, et nos Princes, ont été accueillis à l'hôtel de Ville. Si l'enthousiasme du peuple a été comprimé dans la route, ç'a été uniquement parcequ'en ne voyant que des voitures tout à fait simples, personne n'a imaginé qu'elles renfermassent notre Père, qu'on s'attendait à voir dans la voiture surmontée d'une couronne. Il est présumable qu'on ne s'en est pas servi parce que cette couronne est impériale et non Royale.

Louis XVIII. n'a pas fait sur tout cela le moindre changement; et son palais est encore tel qu'il était il y a six mois, parsemé d'abeilles, de N, et d'aigles, qu'on aurait pu au moins, ce me semble, faire disparaître du trône sur lequel siègeait Sa Majesté le jour où elle a reçu le Lord Wellington, d'une manière si flatteuse pour ce héros. Après lui avoir témoigné combien elle était satisfaite des sentimens qu'il venait de lui exprimer de la part du Prince Régent, et lui avoir dit qu'elle désirait infiniment de voir établie sur les bases solides la paix qui vient d'être si heureusement conclue, Sa Majesté a ajouté, "J'aurai besoin pour cela de la

[1] This was over-sanguine.

co-opération puissante de Son Altesse Royale. Le choix qu'elle a fait de vous, Monsieur, m'en donne l'espérance. *Il m'honore . . . Je suis fier de voir que le premier Ambassadeur que m'envoye l'Angleterre soit le justement célèbre Lord Duc de Wellington.*" Ce qui est entre deux guillemets est mot à mot.

Tout ce que je viens de souligner a été prononcé d'une voix forte, et tellement accentuée qu'elle portait à l'âme, et qu'elle a touché même les maréchaux, un peu honteux des succès constans de leur maître à tous. Quant au discours du héros, dont j'étais près comme de ton lit à ta cheminée, je n'en ai pas entendu un mot ; tant il paraît bas, et d'une voix presque tremblante. Déjà je crois t'avoir mandé que nous avons l'ordre du Roi de ne pas avoir égard à l'étiquette, dès qu'il s'agit des Anglais, qui sont admis de quelque manière et à quelqu'heure qu'ils se présentent : mais la manière dont il traite celui qui représente ici leur nation ne peut se décrire. Dès que le Duc de Wellington paraît, on en est instruit par l'extrême satisfaction qu'on voit repandue sur tous les traits du visage déjà si bon du Roi. Je voudrais que tu eusses été témoin, hier soir, de la physionomie si expressive du héros qui était sur la première marche de l'estrade d'un trône dont il paraît être le principal soutien. Il avait bien un peu la mine de se dire, *je n'ai pas peu contribué à son rétablissement* ; mais cela d'un air si modeste, qu'à peine pouvait-on saisir au passage cette idée fugitive ; tandis qu'on trouvait toujours bien prononcée la plus sincère et la plus vive satisfaction du succès qu'ont eu les efforts si constans et si généreux de sa brave nation. Personne dans toute la salle n'a pu mieux le voir ni l'examiner que moi indigne qui occupais à la gauche du trône à peu près la même place que celle qu'il remplissait si noblement à la droite. Je crois

bien qu'il a du un peu m'envier les jolies voisines qui s'étaient fait jour jusqu'à moi, et qu'à la vérité j'avais un peu aidées dans les soins qu'elles s'étaient donnés pour y parvenir. La plus près sur tout était bien digne d'être remarquée. Que j'étois là, cela, au reste, n'a pas été la faute de Monsieur le Duc de Luxembourg, dont je ne puis me refuser à te transcrire ici le billet arrivé la veille chez moi une demi-heure après mon départ pour aller pendre le commandement de la garde montante.

PARIS, ce 24 *Août*, 1814.

"Le Duc de L. souhaite le bon jour à M. d'A., et lui fait demander de ses nouvelles en lui recommandant expressement de ne pas sortir que son genou ne soit guéri. Cette recommandation est l'ordre le plus positif, au nom de l'amitié et de l'intérêt qu'il lui porte.

"Le Duc de L. prie Monsieur le Chevalier d'Arblay de recevoir ses tendres complimens."

Dis-moi, ma chère Fanny, si tu peux jamais rien imaginer de plus aimable, toi qui n'est pas tout-à-fait bête, et que j'ai la *kindness* de désirer avoir *at my side*, quand pareille chose m'est adressée ; dis-moi si dans la situation de nos affaires, et avec l'espérance bien fondée de passer *ensemble* paisiblement et honorablement, les jours quelquefois nébuleux d'une vieillesse qui entraine avec soi le besoin d'une certaine aisance, ce ne serait pas le comble de l'extravagance de quitter ce qui peut et doit me l'assurer ?

Embrasse pour moi Alex, et embrassez-moi tous deux comme par vous-même.

LE CHÉV. D'A.

Presentation of Madame d'Arblay to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême

I come now to my audience with Madame, Duchesse d'Angoulême. As I had missed, through a vexatious mistake, the honour she had herself intended me, of presentation in England, my own condescending royal mistress, Queen Charlotte, recommended my claiming its performance on my return to Paris. M. d'Arblay then consulted with Le Viscomte d'Agoult, his intimate early friend, how to repair in France my English deprivation. M. d'Agoult was écuyer to her Royal Highness, and high in her confidence and favour. He advised me simply to *faire ma cour* as the wife of a superior officer in the Garde du Corps du Roi, at a public drawing-room; but the great exertion and publicity, joined to the expense of such a presentation, made me averse, in all ways, to this proposal; and when M. d'Arblay protested I had not anything in view but to pay my respectful devoirs to her Royal Highness, M. d'Agoult undertook to make known my wish. It soon proved that this alone was necessary for its success, for Madame la Duchesse instantly recollected what had passed in England, and said she would name, with pleasure, the first moment in her power; expressing an impatience on her own part that an interview should not be delayed which had been desired by Her Majesty Queen Charlotte of England.

Of course, this both encouraged and gratified me; but, fearful of committing any mistake in *étiquette*, from my utter ignorance of the French court, I entreated M. d'Arblay to inquire of M. Matthieu de Montmorency[1] whether there were

[1] See *ante*, vol. v. p. 136. He was the "*ci-devant duc*" of the Juniper Hall *émigrés*. But he repudiated his former principles in 1814.

any peculiarities in such an introduction that I ought to study or learn.

M. de Montmorency, now M. le Duc, with whom we were all much acquainted, and who was then in waiting upon La Duchesse, kindly promised to be at hand, when the time should be fixed, for obviating all embarrassment by presenting me himself.

But I have omitted to mention that on the Sunday preceding, the Duchess d'Angoulême, at court, had deigned to tell my best friend that she was reading, and with great pleasure, *Madame d'Arblay's last work*. He expressed his gratification, and added that he hoped it was in English, as her *Altesse Royale* so well knew that language. No, she answered, it was the translation she read; the original she had not been able to procure.

On this, M. d'Arblay advised me to send a copy. I had none bound, but the set which had come back to me from my dear father. This, however, M. d'A. carried to the Viscomte d'Agoult, with a note from me in which, through the medium of M. d'Agoult, I supplicated leave from her Royal Highness to lay at her feet this only English set I possessed. In the most gracious manner possible, as the Viscomte told M. d'Arblay, her Royal Highness accepted the work, and deigned also to keep the billet. She had already, unfortunately, finished the translation, but she declared her intention to read the original.

Previously to my presentation, M. d'Arblay took me to the salon of the exhibition of pictures, to view a portrait of Madame d'Angoulême, that I might make some acquaintance with her face before the audience. This portrait was deeply interesting, but deeply melancholy.

All these precautions taken, I went, at the appointed hour and morning, about the end of

February, 1815, to the palace of the Tuileries, escorted by the most indulgent of husbands: we repaired instantly to the apartment of La Duchesse de Serrent, who received us with the utmost politeness; she gave us our lesson how to proceed, and then delivered us over to some page of her Royal Highness.

We were next shown into a very large apartment. I communicated to the page a request that he would endeavour to make known to M. de Montmorency that I was arrived, and how much I wished to see him.

In a minute or two came forth a tall, sturdy dame, who immediately addressed me by my name, and spoke with an air that demanded my returning her compliment. I could not, however, recollect her, till she said she had formerly met me at the Princesse d'Henin's. I then recognised the Dowager Duchesse de Duras,[1] whom, in fact, I had seen last at the Princesse de Chimay's, in the year 1812, just before my first return to England; and had received from her a commission to acquaint the Royal Family of France that her son, the Duke,[2] had kept aloof from all service under Bonaparte, though he had been named in the gazettes as having accepted the place of chamberlain to the then Emperor. Yet such was the subjection, at that time, of all the old nobility to the despotic power of that mighty ruler, that M. de Duras had not dared to contradict the paragraph.

She then said that her Altesse Royale was expecting me; and made a motion that I should pursue my way into the next room, M. d'Arblay no longer accompanying me. But before I disappeared she assured me that I should meet with

[1] Widow of Emmanuel-Céleste-Augustin de Durfort, Duc de Duras, 1741-1800.

[2] See *ante*, p. 110.

a most gracious reception, for her Altesse Royale had declared she would see me with marked favour, if she saw no other English whatsoever; because Madame d'Arblay, she said, was the only English person who had been peculiarly recommended to her notice by the Queen of England.

In the next, which was another very large apartment, I was received by a lady much younger and more agreeable than Madame de Duras, gaily and becomingly dressed, and wearing a smiling air with a sensible face. I afterwards heard it was Madame de Choisy, who, a few years later, married le Viscomte d'Agoult.

Madame de Choisy instantly began some compliments, but finding she only disconcerted me, she soon said she must not keep me back, and curtsied me on to another room, into which she shut me.

I here imagined I was to find M. de Montmorency, but I saw only a lady, who stood at the upper end of the apartment, and slightly curtsied, but without moving or speaking. Concluding this to be another *dame de la cour*, from my internal persuasion that ultimately I was to be presented by M. de Montmorency, I approached her composedly, with a mere common inclination of the head, and looked wistfully forward to the further door. She inquired politely after my health, expressing good-natured concern to hear it had been deranged, and adding that she was *bien aise de me voir*. I thanked her, with some expression of obligation to her civility, but almost without looking at her, from perturbation lest some mistake had intervened to prevent my introduction, as I still saw nothing of M. de Montmorency.

She then asked me if I would not sit down, taking a seat at the same time herself. I readily complied; but was too much occupied with the ceremony I was awaiting to discourse, though

she immediately began what was meant for a conversation. I hardly heard, or answered, so exclusively was my attention engaged in watching the door through which I was expecting a summons; till, at length, the following words rather surprised me (I must write them in English, for my greater ease, though they were spoken in French)—"I am quite sorry to have read your last charming work in French."

My eyes now changed their direction from the door to her face, to which I hastily turned my head, as she added—

"Puis-je le garder, le livre que vous m'avez envoyé?"

Startled, as if awakened from a dream, I fixed her and perceived the same figure that I had seen at the salon. I now felt sure I was already in the royal presence of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, with whom I had seated myself almost *cheek by jowl*, without the smallest suspicion of my situation.

I really seemed thunderstruck. I had approached her with so little formality, I had received all her graciousness with so little apparent sense of her condescension, I had taken my seat, nearly unasked, so completely at my ease, and I had pronounced so unceremoniously the plain *vous*, without softening it off with one single *Altesse Royale*, that I had given her reason to think me either the most forward person in my nature, or the worst bred in my education, existing.

I was in a consternation and a confusion that robbed me of breath; and my first impulse was to abruptly arise, confess my error, and offer every respectful apology I could devise; but as my silence and strangeness produced silence, a pause ensued that gave me a moment for reflection, which represented to me that Son Altesse Royale might be seriously hurt, that nothing in her

demeanour had announced her rank; and such a discovery might lead to increased distance and reserve in her future conduct upon other extra audiences, that could not but be prejudicial to her popularity, which already was injured by an opinion extremely unjust, but very generally spread, of her haughtiness. It was better, therefore, to be quiet, and to let her suppose that embarrassment, and English awkwardness and *mauvaise honte*, had occasioned my unaccountable manners. I preserved, therefore, my taciturnity, till, tired of her own, she gently repeated, "Puis-je le garder, cette copie que vous m'avez envoyée?" civilly adding that she should be happy to read it again when she had a little forgotten it, and had a little more time.

I seized this fortunate moment to express my grateful acknowledgments for her goodness, with the most unaffected sincerity, yet scrupulously accompanied with all the due forms of profound respect.

What she thought of so sudden a change of dialect I have no means of knowing; but I could not, for a long time afterwards, think of it myself with a grave countenance. From that time, however, I failed not to address her with appropriate reverence, though, as it was too late now, to assume the distant homage pertaining, of course, to her very high rank, I insensibly suffered one irregularity to lead to, nay to excuse another; for I passed over all the *étiquette d'usage*, of never speaking but *en réponse*; and animated myself to attempt to catch her attention, by conversing with fulness and spirit upon every subject she began, or led to; and even by starting subjects myself, when she was silent. This gave me an opportunity of mentioning many things that had happened in Paris during my long ten years' uninterrupted residence, which were evidently

very interesting to her. Had she become grave, or inattentive, I should have drawn back; but, on the contrary, she grew more and more *éveillée*, and her countenance was lighted up with the most encouraging approval.

She was curious, she said, to know how I got over to England in the year 1812, having been told that I had effected my escape by an extraordinary disguise. I assured her that I had not escaped at all; as so to have done must have endangered the generous husband and father, who permitted mine and his son's departure. I had procured a passport for us both, which was registered in the ordinary manner, *chez le Ministre de Police* for foreign affairs; *chez* one, I added, whose name I could not pronounce in her Royal Highness's hearing; but to whom I had not myself applied. She well knew I meant Savary, Duc de Rovigo,[1] whose history with respect to the murdered Duc d'Enghien has, since that period, been so variously related. I was then embarrassed, for I had owed my passport to the request of Madame d'A., who was distantly connected with Savary, and who had obtained it to oblige a mutual friend; I found, however, to my great relief, that the Duchesse possessed the same noble delicacy that renders all private intercourse with my own exemplary princesses as safe for others as it is honourable to myself; for she suffered me to pass by the names of my assistants, when I said they were friends who exerted themselves for me in consideration of my heavy grief, in an absence of ten years from a father whom I had left at the advanced age of seventy-five; joined to my terror lest my son should remain till he attained the period of the conscription, and be necessarily drawn into the military service of Bonaparte. And,

[1] See *ante*, p. 66.

indeed, these two points could alone, with all my eagerness to revisit my native land, have induced me to make the journey by a separation from my best friend.

This led me to assume courage to recount some of the prominent parts of the conduct of M. d'Arblay during our ten years' confinement, rather than residence, in France; I thought this necessary, lest our sojourn during the usurpation should be misunderstood. I told her, in particular, of three high military appointments which he had declined. The first was to be head of l'état major of a regiment under a general whose name I cannot spell—in the army of Poland; a post of which the offer was procured for him by M. de Narbonne, then aide-de-camp to Bonaparte. The second was an offer, through General Gassendi,[1] of being commander of Palma Nuova, whither M. d'A. might carry his wife and son, as he was to have the castle for his residence, and there was no war with Italy at that time. The third offer was a very high one: it was no less than the command of Cherbourg, as successor to M. le Comte de la Tour Maubourg, who was sent elsewhere, by still higher promotion. Steady, however, invariably steady was M. d'Arblay never to serve against his liege sovereign. General Gassendi, one of the most zealous of his friends, contrived to cover up this dangerous rejection; and M. d'Arblay continued in his humbler but far more meritorious office of *sous chef* to one of the *Bureaux de l'Intérieur*.

I had now the pleasure to hear the Princess say, "*Il a agi bien noblement.*" "For though he would take no part," I added, "*à la Guerre*, nor yet in the *Diplomatie*, he could have no objection to making plans, arrangements, buildings, and so forth, of monuments, hospitals, and palaces; for at

[1] Jean-Jacques-Basilien, Comte Gassendi, 1748-1828.

that period palaces, like princes, were *élevés tous les jours.*"

She could not forbear smiling; and her smile, which is rare, is so peculiarly becoming, that it brightens her countenance into a look of youth and beauty.

"But why," I cried, recollecting myself, "should I speak French, when your Royal Highness knows English so well?"

"Oh no!" cried she, shaking her head, "very bad!"

From that time, however, I spoke in my own tongue, and saw myself perfectly understood, though those two little words were the only English ones she uttered herself, replying always in French.

"Le Roi," she said, "se rappelle très bien de vous avoir vu à Londres."

"Oh, je n'en doute nullement!" I replied, rather *naïvely*, "for there passed a scene that cannot be forgotten, and that surprised me into courage to come forward, after I had spent the whole morning in endeavouring to shrink backward. And I could not be sorry—for I felt that His Majesty could not be offended at a vivacity which his own courtesy to England excited."

The Princess smiled, with a graciousness that assured me I had not mistaken the King's benevolence, of which she evidently partook. The conversation then turned upon the Royal Family of England, and it was inexpressibly gratifying to me to hear her just appreciation of the virtues, the intellectual endowments, the sweetness of manner, and the striking grace of every one, according to their different character, that was mentioned. The Prince Regent, however, was evidently her favourite. The noble style in which he had treated her and all her family at his Carlton

House Fête, in the midst of their misfortunes, and while so much doubt hung against every chance of those misfortunes being ever reversed, did so much honour to his heart, and proved so solacing to their woes and humiliation, that she could never revert to that public testimony of his esteem and goodwill without the most glowing gratitude.

"Oh!" she cried, "il a été parfait!"

The *Princesse Elise*,[1] with whom she was in correspondence, seemed to stand next. "C'est elle," she said, "qui fait les honneurs de la Famille Royale, and with a charm the most enlivening and delightful."

The conference was only broken up by a summons to the King's dinner. My audience, however, instead of a few minutes, for which the Duchesse de Duras had prepared me, was extended to three quarters of an hour, by the watch of my kind husband, who waited, with some of his old friends whom he had joined in the palace, to take me home.

The Princess, as she left me to go down a long corridor to the dining apartment, took leave of me in a manner the most gracious, honouring me with a message to Her Majesty the Queen of England, of her most respectful homage, and with her kind and affectionate remembrance to all the Princesses, with warm assurances of her eternal attachment. She then moved on, but again stopped when going, to utter some sentences most grateful to my ears, of her high devotion to the Queen and deep sense of all her virtues.

I little thought that this, my first, would prove also my last, meeting with this exemplary princess, whose worth, courage, fortitude, and piety are universally acknowledged, but whose powers of pleasing seem little known.

[1] Princess Elizabeth.

After an opening such as this, how little could I foresee that this interview was to be a final one! . . . Alas! in a day or two after it had taken place, Son Altesse Royale set out for Bordeaux. . . . And then followed the return of Bonaparte from Elba,[1] and then the Hundred Days.[2]

Narrative of Bonaparte's Return from Elba—Flight from Paris—Residence at Brussels—Battle of Waterloo.

[The following Narrative was written some time after the events described took place. It is judged better to print it in a connected form: a few of the letters written on the spot being subsequently given.]

I have no remembrance how I first heard of the return of Bonaparte from Elba. Wonder at his temerity was the impression made by the news, but wonder unmixed with apprehension. This inactivity of foresight was universal. A torpor indescribable, a species of stupor utterly indefinable, seemed to have enveloped the capital with a mist that was impervious. Everybody went about their affairs, made or received visits, met, and parted, without speaking, or, I suppose, thinking of this event as of a matter of any importance. My own participation in this improvident blindness is to myself incomprehensible. Ten years I had lived under the dominion of Bonaparte; I had been in habits of intimacy with many friends of those who most closely surrounded him; I was generously trusted, as one with whom information, while interesting and precious, would be inviolably safe

[1] He landed at Cannes, March 1, 1815.

[2] March 20 (his arrival at Fontainebleau) to June 28 (his departure). It is suggested by Sir Leslie Stephen (article on Mme. D'Arblay in the *Dictionary of National Biography*), that Thackeray may have had the ensuing narrative in mind when he wrote the Brussels chapters of *Vanity Fair*. But the traces of it are not very manifest in those chapters. There is also an account of the Hundred Days in the recently published *Cresvy Papers*, 1904.

—as one, in fact, whose honour was the honour of her spotless husband, and therefore invulnerable: well, therefore, by narrations the most authentic, and by documents the most indisputable, I knew the character of Bonaparte; and marvellous beyond the reach of my comprehension is my participation in this inertia. Yet it was less owing to a supine confidence in the so recently established government, or even to my wishes for its permanence, than to the state of exhaustion into which all my political faculties had fallen, in consequence of the effervescence in which they had been kept during ten years in Paris and the two that followed in England. Every forced stretch of intellect, whatever be its direction, must end either by suddenly snapping short the overpressed powers of thought, or by causing that non-elastic relaxation that totally defeats all supervehement exertions. In the ten years I have mentioned my mind was a stranger to rest, though the rare domestic felicity which had fallen to my lot held a counter-balance against my anxieties that saved me from being overwhelmed by their weight. In those ten years, so eventful, so fearful, so astonishing, the idea of Bonaparte was blended with all our thoughts, our projects, our actions. The greatness of his power, the intrepidity of his ambition, the vastness of his conceptions, and the restlessness of his spirit, kept suspense always breathless, and conjecture always at work. Thus familiar, therefore, to his practices, thus initiated in his resources, thus aware of his gigantic ideas of his own destiny, how could I for a moment suppose he would revisit France without a consciousness of success, founded upon some secret conviction that it was infallible, through measures previously arranged? I can only, I repeat, conclude that my understanding, such as it is, was utterly tired out by a long harass of per-

petual alarm and sleepless apprehension. Unmoved, therefore, I remained in the general apparent repose which, if it were as real in those with whom I mixed as in myself, I now deem a species of infatuation. Whether or not M. d'Arblay was involved in the general failure of foresight I have mentioned, I never now can ascertain. To spare me any evil tidings, and save me from even the shadow of any unnecessary alarm, was the first and constant solicitude of his indulgent goodness. I cannot, therefore, be sure whether our apathy upon this point were mutual, though certainly there is no other point, from the beginning to the end of our connection, to which the word apathy could to either of us be applied.

At this period he returned to Paris to settle various matters for our Senlis[1] residence. We both now knew the event that so soon was to monopolise all thought and all interest throughout Europe: but we knew it without any change in our way of life; on the contrary, we even resumed our delightful airings in the Bois de Boulogne, whither the General drove me every morning in a light calèche, of which he had possessed himself upon his entrance into the King's body-guard the preceding year; and I have no retrospection that causes me such amazement as the unapprehensive state of mind that could urge either of us to the enjoyment of those drives when aware that Bonaparte had effected an invasion into France.

Brief, however, was this illusion, and fearful was the light by which its darkness was dispersed. In a few days we heard that Bonaparte, whom we had concluded to be, of course, either stopped at landing and taken prisoner, or forced to save himself by

[1] They had decided to make a three months' stay at Senlis (see *post*, p. 170).

flight, was, on the contrary, pursuing unimpeded his route to Lyons.

From this moment disguise, if any there had been, was over with the most open and frank of human beings, who never even transitorily practised it but to keep off evil, or its apprehension, from others. He communicated to me now his strong view of danger; not alone that measures might be taken to secure my safety, but to spare me any sudden agitation. Alas! none was spared to himself! More clearly than any one he anticipated the impending tempest, and foreboded its devastating effects. He spoke aloud and strenuously, with prophetic energy, to all with whom he was then officially associated; but the greater part either despaired of resisting the torrent, or disbelieved its approach. What deeply interesting scenes crowd upon my remembrance, of his noble, his daring, but successless exertions! The King's body-guard immediately *de service*, at that time, was the *compagnie* of the Prince de Poix,[1] a man of the most heartfelt loyalty, but who had never served, and who was incapable of so great a command at so critical a juncture, from utter inexperience. Nevertheless, his real affection for the King, Louis XVIII., and his still greater ardour for the royal cause, would have indued him with personal courage to have sacrificed his life to the service of the Crown, if his life would have sufficed, without military skill, for its preservation.

At this opening of the famous Hundred Days it seemed to occur to no one that Bonaparte would make any attempt upon Paris. It was calmly taken for granted he would speedily escape back to Elba, or remain in the south a prisoner; and it was only amongst deep or restless politicians that

[1] See vol. v. p. 187.

any inquietude was manifested with respect to either of these results. Madame la Princesse d'Henin, indeed, whom I was in the habit of frequently meeting, had an air and manner that announced perturbation; but her impetuous spirit in politics kept her mind always in a state of energy upon public affairs. M. le Comte de Lally Tolendal I do not remember seeing at this period; but I conclude, from his deep intellect and warm loyalty, he must have been among the earliest to open his eyes to the coming mischief.

I often reflected upon the difference that would have appeared in the two nations of France and England under similar circumstances: had an invader of any name or renown effected a footing on any part of our coast, what a ferment would instantly have been excited in our metropolis! Not a street but would have rung with cries of news, true or false; not a mail coach would have appeared, but the populace would have stopped it for information; and not an hour would have passed without some real or pretended courier, let loose upon the multitude, to convey or to invent intelligence. Few, at such momentous periods, are fastidious with respect to truth; something fresh to feed conjecture suffices to appease the famine of ignorance; for, on such occasions, we loathe taciturnity far more than falsehood.

But when Bonaparte actually arrived at Lyons the face of affairs changed. Expectation was then awakened — consternation began to spread; and report went rapidly to her usual work, of now exciting nameless terror, and now allaying even reasonable apprehension.

To me, every moment became more anxious. I saw General d'Arblay imposing upon himself a severity of service for which he had no longer health or strength, and imposing it only the more

rigidly from the fear that his then beginning weakness and infirmities should seem to plead for indulgence. It was thus that he insisted upon going through the double duty of artillery officer at the barracks, and of *officier supérieur* in the King's Body-Guards at the Tuileries. The smallest representation to M. le Duc de Luxembourg, who had a true value for him, would have procured a substitute: but he would not hear me upon such a proposition; he would sooner, far, have died at his post.

He now almost lived either at the Tuileries or at the barracks. I only saw him when business or military arrangements brought him home; but he kindly sent me billets to appease my suspense every two or three hours.

Le Marquis Général Victor de la Tour Maubourg[1] was now appointed by the King, Louis XVIII., to raise a troop of volunteers for the cavalry, while the same commission was entrusted to M. le Comte de Viominil[2] for the infantry.

The project upon Paris became at length obvious; yet its success was little feared, though the horrors of a civil war seemed inevitable. M. d'Arblay began to wish me away; he made various propositions for ensuring my safety; he even pressed me to depart for England to rejoin Alexander and my family: but I knew them to be in security, whilst my first earthly tie was exposed to every species of danger, and I besought him not to force me away. He was greatly distressed, but could not oppose my urgency. He procured me, however, a passport from M. le Comte de Jaucourt,[3] his long-attached friend, who was minister *aux affaires étrangères ad interim*,

[1] See *ante*, p. 97.

[2] Joseph-Hyacinthe-Charles du Houx, Marquis de Viominil, 1734-1827.

[3] See *ante*, vol. v. p. 117.

while Talleyrand Périgord was with the Congress at Vienna. M. de Jaucourt gave this passport "*pour Madame d'Arblay, née Burney,*" avoiding to speak of me as the wife of a general officer of the King, lest that might eventually impede my progress, should I be reduced to escape from Paris; while on the other hand, to facilitate my travelling with any friends or companions, he inserted, *et les personnes de sa suite.* This is dated 15 Mars, 1815.

I received it most unwillingly: I could not endure to absent myself from the seat of government,—for I little divined how soon that government was to change its master.

Nevertheless, the prudence of this preparatory measure soon became conspicuous, for the very following day I heard of nothing but purposed emigrations from Paris—retirement, concealment, embarrassments, and difficulties. My sole personal joy was that my younger Alexander was far away, and safely lodged in the only country of safety.

But, on the 17th, hope again revived. I received these words from my best friend, written on a scrap of paper torn from a parcel, and brought to me by his groom from the palace of the Tuileries, where their writer had passed the night mounting guard:—

"Nous avons de meilleures nouvelles. Je ne puis entrer dans aucun détail; mais sois tranquille, et aime bien qui t'aime uniquement.

God bless you."

This news hung upon the departure of Marshal Ney to meet Bonaparte and stop his progress, with the memorable words uttered publicly to the King, that he would bring him to Paris in an iron cage.[1] The King at this time positively announced and

[1] But he went over to Napoleon.

protested that he would never abandon his throne nor quit his capital, Paris.

Various of my friends called upon me this day, all believing the storm was blowing over. Madame Chastel and her two daughters were calm, but, nevertheless, resolved to visit a small *terre* which they possessed, till the metropolis was free from all contradictory rumours. Madame de Cadignan preserved her imperturbable gaiety and carelessness, and said she should stay, happen what might; for what mischief could befall a poor widow? Her sportive smiles and laughing eyes displayed her security in the power of her charms. Madame de Maisonneuve[1] was filled with apprehensions for her brothers, who were all in highly responsible situations, and determined to remain in Paris to be in the midst of them. The Princesse d'Henin came to me daily to communicate all the intelligence she gathered from the numerous friends and connections through whom she was furnished with supplies. Her own plans were incessantly changing, but her friendship knew no alteration; and in every various modification of her intentions she always offered to include me in their execution, should my affairs reduce me, finally, to flight.

Flight, however, was intolerable to my thoughts. I weighed it not as saving me from Bonaparte; I could consider it only as separating me from all to which my heart most dearly clung. Madame d'Henin was undecided whether to go to the north or to the south—to Bordeaux or to Brussels; I could not, therefore, even give a direction to M. d'Arblay where I could receive any intelligence, and the Body-Guard of the King was held in utter suspense as to its destination. This, also, was unavoidable, since the King himself could only be guided by events.

[1] See *ante*, p. 97, and *post*, p. 160.

The next day, the 18th of March, all hope disappeared. From north, from south, from east, from west, alarm took the field, danger flashed its lightnings, and contention growled its thunders: yet in Paris there was no rising, no disturbance, no confusion—all was taciturn suspense, dark dismay, or sullen passiveness. The dread necessity which had reduced the King, Louis XVIII., to be placed on his throne by foreigners, would have annihilated all enthusiasm of loyalty, if any had been left by the long underminings of revolutionary principles.

What a day was this of gloomy solitude! Not a soul approached me, save, for a few moments, my active Madame d'Henin, who came to tell me she was preparing to depart, unless a successful battle should secure the capital from the conqueror. I now promised that if I should ultimately be compelled to fly my home, I would thankfully be of her party; and she grasped at this engagement with an eagerness that gave proof of her sincere and animated friendship. This intimation was balm to the heart of my dearest partner, and he wished the measure to be executed and expedited; but I besought him, as he valued my existence, not to force me away till every other resource was hopeless.

He passed the day almost wholly at the barracks. When he entered his dwelling, in La Rue de Miromenil, it was only upon military business, and from that he could spare me scarcely a second. He was shut up in his library with continual comers and goers; and though I durst not follow him, I could not avoid gathering, from various circumstances, that he was now preparing to take the field, in full expectation of being sent out with his comrades of the Guard, to check the rapid progress of the invader. I knew this to be his

earnest wish, as the only chance of saving the King and the throne; but he well knew it was my greatest dread, though I was always silent upon the subject, well aware that while his honour was dearer to him than his life, my own sense of duty was dearer to me also than mine. While he sought, therefore, to spare me the view of his arms and warlike equipage and habiliments, I felt his wisdom as well as his kindness, and tried to appear as if I had no suspicion of his proceedings, remaining almost wholly in my own room, to avoid any accidental surprise, and to avoid paining him with the sight of my anguish. I masked it as well as I could for the little instant he had from time to time to spare me; but before dinner he left me entirely, having to pass the night *à cheval* at the barracks, as he had done the preceding night at the Tuileries.

The length of this afternoon, evening, and night was scarcely supportable: his broken health, his altered looks, his frequent sufferings, and diminished strength, all haunted me with terror, in the now advancing prospect of his taking the field. And where? And how? No one knew! Yet he was uncertain whether he could even see me once more the next day! These lines—these valued, these invaluable lines—were the only break into my utter solitude, and the wretchedness of my ignorance of what was going forward:—

"Les nouvelles ne sont pas rassurantes. M. le Duc d'Orléans a fait partir sa femme et ses enfans. Madame de Blacas[1] est aussi partie. Rien ne tient—ou, plutôt, tout nous trahit. Si mon amie pouvoit partir aussi, je le regarderai plus froidement; car il est présumable que nous ne pourrons faire aucune résistance! ou que nous n'en ferons

[1] Wife of Pierre-Louis-Jean Casimir, Duc de Blacas, statesman and friend of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

qu'une bien peu heureuse, et bien courte, si nous partons de Paris ! Vois, et juge de mon embarras, de mon inquiétude ! Tout paraît perdu, 'hors l'honneur,' qu'il faut conserver. Le mien sera sans tâche ; et si je meurs victime de mon devoir, je ne perdrai pas pour cela l'espoir de te rejoindre dans un meilleur monde ; puisqu'en mourant ce sera là mon dernier vœu, ma demande à l'Eternal, que je supplie de me rejoindre à mon fils et à sa mère, que j'embrasse de toutes les puissances de mon âme. Je parais calme, et ne le suis guère ; mais je suis, et serai ferme."

PART LXI

1815

NARRATIVE—*continued*

Laborious military duties of M. d'Arblay—He urges Madame d'Arblay to quit Paris without delay—Her terror at seeing him leaving home to join his regiment—Her arrangements for quitting France—A hurried visit to the Marquis de La Tour Maubourg—News of M. d'Arblay—Louis XVIII. quits Paris with his body-guard—Conduct of the Princesse d'Henin and M. le Comte de Lally Tolendal at this crisis—La Comtesse d'Auch—Madame d'Arblay on the road to Brussels with the Princesse d'Henin—Desolate appearance of the country—Arrival of the fugitives at Amiens—The Prefect, M. Lameth—The journey resumed at night—Arrival at Arras—Reception of the party by M. ——, the Prefect—A friend of M. d'Arblay's—Disturbed state of the country—An accident—Hospitality and kindness of a stranger—Polish lancers scouring the country for Bonaparte—Madame d'Arblay and her party remain at Tournay—News of Louis XVIII.

I COME now to the detail of one of the most dreadful days of my existence, the 19th of March, 1815, the last which preceded the triumphant return of Bonaparte to the capital of France.[1] Little, on its opening, did I imagine that return so near, or believe it would be brought about without even any attempted resistance. General d'Arblay, more in the way of immediate intelligence, and more able to judge of its result, was

[1] He arrived at Fontainebleau on the following day, Sunday, March 20.

deeply affected by the most gloomy prognostics. He came home at about six in the morning, harassed, worn, almost wasted with fatigue, and yet more with a baleful view of all around him, and with a sense of wounded military honour in the inertia which seemed to paralyse all effort to save the King and his cause. He had spent two nights following armed on guard, one at the Tuileries, in his duty of Garde du Corps to the King; the other on duty as artillery captain at the barracks. He went to bed for a few hours; and then, after a wretched breakfast, in which he briefly narrated the state of things he had witnessed and his apprehensions, he conjured me, in the most solemn and earnest manner, to yield to the necessity of the times, and consent to quit Paris with Madame d'Henin, should she ultimately decide to depart. I could not, when I saw his sufferings, endure to augment them by any further opposition; but never was acquiescence so painful! To lose even the knowledge whither he went, or the means of acquainting him whither I might go myself—to be deprived of the power to join him, should he be made prisoner—or to attend him, should he be wounded. . . . I could not pronounce my consent; but he accepted it so decidedly in my silence, that he treated it as arranged, and hastened its confirmation by assuring me I had relieved his mind from a weight of care and distress nearly intolerable. As the wife of an officer in the King's Body-Guard, in actual service, I might be seized, he thought, as a kind of hostage, and might probably fare all the worse for being also an Englishwoman.

He then wrote a most touching note to the Princesse d'Henin, supplicating her generous friendship to take the charge not only of my safety, but of supporting and consoling me.

After this, he hurried back to the Tuileries for

orders, apparently more composed; and that alone enabled me to sustain my so nearly compulsory and so repugnant agreement. His return was speedy: he came, as he had departed, tolerably composed, for he had secured me a refuge, and he had received orders to prepare to march—

To Melun, he concluded, to encounter Bonaparte, and to battle; for certain news had arrived of the invader's rapid approach. All attempt to conceal this from me must now be vain;—he acted more nobly by himself, and by his wife; for in openly, and cheerfully, and with rising hope, acknowledging it was for the field that he now left me, he called upon me to exert my utmost courage lest I should enervate his own.

To such a plea had I been deaf, I had indeed been unworthy his honoured choice, and I should have forfeited for ever the high opinion it was my first pride to see him cherish of his grateful partner. The event, therefore, seeming inevitable, I suddenly called myself to order, and curbing every feeling that sought vent in tenderness or in sorrow, I resolved that, since I must no longer hang upon him for protection or for happiness, I would, at least, take care not to injure him in his honour or his spirits. At half-past two at noon it was expected that the body-guard would be put in motion, Having told me his history, he could not spare me another moment till that which preceded his leaving home to join the Duc de Luxembourg's company. He then came to me, with an air of assumed serenity, and again, in the most kindly, soothing terms, called upon me to *give him an example of courage.* I obeyed his injunction with my best ability—yet how dreadful was our parting! We knelt together, in short but fervent prayer to heaven for each other's preservation, and then separated. At the door he turned back, and with

a smile which, though forced, had inexpressible sweetness, he half-gaily exclaimed, "Vive le Roi!" I instantly caught his wise wish that we should part with apparent cheerfulness, and re-echoed his words—and then he darted from my sight.

This had passed in an ante-room; but I then retired to my bedchamber, where, all effort over, I remained for some minutes abandoned to an affliction nearly allied to despair, though rescued from it by fervent devotion.

But an idea then started into my mind that yet again I might behold him. I ran to a window which looked upon the inward courtyard. There, indeed, behold him I did, but oh, with what anguish! just mounting his war-horse, a noble animal, of which he was singularly fond, but which at this moment I viewed with acutest terror, for it seemed loaded with pistols, and equipped completely for immediate service on the field of battle; while Deprez, the groom, prepared to mount another, and our cabriolet was filled with baggage and implements of war.

I could not be surprised, since I knew the destination of the General; but so carefully had he spared me the progress of his preparations, which he thought would be killing me by inches, that I had not the most distant idea he was thus armed and encircled with instruments of death—bayonets, lances, pistols, guns, sabres, daggers!—what horror assailed me at the sight! I had only so much sense and self-control left as to crawl softly and silently away, that I might not inflict upon him the suffering of beholding my distress; but when he had passed the windows, I opened them to look after him. The street was empty; the gay, constant gala of a Parisian Sunday was changed into fearful solitude: no sound was heard, but that of here and there some hurried footstep, on one hand hastening

for a passport to secure safety by flight; on the other, rushing abruptly from or to some concealment, to devise means of accelerating and hailing the entrance of the Conqueror. Well in tune with this air of an impending crisis was my miserable mind, which from grief little short of torture sunk, at its view, into a state of morbid quiet, that seemed the produce of feelings totally exhausted.

Thus I continued, inert, helpless, motionless, till the Princesse d'Henin came into my apartment. Her first news was, that Bonaparte had already reached Compiègne, and that to-morrow, the 20th of March, he might arrive in Paris, if the army of the King stopped not his progress.

It was now necessary to make a prompt decision; my word was given, and I agreed to accompany her whithersoever she fixed to go. She was still hesitating; but it was settled I should join her in the evening, bag and baggage, and partake of her destination.

Everything now pressed for action and exertion; but my ideas were bewildered; my senses seemed benumbed; my mind was a chaos. This species of vague incapacity was broken in upon by the entrance of M. Le Noir;[1] and the sight of a favourite of M. d'Arblay, with whom he was in constant intercourse at the Ministère de l'Intérieur, awakened me to some consciousness of my situation.

In recounting to him what had passed, I drew my wandering thoughts to a point, and in satisfying his friendly solicitude, I recovered my scared senses. I then determined to take with me whatever Madame d'Henin could admit into her carriage, that was valuable and portable, and to lock up what remained, and entrust to M. Le Noir my

[1] Marie-Alexandre Lenoir, 1761-1839, of the *Musée des Monumens Français*, 1800-21, the artist and antiquary who had decorated Malmaison for Josephine. He had received a severe bayonet-wound during the Terror in attempting to preserve the tomb of Richelieu at the Sorbonne.

keys. He consented to take them in charge, and promised to come from time to time to the house, and to give such directions as might be called for by events. I gave to him full power of acting, in presence of Deprez, our *femme de charge*, who was to carry to him my keys when I had made my arrangements; and I besought him, should he see no more either of the General or of myself, never to part with his trust but to our son. He solemnly ratified the engagement with his word of honour, and, with feelings for us all nearly as deep as my own, he took leave.

I was now sufficiently roused for action, and my first return to conscious understanding was a desire to call in and pay every bill that might be owing, as well as the rent of our apartments up to the present moment, that no pretence might be assumed from our absence for disposing of our goods, books, or property of any description. As we never had any avoidable debts, this was soon settled; but the proprietor of the house was thunderstruck by the measure, saying, the King had reiterated his proclamation that he would not desert his capital. I could only reply that the General was at His Majesty's orders, and that my absence would be short. I then began collecting our small portion of plate, etc.; but while thus occupied, I received a message from Madame d'Henin, to tell me I must bring nothing but a small change of linen, and one band-box, as by the news she had just heard, she was convinced we should be back again in two or three days, and she charged me to be with her in an hour from that time. I did what she directed, and put what I most valued, that was not too large, into a hand-basket, made by some French prisoners in England, that had been given me by my beloved friend Mrs. Lock. I then swallowed, standing, my neglected dinner, and,

with Madame Deprez, and my small allowance of baggage, I got into a fiacre, and drove to General Victor de la Tour Maubourg,[1] to bid adieu to my dearest Madame de Maisonneuve, and her family.[2]

It was about nine o'clock at night, and very dark. I sent on Madame Deprez to the Princesse, and charged her not to return to summon me till the last moment. The distance was small.

I found the house of the Marquis Victor de la Tour Maubourg in a state of the most gloomy dismay. No *portier* was in the way, but the door of the *porte cochère* was ajar, and I entered on foot, no fiacre being ever admitted into *les cours des hôtels*. Officers and strangers were passing to and fro, some to receive, others to resign commissions, but all with quick steps, though in dead silence. Not a servant was in the way, and hardly any light; all seemed in disorder. I groped along till I came to the drawing-room, in which were several people, waiting for orders, or for an audience; but in no communication with each other, for here, also, a dismal taciturnity prevailed. From my own disturbance, joined to my short-sightedness, I was some time ere I distinguished Madame Victor de la Tour Maubourg, and when at last I saw her, I ventured not to address or to approach her. She was at a table, endeavouring to make some arrangement, or package, or examination, with papers and boxes before her, but deluged in tears, which flowed so fast that she appeared to have relinquished all effort to restrain them. And this was the more affecting to witness, as she is eminently equal and cheerful in her disposition. I kept aloof, and am not certain that she even perceived me. The General was in his own apart-

[1] See *ante*, p. 97. "*Pendant les Cent Jours*,"—says the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*—"*il* [General Victor] *se tint à l'écart*."

[2] See *ante*, p. 97.

ment, transacting military business of moment. But no sooner was I espied by my dearest Madame de Maisonneuve, than I was in her kind arms. She took me apart to reveal to me that the advance of the late emperor was still more rapid than its report. All were quitting Paris, or resigning themselves to passive submission. For herself, she meant to abide by whatever should be the destination of her darling brother Victor, who was now finishing a commission that no longer could be continued, of raising volunteers—for there was no longer any royal army for them to join! Whether the King would make a stand at the Tuileries, as he had unhappily promised, or whether he would fly, was yet unknown; but General Victor de Maubourg was now going to equip himself in full uniform, that he might wait upon His Majesty in person, decidedly fixed to take his orders, be they what they might.

With danger thus before him, in his mutilated state, having undergone an amputation of the leg and thigh on the field of battle, who can wonder at the desolation of Madame Victor when he resolved to sustain the risk of such an offer! Presently, what was my emotion at the sudden and abrupt entrance into the room of an officer of the King's Garde du Corps! in the self-same uniform as that from which I had parted with such anguish in the morning! A transitory hope glanced like lightning upon my brain, with an idea that the body-guard was all at hand; but as evanescent as bright was the flash! The concentrated and mournful look of the officer assured me nothing genial was awaiting me; and when the next minute we recognised each other, I saw it was the Count Charles de la Tour Maubourg,[1] the youngest brother of

[1] Charles de Fay, Comte de Latour-Maubourg, French general, *d.* 1846. He had married La Fayette's eldest daughter, and was a lieutenant of the Gardes du Corps.

Madame de Maisonneuve; and he then told me he had a note for me from M. d'Arblay.

Did I breathe then? I think not! I grasped the paper in my hand, but a mist was before my eyes, and I could not read a word. Madame de Maisonneuve held a hurried conference with her brother, and then informed me that the body-guard was all called out, the whole four companies, with their servants, equipage, arms and horses, to accompany and protect the King in his flight from Paris! But whither he would go, or with what intent, whether of battle or of escape, had not been announced. The Count Charles had obtained leave of absence for one hour to see his wife (Mademoiselle de la Fayette) and his children; but M. d'Arblay, who belonged to the artillery company, could not be spared even a moment. He had therefore seized a cover of a letter of M. de Bethizy, the commandant, to write me a few words.

I now read them, and found—

"Ma chère amie—Tout est perdu! Je ne puis entrer dans aucun détail—de grâce, partez! le plutôt sera le mieux.

"A la vie et à la mort,

"A. d'A."

Scarcely had I read these lines, when I was told that Madame d'Henin had sent me a summons.

I now could but embrace my Madame de Maisonneuve in silence, and depart. I ventured not to speak to poor Madame Victor. Madame de Maisonneuve accompanied or rather led me down stairs, with a disinterestedness of regard the most rare. She seemed to forget herself wholly in her tender anxiety for her parting friend. We could say nothing of writing, neither of us knowing where a letter might be addressed, nor under what govern-

ment received. Not a syllable was spoken by either of us as we descended. She passed the *cour* with me, and then went on with me to the fiacre. Tender then was her silent pressure, and my return to it: and I drove off.

Arrived at Madame la Princesse d'Henin's, all was in a perturbation yet greater than what I had left, though not equally afflicting. Madame d'Henin was so little herself, that every moment presented a new view of things, and urged her impatiently, nay imperiously, to differ from whatever was offered.

Now she saw instantly impending danger, and was for precipitate flight; now she saw fearless security, and determined not to move a step; the next moment all was alarm again, and she wanted wings for speed; and the next, the smallest apprehension awakened derision and contempt.

I, who had never yet seen her but all that was elegant, rational, and kind, was thunderstruck by this effect of threatening evil upon her high and susceptible spirit. From manners of dignified serenity, she so lost all self-possession as to answer nearly with fury whatever was not acquiescent concurrence in her opinion: from sentiments of the most elevated nobleness she was urged, by every report that opposed her expectations, to the utterance of wishes and of assertions that owed their impulse to passion, and their foundation to prejudice; and from having sought, with the most flattering partiality, to attach me to her party, she gave me the severe shock of intimating that my joining her confused all her measures.

To change my plan now was impossible: my husband and my best friends knew me to be with her, and could seek me, or bestow information upon me, in no other direction; I had given up my own home, and to return thither, or to stay anywhere

in Paris, was to constitute myself a prisoner: nevertheless, it was equally a sorrow and a violence to my feelings to remain with her another moment after so astonishing a reproach.

Displeasure at it, however, subsided, when I found that it proceeded neither from weakened regard, nor a wanton abuse of power, but from a mind absolutely disorganised.

M. le Comte de Lally Tolendal, the Cicero of France, and most eloquent man of his day, and one of the most honourable, as well as most highly gifted, was, I now found, to be of our fugitive party. He was her admiring and truly devoted friend, and by many believed to be privately married to her.[1] I am myself of that opinion, and that the union, on account of prior and unhappy circumstances, was forborne to be avowed. Certainly their mutual conduct warranted this conclusion. Nevertheless, his whole demeanour towards her announced the most profound respect as well as attachment; and hers to him the deepest consideration, with a delight in his talents amounting to an adoration that met his for her noble mind and winning qualities. She wanted, however, despotically to sway him; and little as he might like the submission she required, he commonly yielded, to avoid, as I conceive, the dangerous conjectures to which dissension might make them liable.

But at this moment, revolutionary terrors and conflicting sensations robbed each of them of that self-command which till now had regulated their public intercourse. She, off all guard, let loose alike the anxious sensibility and the arbitrary impetuosity of her nature: he, occupied with too mighty a trouble to have time or care for his wonted watchful attentions, heard alike her ad-

[1] See *ante*, vol. v. p. 187.

monitions or lamentations with an air of angry, but silent displeasure; or, when urged too pointedly for maintaining his taciturnity, retorted her reproaches or remarks with a vehemence that seemed the echo of her own. Yet in the midst of this unguarded contention, which had its secret incitement, I doubt not, from some cruelly opposing difference of feelings—of ideas upon the present momentous crisis, nothing could be more clear than that their attachment to each other, though it could not subdue their violent tempers, was, nevertheless, the predominant passion of their souls.

The turbulence of these two animated characters upon this trying occasion was strongly contrasted by the placid suffering and feminine endurance of Madame la Comtesse d'Auch, the daughter and sole heiress and descendant of M. de Lally. Her husband, like mine, was in the body-guard of Louis XVIII., and going, or gone, no one knew whither, nor with what intent; her estate and property were all near Bordeaux, and her little children were with her at Paris. The difficult task, in the great uncertainty of events, was now hers to decide, whether to seek the same refuge that her father and Madame Henin should resolve upon seeking, or whether to run every personal risk in trying to save her lands and fortune from confiscation, by traversing, with only her babies and servants, two or three hundred miles, to reach her château at Auch ere it might be seized by the conquering party. Quietly, and in total silence, she communed with herself, not mixing in the discourse, nor seeming to heed the disturbance around her; but, when at length applied to, her resolution, from her own concentrated meditations, was fixedly taken, to preserve, if possible, by her exertions and courage, the property of her absent

and beloved husband, for his hoped return and for her children.

This steadiness and composure called not forth any imitation. M. de Lally breathed hard with absolute agony of internal debate; and Madame d'Henin now declared she was sure all would blow over in a false alarm, and that she would not hesitate any longer between Brussels and Bordeaux, but remain quietly in Paris, and merely sit up all night to be on the watch.

M. de Lally determined to go now in person to the Tuileries, to procure such information as might decide his shattered and irresolute friend.

When he was gone, a total silence ensued. Madame d'Auch was absorbed in her fearful enterprise, and Madame d'Henin, finding no one opposed her (for *my* thoughts were with no one present), walked up and down the room, with hasty movement, as if performing some task. Various persons came and went, messengers, friends, or people upon business. She seized upon them all, impatiently demanding their news, and their opinions; but so volubly, at the same time, uttering her own, as to give them no time to reply, though as they left her, too much hurried themselves to wait her leisure for listening, she indignantly exclaimed against their stupidity and insensibility.

But what a new and terrible commotion was raised in her mind, in that of Madame d'Auch, and in mine, upon receiving a pencil billet from M. de Lally, brought by a confidential servant, to announce that Bonaparte was within a few hours' march of Paris! He begged her to hasten off, and said he would follow in his cabriolet when he had made certain arrangements, and could gain some information as to the motions of the King.

She now instantly ordered horses to her berlin, which had long been loaded, and calling up all her

people and dependants, was giving her orders with the utmost vivacity, when intelligence was brought her that no horses could now be had, the Government having put them all in requisition.

I was struck with horror. To be detained in Paris, the seat of impending conquest, and the destined capital of the conqueror — detained a helpless prisoner, where all would be darkly unknown to me, where Truth could find no entrance, Falsehood no detection — where no news could reach me, except news that was fatal—oh! what dire feelings were mine at this period!

Madame d'Auch, who had taken her precautions, instantly, though sadly, went away, to secure her own carriage, and preserve her little babies.

Madame d'Henin was now almost distracted, but this dreadful prospect of indefinite detention, with all the horrors of captivity, lasted not long: Le Roy, her faithful domestic from his childhood, prevailed upon some stable friend to grant the use of his horses for one stage from Paris, and the berlin and four was at the *porte cochère* in another moment. The servants and dependants of Madame d'Henin accompanied her to the carriage in tears; and all her fine qualities were now unmixed, as she took an affectionate leave of them, with a sweetness the most engaging, suffering the women to kiss her cheek, and smiling kindly on the men, who kissed her robe. Vivacity like hers creates alarm, but, in France, breeds no resentment; and where, like hers, the character is eminently noble and generous, it is but considered as a mark of conscious rank, and augments rather than diminishes personal devotion.

We now rushed into the carriage, averse, yet eager, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, 19th March 1815.

As Madame d'Henin had a passport for herself *et sa famille*, we resolved to keep mine in reserve, in case of accidents, or separation, and only to produce hers, while I should be included in its privileges.

The decision for our route was for Brussels; the femme de chambre of Madame d'Henin within, and the valet, Le Roy, outside the carriage, alone accompanied us, with two postillions for the four horses.

Madame d'Henin, greatly agitated, spoke from time to time, though rather in ejaculations upon our flight, its uncertainties and alarms, than with any view to conversation; but if she had any answer, it was of simple acquiescence from her good and gentle femme de chambre; as to me . . . I could not utter a word—my husband on his war-horse—his shattered state of health—his long disuse to military service, yet high-wrought sense of military honour—all these were before me. I saw, heard, and was conscious of nothing else, till we arrived at Bourget, a long, straggling, small town. And here, Madame d'Henin meant to stop, or at least change horses.

But all was still, and dark, and shut up. It was the dead of night, and no sort of alarm seemed to disturb the inhabitants of the place. We knocked at the first inn: but after waiting a quarter of an hour, some stable-man came out to say there was not a room vacant. The same reply was with the same delay given us at two other inns; but, finally, we were more successful, though even then we could obtain only a single apartment, with three beds. These we appropriated for Madame d'Henin, myself, and her maid; and the men-servants were obliged to content themselves with mattresses in the kitchen. The town, probably, was filled with fugitives from Paris.

A supper was directly provided, but Madame

d'Henin, who now again repented having hurried off, resolved upon sending her faithful Le Roy back to the metropolis, to discover whether it were positively true that the King had quitted it.

He hired a horse, and we then endeavoured to repose . . . but oh, how far from me was all possibility of obtaining it!

About three in the morning M. de Lally overtook us. His information was immediately conveyed to the Princesse d'Henin. It was gloomily affrighting. The approach of Bonaparte was wholly unresisted; all bowed before, that did not spring forward to meet him.

Le Roy returned about six in the morning. The King, and his guards, and his family, had all suddenly left Paris, but whither had not transpired. He was preceded, encircled, and followed by his four companies of body-guards; *i.e.* those of the Prince de Poix, the Duc de Grammont,[1] the Duc de Luxembourg, and the Duc d'Aumale; the Fifth or New Compagnie, under the Duc de Reggio, Marshal Oudinot,[2] was also, I believe, of the procession.

Horror and distress at such a flight and such uncertainty were not mine only, though circumstances rendered mine the most poignant; but M. de Lally had a thousand fears for the excellent and loved husband of his daughter, M. le Comte d'Auch; and Madame d'Henin trembled, for herself and all her family, at the danger of the young Hombert La Tour du Pin.

No longer easy to be so near Paris, we hastily prepared to get on for Brussels, our destined harbour. M. de Lally now accompanied us, followed by his valet in a cabriolet.

[1] Antoine-Geneviève-Heraclius-Agénor, Duc de Gramont, 1789-1855.
[2] Charles-Nicolas Oudinot de Reggio, Duc de Reggio, and Marshal of France, 1767-1847, was "*exilé dans ses terres*" during the Cent Jours.

Our journey commenced in almost total silence on all parts: the greatness of the change of government thus marvellously effecting, the impenetrable uncertainty of coming events, and our dreadful ignorance of the fate of those most precious to us, who were involved in the deeds and the consequences of immediate action, filled every mind too awfully for speech: and our sole apparent attention was to the passengers we overtook, or by whom we were overtaken.

These were so few, that I think we could not count half a dozen on our way to Senlis, and those seemed absorbed in deadly thought and silence, neither looking at us, nor caring to encounter our looks. The road, the fields, the hamlets, all appeared deserted. Desolate and lone was the universal air.

I have since concluded that the people of these parts had separated into two divisions; one of which had hastily escaped, to save their lives and loyalty, while the other had hurried to the capital to greet the Conqueror; for this was Sunday, the 20th of March.

Oh, what were my sensations on passing through Senlis!—Senlis, so lately fixed for my three months' abode with my General, during his being *de service*. When we stopped at a nearly empty inn, during the change of horses, I inquired after Madame Le Quint, and some other ladies who had been prepared to kindly receive me — but they were all gone! hastily they had quitted the town, which, like its environs, had an air of being generally abandoned.

The desire of obtaining intelligence made Madame d'Henin most unwilling to continue a straightforward journey, that must separate her more and more from the scene of action. M. de Lally wished to see his friend the young Duc

d'Orléans, who was at Peronne, with his sister and part of his family; and he was preparing to gratify this desire, when a discussion relative to the danger of some political misconstruction, the Duke being at that time upon ill terms with Monsieur, Comte d'Artois, made him relinquish his purpose. We wandered about, however, I hardly know where, save that we stopped from time to time at small hovels in which resided tenants of the Prince or of the Princess de Poix, who received Madame d'Henin with as much devotion of attachment as they could have done in the fullest splendour of her power to reward their kindness; though with an entire familiarity of discourse that, had I been new to French customs, would have seemed to me marks of total loss of respect. But after a ten years' unbroken residence in France, I was too well initiated in the ways of the dependants upon the great belonging to their own tenantry, to make a mistake so unjust to their characters. We touched, as I think, at Noailles, at St. Just, at Mouchy, and at Poix—but I am only sure we finished the day by arriving at Roy, where still the news of that day was unknown. What made it travel so slowly I cannot tell; but from utter dearth of all the intelligence by which we meant to be guided, we remained, languidly and helplessly, at Roy till the middle of the following Monday, the 21st March.

About that time some military entered the town and our inn. We durst not ask a single question, in our uncertainty to which side they belonged; but the four horses were hastily ordered, since to decamp seemed what was most necessary. But Brussels was no longer the indisputable spot, as the servants overheard some words that implied a belief that Louis XVIII. was quitting France to return to his old asylum, England. It was determined, therefore, though not till after a

tumultuous debate between La Princesse and M. de Lally, to go straight to Amiens, where the Prefect, M. Lameth,[1] was a former friend, if not connection, of the princess.

We had now to travel by a cross-road, and a very bad one, and it was not till night that we arrived at the suburbs. It was here first we met with those difficulties that announced, by vigilance with disturbance, a kind of suspended government; for the officers of the police who demanded our passports were evidently at a loss whether to regard them as valid or not. Their interrogatories, meanwhile, were endless; and, finally, they desired us, as it was so late and dark, to find ourselves a lodging in the suburbs, and not enter the city of Amiens till the next morning.

Clouded as were alike our perceptions and our information, we could not but be aware of the danger of *to-morrow*, when our entrance might be of a sort to make our exit prohibited. Again followed a tumultuous debate, which ended in the hazardous resolve of appealing to the prefect and casting ourselves upon his protection. This appeal ended all inquisition: we were treated with deference, and accommodated in a decent room, while the passports of Madame d'Henin and of M. de Lally were forwarded to the prefecture.

We remained here some time in the utmost stillness, no one pronouncing a word. We knew not who might listen, nor with what ears! But far from still was all within, because far from confident how the prefect might judge necessary to arrest, or to suffer our proceeding further.

The answer was, at length, an order to the police officers to let us enter the city and be conducted to an hotel named by M. Lameth.

[1] Alexandre-Théodore-Victor, Baron de Lameth, 1760-1829, Prefect of the Somme (cap. Amiens) in 1814 (see *ante*, vol. v. p. 117).

My passport being held back, I only made one of *la famille* of la Princesse.

We had an immensely long drive through the city of Amiens ere we came to the indicated hotel. But here Madame d'Henin found a note that was delivered to her by the secretary of the prefecture, announcing the intention of the prefect to have the honour of waiting upon her; and when M. Lameth was announced, M. de Lally and I retired to our several chambers.

Her *tête-à-tête* with him was very long, and ended in a summons to M. de Lally to make it a trio.

This interview was longer still, and my anxiety for the news with which it might terminate relative to the King, the Body-Guard, and our detention or progression, was acute.

At length I also was summoned.

Madame d'Henin came out to me upon the landing-place, hastily and confusedly, to say that the prefect did not judge proper to receive her at the prefecture, but that he would stay and sup with her, and that I was to pass for her *première femme de chambre*, as it would not be prudent to give in my name, though it had been made known to M. Lameth; but the wife of an officer so immediately in the service of the King must not be specified as the host of a prefect, if that prefect meant to yield to the tide of a new government. Tide? Nay, torrent it was at this moment; and any resistance that had not been previously organised, and with military force, must have been vain. I made, however, no inquiry. I was simply acquiescent; and, distantly following Madame d'Henin, remained at the end of the room while the servants and the waiters adjusted matters for supper.

In a situation of such embarrassment I never

before was placed. I knew not which way to look, nor what to do. Discovery at such a crisis might have been fatal, as far as might hang upon detention; and detention, which would rob me of all means of hearing of M. d'Arblay, should I gather what was his route, and be able to write to him, was death to my peace. I regretted I had not demanded to stay in another room; but, in such heart-piercing moments, to be in the way of intelligence is the involuntary first movement.

When all was arranged, and Madame d'Henin was seated, M. de Lally set a chair for me, slightly bowing to me to take it. I complied, and supper began. I was helped, of course, the last, and not once spoken to by anybody.

The repast was not very gay, yet by no means dejected. The conversation was upon general topics, and M. de Lameth was entirely master of himself, seeming wholly without emotion.

I was afterwards informed that news had just reached him, but not officially, that Bonaparte had returned to Paris. Having heard, therefore, nothing from the new government, he was able to act as if there were none such, and he kindly obliged Madame d'Henin by giving her new passports, which, should the conquest be confirmed, would be safer than passports from the ministers of Louis XVIII. at Paris. I was here merely included in her family, and he advised that my name should be concealed. There was peculiarly less danger for Madame d'Henin, to whom Talleyrand, while he held the seals of Bonaparte, had accorded the preservation of her title, as being hers from a prince of the Low Countries, or La Belgique, and therefore not necessarily included in the revolutionary sacrifice of rank. Her claim, therefore, to the honours of her name having, of course, never been disputed on the King's side, and having been

ratified on that of Bonaparte while in power, made her now one of the persons least liable to involve any magistrate in difficulty for being allowed to pass through his domain, whatever might be the issue of the present public conflict.

M. Lameth could not, however, answer for retaining his powers, nor for what might be their modification even from hour to hour: he advised us, therefore, by no means to risk his being either replaced or restrained, but to get on as fast as possible with his passports while certain they were efficient. He thought it safer, also, to make a circuit than to go back again to the highroad we had quitted. Our design of following the King, whom we imagined gaining the sea-coast to embark for England, was rendered abortive from the number of contradictory accounts which had reached M. Lameth as to the route he had taken. Brussels, therefore, became again our point of desire; but M. Lameth counselled us to proceed for the moment to Arras, where M. —— (I forget his name) would aid us either to proceed, or to change, according to circumstances, our destination. Not an instant, however, was to be lost, lest M. Lameth should be forced himself to detain us. Horses, therefore, he ordered for us, and a guide across the country for Arras.

I learnt nothing of this till we re-entered our carriage. The servants and waiters never quitted the room, and the Prefect had as much his own safety to guard from ill construction or ill report as ours. Madame d'Henin, though rouged the whole time with confusion, never ventured to address a word to me. It was, indeed, more easy to be silent than to speak to me either with a tone of condescension or of command, and any other must have been suspicious. M. de Lally was equally dumb, but active in holding out every *plat* to me,

though always looking another way. M. Lameth eyed me with curiosity, but had no resource against surmise save that adopted by Madame d'Henin. However, he had the skill and the politeness to name, in the course of the repast, M. d'Arblay, as if accidentally, yet with an expression of respect and distinction, carefully, as he spoke, turning his eyes from mine, though it was the only time that, voluntarily, he would have met them.

The horses being ready, M. Lameth took leave.

It was now about eleven at night. The road was of the roughest sort, and we were jerked up and down the ruts so as with difficulty to keep our seats: it was also very dark, and the drivers could not help frequently going out of their way, though the guide, groping on upon such occasions on foot, soon set them right. It was every way a frightful night. Misery, both public and private, oppressed us all, and the fear of pursuit and captivity had the gloomy effect of causing general taciturnity; so that no kind voice, nor social suggestion, diverted the sense of danger, or excited one of hope.

At what hour we arrived at Arras on Wednesday, the 22nd March, I cannot tell; but we drove straight to the Prefecture, a very considerable mansion, surrounded with spacious grounds and gardens, which to me, nevertheless, had a bleak, flat, and desolate air, though the sun was brightly shining. We stopped at the furthest of many gates on the highroad, while Madame sent in to M. —— (I forget his name) the note with which we had been favoured by M. Lameth. The answer was a most courteous invitation of entrance, and the moment the carriage stopped at the great door of the portico, the Prefect, M. ——, hastened out to give Madame d'Henin *le bras*. He was an old soldier and in full uniform, and he came

to us from a battalion drawn out in array on one side the park. Tall, and with still a goodly port, though with a face worn and weather-beaten, he had the air of a gentleman as well as of a general officer; and the open and hospitable smile with which he received the Princesse, while bareheaded and baldheaded he led her into his palace, diffused a welcome around that gave an involuntary cheeriness even to poor dejected me. How indescribably gifted is "the human face divine," in those who are invested with power, to transmit or to blight comfort even by a glance!

As Madame d'Henin demanded a private audience, I know not what passed; but I have reason to believe we were the first who brought news to Arras that approached to the truth of the actual position of Paris. M. Lameth, for political reasons, had as studiously avoided naming M. de Lally as myself in his note; but M. de Lally was treated by the mistress of the house with the distinction due to a gentleman travelling with La Princesse; and as to me, some of the younger branches of the family took me under their protection, and very kind they were, showing me the garden, library, and views of the surrounding country.

Meanwhile, an elegant breakfast was prepared for a large company, a review having been ordered for that morning, and several general officers being invited by the Prefect.

This repast had a cheerfulness that to me, an Englishwoman, was unaccountable and is indefinable. The King had been compelled to fly his capital; no one knew where he was seeking shelter; no one knew whether he meant to resign his crown in hopeless inaction, or whether to contest it in sanguinary civil war. Every family, therefore, with its every connection in the whole

empire of the French, was involved in scenes upon which hung prosperity or adversity, reputation or disgrace, honour or captivity; yet at such a crisis the large assembled family met with cheerfulness, the many guests were attended to with politeness, and the goodly fare of that medley of refreshments called a *déjeuner* in France was met with appetites as goodly as its incitements.

This could not be from insensibility; the French are anything rather than insensible: it could not be from attachment to Bonaparte, the Prefect loudly declaring his devotion to Louis XVIII. I can only, therefore, attribute it to the long revolutionary state of the French mind, as well as nation, which had made it so familiar to insurrection, change, and incertitude, that they met it as a man meets some unpleasant business which he must unavoidably transact, and which, since he has no choice to get rid of, he resolves to get through to the best of his ability.

We were still, however, smelling sweet flowers and regaled with fine fruits, when this serenity was somewhat ruffled by the arrival of the commander of the forces which had been reviewed, or destined for review, I know not which. He took the Prefect aside, and they were some time together. He then, only bowing to the ladies of the house, hastened off. The Prefect told us the news that imperfectly arrived was very bad, but he hoped a stand would be made against any obstinate revolt; and he resolved to assemble every officer and soldier belonging to his government, and to call upon each separately to take again, and solemnly, his oath of allegiance.

While preparing for this ceremony the commander again returned, and told him he had positive information that the defection was spreading, and that whole troops and companies were

either sturdily waiting in inaction, or boldly marching on to meet the conqueror.

Our table was now broken up, and we were wishing to depart ere official intimation from the capital might arrest our further progress; but our horses were still too tired, and no others were to be procured. We became again very uneasy, and uneasiness began to steal upon all around us. The Prefect was engaged in perpetual little groups of consultation, chiefly with general officers, who came and went with incessant bustle, and occasionally and anxiously were joined by persons of consequence of the vicinity. The greater the danger appeared, the more intrepidly the brave old Prefect declared his loyalty; yet he was advised by all parties to give up his scheme till he knew whether the King himself made a stand in his own cause.

He yielded reluctantly; and when Madame d'Henin found his steady adhesion to his King, she came up to him and said, that, finding the firmness of his devotion to Louis XVIII., she was sure it would give him pleasure to know he had at that moment under his roof the wife of a general officer in the actual escort of His Majesty. He instantly came to me with a benevolent smile, and we had a conversation of deep interest upon the present state of things. I had the heartfelt satisfaction to find that my honoured husband was known to him, not alone by reputation, but personally; and to find that, and to hear his praise, has always been one and the same thing. Alas! those sounds on these sad ears vibrate no more![1]

During this discourse, thus rendered enlivening to me, I discovered that my worthy host had not

[1] From these words, it may be inferred that this Narrative was written after M. D'Arblay's death in 1818.

an idea of possessing M. de Lally under his roof; and I had the very great pleasure of procuring to that valued and honourable friend a welcome such as he merited; for no sooner had I mentioned him, than the Prefect became almost young again from the extacy of his joy. "What!" he cried, "De Lally? De Lally Tolendal? That excellent citizen, that exalted character, that first-rate man of parts and virtues united!—Is he here? is he my guest?"

M. de Lally, who was taking a ruminating stroll, was no sooner thus apostrophised, than the hearing, which is never obtuse where our own names are mentioned, became sufficiently acute to bring him to our side; though not a word, save that which, identified with ourselves, is caught even from a whisper, where the loudest call might pass unheeded, reached his ear. And pleasant it was to contemplate the honest delight in his open face, when he saw himself suddenly drawn from a depressing and subaltern place, to be elevated to that distinction which was so justly his due, and which he enjoyed as highly as he deserved. Ten years, at least, seemed snatched from his complexion, and twenty from the weight upon his spirits. The Prefect, repeatedly embracing him, protested that his house had, that day, received its greatest honour.

Our impatience to be gone now lost its eagerness, though nothing had intervened to take away its prudence; but we keep small account of time where we are pleased—ah, why does that oblivious neglect of its calculation occur so seldom?

At length, however, about noon, we set off, accompanied by the Prefect and all his family to our carriage.

I have forgotten to mention that, from the commencement of our flight, we made a common

travelling purse, each contributing six Napoleons, to be replenished as they were expended, of which Madame d'Henin was Treasurer. The servants, as I had none with me, were kept by a separate account.

We were all somewhat roused from our dejection, by observing the general tendency to loyalty at the Prefecture of Arras, and by the personal kindness as well as allegiance of the brave Prefect; though we grieved to have returned his hospitality by leaving him so much less happy than we had found him.

At Douay, we had the satisfaction to see still stronger outward marks of attachment to the King and his cause, for in every street through which we passed, the windows were decked with emblems of faithfulness to the Bourbon dynasty, white flags, or ribands, or handkerchiefs. All, however, without commotion, all was a simple manifestation of respect. No insurrection was checked, for none had been excited; no mob was dispersed, for scarcely any one seemed to venture from his house.

Our intention was to quit the French territory that night, and sleep in more security at Tournay; but the roads became so bad, and our horses grew so tired, that it was already dark before we reached Orchies. M. de Lally went on from Douay in his cabriolet, to lighten our weight, as Madame d'Henin had a good deal of baggage. We were less at our ease, while thus perforce travelling slower, to find the roads, as we proceeded from Douay, become more peopled. Hitherto they had seemed nearly a blank. We now began, also, to be met, or to be overtaken, by small parties of troops. We naturally looked out with earnestness on each side, to discover to whom or to what they belonged; but the compliment of a similar curiosity

on their part was all we gained. Sometimes they called out a "*Vive!* ——" but without finishing their wish; and we repeated—that is, we bowed to —the same hailing[1] exclamation, without knowing or daring to inquire its purport.

At Orchies, where we arrived rather late in the evening, we first found decided marks of a revolutionary state of things. No orders were sent by either party. The King and his government were too imminently in personal danger to assert their rights, or retain their authority for directing the provinces; Bonaparte and his followers and supporters were too much engrossed by taking possession of the capital, and too uncertain of their success, to try a power which had as yet no basis, or risk a disobedience which they had no means to resent. The people, as far as we could see or learn, seemed passively waiting the event; and the constituted authorities appeared to be self-suspended from their functions till the *droit du plus fort* should ascertain who were their masters.

Nevertheless, while we waited at Orchies for horses, news arrived by straggling parties which, though only whispered, created evidently some disturbance; a sort of wondering expectation soon stared from face to face, asking by the eye what no one durst pronounce by the voice; what does all this portend? and for what ought we to prepare?

It was past eleven o'clock, and the night was dark and damp, ere we could get again into our carriages; but the increasing bustle warned us off, and a nocturnal journey had nothing to appal us equally with the danger of remaining. We eagerly, therefore, set off, but we were still in the suburbs of Orchies, when a call for help struck our ears, and the berlin stopped. It was so dark, we could

[1] Query—halting.

not at first discern what was the matter, but we soon found that the carriage of M. de Lally had broken down.

Madame d'Henin darted out of the berlin with the activity of fifteen. Her maid accompanied her, and I eagerly followed.

Neither M. de Lally nor his man had received any injury, but the cabriolet could no longer proceed without being repaired. The groom was sent to discover the nearest blacksmith, who came soon to examine the mischief, and declared that it could not be remedied before daylight. We were forced to submit the vehicle to his decree; but our distress what to do with ourselves was now very serious. We knew there was no accommodation for us at the inn we had just quitted, but that of passing the night by the kitchen fire, exposed to all the hazards of suspicious observation upon our evident flight. To remain upon the highroad stationary in our berlin might, at such a period, encompass us with dangers yet more serious. We were yet unresolved, when a light from the windows of a small house attracted our attention, and a door was opened, at which a gentlewoman somewhat more than elderly stood, with a candle in her hand, that lighted up a face full of benevolence, in which was painted strong compassion on the view of our palpable distress. Her countenance encouraged us to approach her, and the smile with which she saw us come forward soon accelerated our advance; and when we reached her threshold, she waited neither for solicitation nor representation, but let us into her small dwelling without a single question, silently, as if fearful we might be observed, shutting the street door before she spoke. She then lamented, as we must needs, she said, be cold and comfortless, that she had no fire, but added that she and her little

maid were in bed and asleep, when the disturbance on the road had awakened her, and made her hasten up, to inquire if any one were hurt. We told as much of our story as belonged to our immediate situation, and she then instantly assured us we should be welcome to stay in her house till the cabriolet was repaired.

Without waiting for our thanks, she then gave to each a chair, and fetched great plenty of fuel, with which she made an ample and most reviving fire, in a large stove that was placed in the middle of the room. She had bedding, she said, for two, and begged that, when we were warmed and comforted, we would decide which of us most wanted rest. We durst not, however, risk, at such a moment, either being separated or surprised; we entreated her, therefore, to let us remain together, and to retire herself to the repose her humanity had thus broken. But she would not leave us. She brought forth bread, butter, and cheese, with wine and some other beverage, and then made us each a large bowl of tea. And when we could no longer partake of her hospitable fare, she fetched us each a pillow, and a double chair, to rest our heads and our feet.

Thus cheered and refreshed, we blessed our kind hostess, and fell into something like a slumber, when we were suddenly roused by the sound of trumpets, and warlike instruments, and the trampling of many horses, coming from afar, but approaching with rapidity. We all started up alarmed, and presently the group, perceiving, I imagine, through the ill-closed shutters, some light, stopped before the house, and battered the door and the window, demanding admission. We hesitated whether to remain or endeavour to conceal ourselves; but our admirable hostess bid us be still, while, calm herself, she opened the street

door, where she parleyed with the party, cheerfully and without any appearance of fear, and telling them she had no room for their accommodation, because she had given up even her own bed to some relations who were travelling, she gained from them an applauding *houza* and their departure.

She then informed us they were Polish Lancers, and that she believed they were advancing to scour the country in favour of Bonaparte. She expressed herself an open and ardent loyalist for the Bourbons, but said she had no safety except in submitting, like all around her, to the stronger powers.

Again, by her persuasion, we sought to compose ourselves; but a second party soon startled us from our purpose, and from that time we made no similar attempt. I felt horrified at every blast of the trumpet, and the fear of being made prisoner, or pillaged, assisted me unremittingly.

At about five o'clock in the morning our carriages were at the door. We blessed our benevolent hostess, took her name and address, that we might seek some means of manifesting our gratitude, and then quitted Orchies.

For the rest of our journey till we reached the frontiers, we were annoyed with incessant small military groups of horsemen; but though suspiciously regarded, we were not stopped. The fact is, the new government was not yet, in those parts, sufficiently organised to have been able to keep if they had been strong enough to detain us. But we had much difficulty to have our passports honoured for passing the frontiers; and if they had not been so recently renewed at Amiens, I think it most probable our progress would have been impeded till new orders and officers were entitled to make us halt.

Great, therefore, was our satisfaction when, through all these difficulties, we entered Tournay —where, being no longer in the lately restored kingdom of France, we considered ourselves to be escaped from the dominion of Bonaparte, and where we determined therefore to remain till we could guide our further proceedings by tidings of the plan and the position of Louis XVIII.

We went to the most considerable inn, and all retired to rest, which, after so much fatigue, mental and bodily, we required, and happily obtained.

The next day we had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing that Louis XVIII. also had safely passed the frontiers of his lost kingdom.

As we were less fearful, now, of making inquiries, M. de Lally soon learnt that His Majesty had halted at Lille, where he was then waiting permission and directions for a place of retreat from the King of Holland, or the Netherlands. But no intelligence whatsoever could we gain relative to the Body Guards, and my disturbance increased every moment.

There was far more commotion at Tournay than at any other town through which we passed; for as the people here were not under the French government, either old or new, they were not awed into waiting to know to which they should belong, in fearful passiveness: yet they had all the perplexity upon their minds of disquieting ignorance whether they were to be treated as friends or foes, since if Bonaparte prevailed they could not but expect to be joined again to his dominions. All the commotion, therefore, of divided interests and jarring opinions was awake, and in full operation upon the faculties and feelings of every Belgian at this critical moment.

PART LXII

1815

Anxiety of Madame d'Arblay respecting her husband—Endeavours to communicate with him by letter—Arrival of the Prince de Condé—Madame d'Arblay's accidental meeting with M. de Chateaubriand—Her opinion of his works—Her description of M. and Madame Chateaubriand—His popularity in France—Napoleon's arbitrary conduct towards him—Arrival of the fugitives at Brussels—La Comtesse de Maurville—Character of the Belgians—Madame de la Tour du Pin—The Duchess de Duras endeavours to obtain intelligence for Madame d'Arblay—Dispersion of the King's body-guard on the frontiers—News of M. d'Arblay—Improved prospects of Madame d'Arblay—Arrival of her husband at Brussels—Entrance into his capital of the new King of the Netherlands—M. d'Arblay summoned to Gand—He is employed on a commission to collect volunteers for Louis XVIII.—Returns to Brussels—His companions—Visit to the Palace of Lachen—Madame Catalani—Lord Wellington—The Protestant Church—Catholic processions—Lady C—— L—— —De Lally Tolendal's farewell to public life—Madame d'Arblay's occupations at this anxious period—The army of Brunswick on the march—Progress of Bonaparte—Rumours at Brussels of his conflict with the Allies—Colonel Jones, the military commandant.

Narrative—*continued*

The horror of my suspense relative to the safety and the fate of Monsieur d'Arblay reduced my mind to a sort of chaos, that makes it impossible to recollect what was our abode at Tournay. I can but relate my distress and my researches.

My first thought was to send a letter to my General at Lille, which if he was there would inform him of my vicinity, and if not, might perhaps find its way to his destination. At all events, I resolved only to write what would be harmless should it fall even into the hands of the enemy. I directed those few lines to M. le Chevalier d'Arblay, Officier Supérieur du Corps de Garde de Sa Majesté Louis XVIII.

But when I would have sent them to the post, I was informed there was no post open to Lille. I then sought for a messenger, but was told that Lille was inaccessible. The few letters that were permitted to enter it were placed in a basket, the handle of which was tied to a long cord, that was hooked up to the top of the walls, and thence descended to appointed magistrates.

Vainly I made every effort in my power to avail myself of this method; no one of my party, nor at the inn, knew or could indicate any means that promised success, or even a trial. Worn at length by an anxiety I found insupportable, I took a resolution to go forth myself, stranger as I was to the place, and try to get my letter conveyed to the basket, however difficult or costly might be its carriage. Quite alone, therefore, I sallied forth, purposing to find, if possible, some sturdy boy who would be glad of such remuneration as I could offer, to pass over to Lille.

Again, however, vain was every attempt. I entered all decent poor houses; I sauntered to the suburbs, and entered sundry cottages; but no inquiry could procure either a man or a boy that would execute my commission. French was so generally known that I commonly made myself understood, though I only received a shake of the head, or a silent walking off, in return to my propositions. But, in the end, a lad told me he

thought he had heard that Madame la Duchesse de St. Agnes had had some intercourse with Lille. Delighted, I desired him to show me the house she inhabited. We walked to it together, and I then said I would saunter near the spot while he entered, with my earnest petition to know whether Madame could give me any tidings of the King's Body-Guard. He returned with an answer that Madame would reply to a written note, but to nothing verbal. I bid the boy hie with me to the inn; but as I had no writing tackle, I sent him forward to procure me proper implements at the stationer's. How it happened I know not, but I missed the boy, whom I could never regain; and I soon after lost my way myself. In much perplexity I was seeking information which way to steer, when a distant sound of a party of horse caught my attention. I stopped. The sound approached nearer; the boys and idle people in the street ran forward to meet it, and presently were joined or followed by the more decent inhabitants. I had not the temerity to make one among them, yet my anxiety for news of any sort was too acute to permit me to retire. I stood therefore still, waiting for what might arrive, till I perceived some outriders galloping forward in the royal livery of France. Immediately after, a chariot and four with the arms of France followed, encircled by horsemen, and nearly enveloped by a continually increasing crowd, whence, from time to time, issued a feeble cry of "Vive le Roi!" while two or three other carriages brought up the rear. With difficulty now could I forbear plunging into the midst of them, for my big expectations painted to me Louis XVIII. arrived at Tournay, and my bigger hopes pictured with him his loyal guard. They had soon however passed by, but their straggling followers showed me their route,

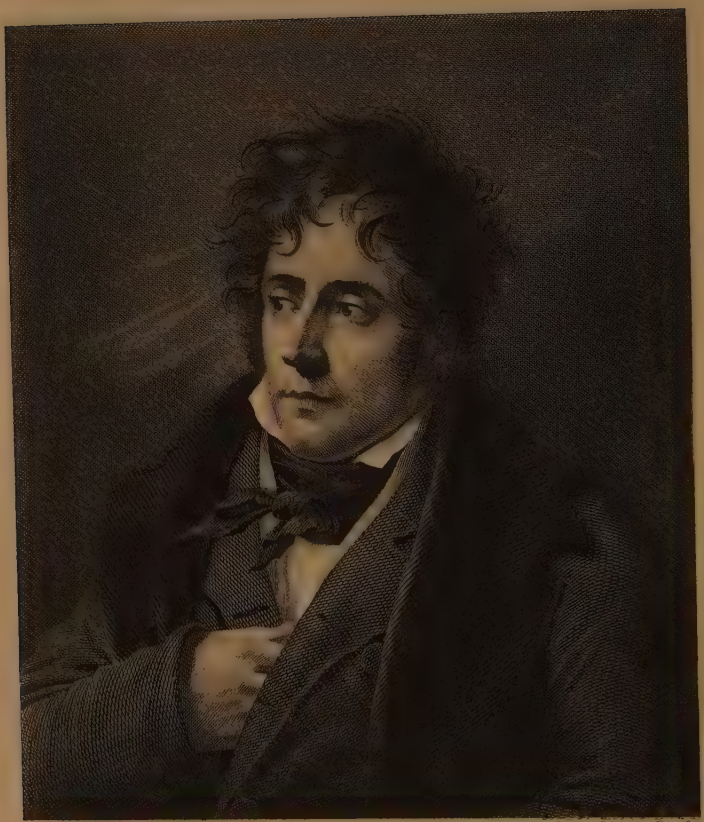
which I pursued till I lost both sight and sound belonging to them. I then loitered for my errand boy, till I found myself, by some indications that helped my remembrance, near the spot whence I had started. Glad, for safety's sake, to be so near my then home, though mourning my fruitless wandering, I hastened my footsteps; but what was my emotion on arriving within a few yards of the inn, to observe the royal carriage which had galloped past me, the horsemen, the royal livery, and all the appearance that had awakened my dearest hopes. The crowd was dispersed, but the porter's lodge, or perhaps bookkeeper's, was filled with gentlemen, or officers in full uniform. I hurried on, and hastily inquired who it was that had just arrived. My answer was, Le Prince de Condé.[1]

A thousand projects now occurred to me for gaining intelligence from such high authority, but in the large courtyard I espied Madame d'Henin sauntering up and down, while holding by the arm of a gentleman I had never before seen. Anxious to avoid delay, and almost equally desirous to escape remonstrances on my enterprise, since I could listen only to my restless anxiety, I would have glided by unnoticed; but she called after me aloud, and I was compelled to approach her. She was all astonishment at my courage in thus issuing forth alone, I knew not where nor whither, and declared that I was *méconnoissable*; but I only answered by entreating her to inquire the names of some of the gentlemen just arrived, that I might judge whether any among them could give me the information for which I sighed.

No sooner did I hear that M. le Comte de Viomenil[2] was of the number, than, recollecting his recent appointment at Paris, in conjunction

[1] See *ante*, p. 112.

[2] See *ante*, p. 148.



Chateaubriand
after Girodet-Trioson

with Victor de Maubourg, to raise volunteers for the King, I decided upon seeking him. Madame d'Henin would have given me some counsel, but I could not hear her; as I hurried off, however, the gentleman whose arm she held offered me his assistance in a tone and with a look of so much benevolence, that I frankly accepted it, and we sallied in search of a person known to me only by name. My stranger friend now saved me every exertion, by making every inquiry, and led me from corridor to corridor, above, below, and to almost every apartment, asking incessantly if M. le Comte de Viomenil was not in the inn.

At length we learned that M. de Viomenil was dining quite alone in an upper chamber.

My kind-hearted conductor led me to the door of the room assigned, and then tapped at it; and on an answer of "Entrez!" he let go my arm, and with a bow silently left me.

I found M. de Viomenil at table: he said he could give no possible account of His Majesty, save that he was at Gand, but that of the Body-Guard he knew positively nothing.

I afterwards learnt that my benevolent strange chevalier was no other than the celebrated M. de Chateaubriand.[1]

I saw nothing more of him, save for a moment, when, in passing by a small staircase that led to my chamber, a door was suddenly opened, whence Madame d'Henin put out her head to invite me to enter, when she presented me to him and to Madame de Chateaubriand, a very elegant woman, but of a cold, reserved demeanour.

I expressed eagerly the pleasure I had experienced in seeing the author of *The Itinerary to*

[1] François-Auguste-René de Chateaubriand, 1768-1848. At this time he was Minister of State to Louis XVIII. At the return of the Bourbons, he had published a pamphlet, *De Buonaparte et des Bourbons*, which the King regarded as worth an army.

Jerusalem,[1] a work I had read in Paris with extraordinary interest and satisfaction; but I believe the *Génie du Christianisme*,[2] and perhaps the *Atala*,[3] were works so much more prized by that author as to make my compliment misplaced. However, I so much more enjoy the natural, pleasing, instructive, and simple, though ingenious style and matter of the *Itinerary* than I do the overpowering sort of heroic eloquence of those more popular performances, that the zest of dear hallowed truth would have been wanting had I not expressed my choice. The *Itinerary* is, indeed, one of the most agreeable books I know.

M. de Chateaubriand hung back, whether pleased or not, with an air of gentlemanly serenity.

I had opportunity for no further effort: we left Tournay to proceed to Brussels, and heavy was my heart and my will to quit, thus in ignorance, the vicinity of Lille.

At the town at which we stopped to dine, which, I think, was Atot, we again met M. et Madame de Chateaubriand. This was a mutual satisfaction, and we agreed to have our meal in common. I now had more leisure, not of time alone, but of faculty, for doing justice to M. de Chateaubriand, whom I found amiable, unassuming, and, though somewhat spoilt by the egregious flattery to which he had been accustomed, wholly free from airs or impertinent self-conceit. Excessive praise seemed only to cause him excessive pleasure in himself, without leading to contempt or scorn of others. He is by no means tall, and is rather thick-set; but his features are good, his countenance is very fine, and his eyes are beautiful, alike from colour, shape, and expression; while there is a

[1] *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem et de Jérusalem à Paris*, 1811.
[2] *Le Génie du Christianisme*, 1802.
[3] *Atala; ou, les amours de deux sauvages dans le desert*, 1801.

striking benevolence in his look, tone of voice, and manner.

Madame de Chateaubriand also gained ground by farther acquaintance. She was faded, but not *passée*, and was still handsome, and of a most graceful carriage, though distant and uninviting. Her loftiness had in it something so pensive mixed with its haughtiness, that though it could not inspire confidence, it did not create displeasure. She possessed also a claim to sympathy and respect in being the niece of M. de Malesherbes, that wise, tender, generous, noble defender of Louis XVI.

The conversation during and after dinner was highly interesting. M. de Chateaubriand opened upon his situation with a trusting unreserve that impressed me with an opinion of the nobleness of his mind. Bonaparte had conceived against him, he said, a peculiar antipathy, for which various motives might be assigned: he enumerated them not, however, probably from the presence of his wife; as his marriage with a niece of that martyr to the service of the murdered King, Louis XVI., I conclude to be at their head. The astonishing and almost boundless success of his works, since he was dissatisfied with his principles, and more than suspicious of his disaffection to the Imperial government, must have augmented aversion by mixing with it some species of apprehension. I know not what were the first publications of M. de Chateaubriand, but they were in such high estimation when first I heard him mentioned, that no author was more celebrated in France; when his *Martyres*[1] came out, no other book was mentioned; and the famous critic Geoffroy,[2] who guided the taste of Paris, kept it alive by criticisms of alternate praise and censure without end. *Atala*, the pastoral

[1] The prose epic of *Les Martyrs*, 1809.
[2] Julien-Louis Geoffroy, 1743-1814.

heroic romance, bewitched all the reading ladies into a sort of idolatry of its writer, and scarcely a page of it remained unadorned by some representation in painting. The enthusiasm, indeed, of the draughtsmen and of the fair sex seemed equally emulous to place the author and the work at the head of celebrity and the fashion.

Of all this, of course, he spoke not; but he related the story of his persecution by Napoleon concerning his being elected a member of the French Institute. I was in too much disturbance to be able to clearly listen to the narrative, but I perfectly recollect that the censor, to soften Napoleon, had sent back the manuscript to M. de Chateaubriand, with an intimation that no public discourse could be delivered that did not contain an *éloge* of the Emperor. M. de Chateaubriand complied with the ordonnance; but whether the forced praise was too feeble, or whether the aversion was so insuperable, I know not: all that is certain is, that Napoleon, after repeated efforts from the Institute of re-election, positively refused to ratify that of M. de Chateaubriand.

Another time a cousin of this gentleman was reputed to be engaged in a conspiracy against the Emperor. M. de Chateaubriand solemnly declared he disbelieved the charge; and, as his weight in public opinion was so great, he ventured to address a *supplique* to Napoleon in favour of his kinsman . . .; but the answer which reached him the following day was an account of his execution!

Madame de Chateaubriand spoke very little, and rarely said even a word save to her husband, for whom her eyes spoke an attachment the most tender, yet unquiet. He, in return, treated her with deference and softness.

We separated from this interesting pair with regret, and the rest of our journey to Brussels

Rue Royale
Rue de la Loi
Rue de Louvain
Rue de Namur
Rue de Hal
Rue de Flandre
Rue de Ninove
Rue de la Montagne
Rue de Schaerbeek
Rue de la Madeleine
Rue de la Fourche
Rue de la Chapelle
Rue de la Colline
Rue du Marché aux Herbes
Rue du Musée
Rue des Sablons
Rue Ducale
Rue Isabelle
Rue Montagne de la Cour
Rue de la Régence
Rue de la Paille
Rue de la Blanchisserie
Rue de la Grande Ecuyerie
Rue de la Petite Ecuyerie
Rue de la Chancellerie
Rue de la Cour
Rue de la Loi

was without event, for, to passport difficulties we became accustomed, and grew both adroit and courageous in surmounting them.

Arrived at Brussels, we drove immediately to the house in which dwelt Madame la Comtesse de Maurville.[1] That excellent person had lived many years in England an emigrant, and there earned a scanty maintenance by keeping a French school. She had now retired upon a very moderate pension, but was surrounded by intimate friends, who only suffered her to lodge at her own home. She received us in great dismay, fearing to lose her little all by these changes of government. I was quite ill on my arrival; excessive fatigue, affright, and watchfulness overwhelmed me. I kept my bed a day or two; but with the aid of Dr. James's medicines,[2] and my own earnest efforts to employ every faculty as well as every moment in researches, I then recovered and again went to work.

At Brussels all was quiet and tame. The Belgians had lost their original antipathy to Bonaparte, without having yet had time to acquire any warmth of interest for the Bourbons. Natively phlegmatic, they demand great causes or strong incitement to rouse them from that sort of passiveness that is the offspring of philosophy and timidity —philosophy, that teaches them to prize the blessings of safety; and timidity, that points out the dangers of enterprise. In all I had to do with them I found them universally worthy, rational, and kind-hearted; but slow, sleepy, and uninteresting.

Exceptions, however, to this general observation I had the happiness to meet with, and perhaps they may be numerous. My sojourn was too

[1] Cousin of the Princess d'Henin (see *post*, p. 199).
[2] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 317.

short, and my life was too obscure, to authorise any positive opinion.

In the sick room to which I was immediately consigned, I met with every sort of kindness from Madame de Maurville, whom I had known intimately at Paris, and who had known and appreciated my beloved, exemplary sister Phillips in London. Madame de Maurville was a woman that the Scotch would call long-headed; she was sagacious, penetrating, and gifted with strong humour. She saw readily the vices and follies of mankind, and laughed at them heartily, without troubling herself to grieve at them. She was good herself, alike in heart and in conduct, and zealous to serve and oblige; but with a turn to satire that made the defects of her neighbours rather afford her amusement than concern.

I was visited here by the highly accomplished Madame de la Tour du Pin,[1] wife to the favourite nephew of Madame d'Henin; a woman of as much courage as elegance, and who had met danger, toil, and difficulty in the Revolution with as much spirit, and nearly as much grace, as she had displayed in meeting universal admiration and homage at the court of Marie-Antoinette, of which she was one of the most brilliant latter ornaments. Her husband was at this time one of the French ministers at the Congress at Vienna; whence, as she learned a few days after my arrival at Brussels, he had been sent on an embassy of the deepest importance and risk, to La Vendée or Bordeaux. She bore the term of that suspense with an heroism that I greatly admired, for I well knew she adored her husband. M. la Tour du Pin[2] had been a prefect of Brussels under Bonaparte, though never

[1] See *post*, p. 211.

[2] Frédéric-Séraphin, Marquis de la Tour du Pin-Gouvernet, 1759-1837. He was Prefect of La Dyle in 1808; and was made a marquis in 1817 by Louis XVIII.

in favour, his internal loyalty to the Bourbons being well known. But Bonaparte loved to attach great names and great characters to his government, conscious of their weight both at home and abroad, and he trusted in the address of that mental diving-machine, his secret police, for warding off any hazard he might run, from employing the adherents of his enemies. His greatly capacious, yet only half-formed mind, could have parried, as well as braved, every danger and all opposition, had not his inordinate ambition held him as arbitrarily under control as he himself held under his own control every other passion.

Madame de Maurville soon found us a house, of which we took all but the ground floor: the rez de chaussée was mine, the first floor was Madame d'Henin's, and that above it was for M. de Lally. It was near the cathedral, and still in a prolongation of Madame de Maurville's street, la Rue de la Montagne.

Nothing was known at Brussels, nothing at all, of the fate of the Body-Guard, or of the final destination of Louis XVIII. How circumstances of such moment, nay, notoriety, could be kept from public knowledge, I can form no idea; but neither in the private houses of persons of the first rank, in which, through Madame d'Henin, I visited, nor in any of the shops, nor by any other sort of intercourse, either usual or accidental, could I gather any intelligence.

Madame la Duchesse de Duras,[1] *ci-devant* Mademoiselle Kersaint, who had visited me in Paris, and who was now in hasty emigration at Brussels, with her youngest daughter, Mademoiselle Clara de Duras, seemed sincerely moved by my distress, and wrote to various of her friends, who were emigrating within her reach, to make inquiry

[1] See *ante*, p. 62.

for me. I visited her in a shabby hotel, where I found her without *suite* or equipage, but in perfect tranquillity at their loss, and not alone unmurmuring, but nearly indifferent to her privations; while Mademoiselle Clara ran up and down stairs on her mother's messages, and even brought in wood for the stove, with an alacrity and cheerfulness that seemed almost to enjoy the change to hardships from grandeur. Indeed, to very young people, such reverses, for a certain time, appear as a frolic. Novelty, mere novelty, during the first youth, can scarcely be bought too dear.

From M. de la Feronaye, Madame de Duras procured me intelligence that the Body-Guard had been dispersed and disbanded by the Duke de Berry,[1] on the frontiers of La Belgique; they were left at liberty to remain in France, or to seek other asylums, as His Majesty Louis XVIII. could not enter the kingdom of Holland with a military guard of his own.

This news left me utterly in the dark which way to look for hope or information. Madame de Duras, however, said she expected soon to see the Duc de Richelieu,[2] whose tidings might be more precise.

In one of my visits to this lady, I again met M. and Madame de Chateaubriand; but my mind was too much preoccupied to take the pleasure I might otherwise have felt from their acquaintance. Madame de Duras really entered into the subject of my misery, and seemed capable to fully comprehend it.

Ten wretched days passed on in this ignorance, from the 19th to the 29th of March, 1815, when

[1] Charles-Ferdinand de Bourbon, Duc de Berry, 1778-1820, second son of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. In this year he was commander of the troops in and around Paris.

[2] Armand-Emmanuel-Sophie-Septimanie du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu, 1766-1822, at this date first gentleman of the chamber to Louis XVIII.

Madame de Maurville flew into my apartment, with all the celerity of fifteen, and all the ardour of twenty years of age, to put into my hands a letter from General d'Arblay, addressed to herself, to inquire whether she had any tidings to give him of my existence, and whether I had been heard of at Brussels, or was known to have travelled to Bordeaux, as Madame d'Henin, cousin to Madame de Maurville, had been uncertain, when M. d'Arblay left me in Paris, to which of those cities she should go.

The joy of that moment, Oh! the joy of that moment that showed me again the handwriting that demonstrated the life and safety of all to which my earthly happiness clung, can never be expressed, and only by our meeting, when at last it took place, could be equalled. It was dated *Ypres*, 27 *Mars*. I wrote directly thither, proposing to join him, if there were any impediment to his coming on to Brussels. I had already written, at hazard, to almost every town in the Netherlands. The very next day, another letter from the same kind hand arrived to Madame la Duchesse d'Hurste. This was succeeded by news that the King, Louis XVIII., had been followed to Gand by his Body-Guard. Thither, also, I expedited a letter, under cover to the Duc de Luxembourg, capitaine of the company to which M. d'Arblay belonged.

I lived now in a hurry of delight that scarcely allowed me breathing-time, a delight that made me forget all my losses, my misfortunes—my papers, keepsakes, valuables of various sorts, with our goods, clothes, money-bonds, and endless et ceteras, left, as I had reason to fear, to seizure and confiscation upon the entry of the Emperor into Paris—all, all was light, was nothing in the scale; and I wrote to my Alexander, and my dearest friends, to

rejoice in my joy, and that they had escaped my alarm.

Next day, and again the next, came a letter from M. d'Arblay himself. The first was from Ypres, the second was from Bruges, and brought by the post, as my beloved correspondent had been assured of my arrival at Brussels by the Duc de Luxembourg, à Ghistelle, near Ostend, which M. d'Arblay was slowly approaching on horseback, when he met the carriage of Louis XVIII., as it stopped for a relay of horses, and the Duc, espying him, descended from the second carriage of the King's suite, to fly to and embrace him, with that lively friendship he has ever manifested towards him. Thence they agreed that the plan of embarkation should be renounced, and, instead of Ostend, M. d'Arblay turned his horse's head towards Gand, where he had a rendezvous with the Duc.

There he remained, to renew the offer of his services to his King, and there he was most peculiarly distinguished by M. le Duc de Feltre (General Clarke),[1] who was still occupying the post assigned him on the restoration of Louis XVIII. of Ministre de la Guerre.

Relieved now—or rather blest—I was no longer deaf to the kindness of those who sought to enliven my exile ; I not only visited Madame la Duchesse de Duras, but also cultivated an intercourse with the charming Madame de la Tour du Pin, whom I was the more glad to find delightful from her being of English origin ; a Mademoiselle Dillon, whose family was transplanted into France under James II., and who was descended from a nobleman whose eminent accomplishments she inherited with his blood ; the famous Lord

[1] Henry-Jacques-Guillaume Clarke, Duc de Feltre and Comte d'Hunebourg, 1765-1818. He was Minister of War in 1815.

Falkland, on whose tomb in Westminster Abbey is carved

Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sydney.

Her sister, Miss Fanny Dillon, had been married by Bonaparte to General Bertrand; and thus, while one of them was an emigrant following the fortunes of the Bourbons, the other was soon after destined to accompany Bonaparte himself into exile.[1] Le Colonel de Beaufort, also, a warm, early friend of General d'Arblay, belonging to the garrison of Metz or of Toul, I forget which, had married a lady of great wealth in La Belgique; a woman rather unhappy in her person, but possessed of a generous and feeling heart: and this she instantly demonstrated by seeking and cultivating an acquaintance with the wandering wife of her husband's early *camarade*. I found her so amiable, and so soothing in her commiseration during my distress, that I warmly returned the partiality she showed me.

Four days passed thus serenely, when, on that which completed a fortnight's absence from my best friend, the Duc de Duras came to convoy his wife to Gand, where he was himself in waiting upon Louis XVIII., and shortly afterwards M. de Chateaubriand was made a privy counsellor and settled there also. And within a day or two after this my door was opened by General d'Arblay! Oh, how sweet was this meeting! this blessed reunion!—how perfect, how exquisite!

Here I must be silent.

General d'Arblay was only with me by the permission of the Duc de Luxembourg, and liable to receive orders daily to return to Gand; for I

[1] Henri-Gratien, Comte Bertrand, 1773-1844. He was appointed aide-major-general of the Army of Paris, January 16, 1814, and was one of the three officers who followed Napoleon to St. Helena. His wife, who accompanied him, was a daughter of General Arthur Dillon.

found, to my speechless dismay, yet resistless approbation, that General d'Arblay had made a decision as noble as it was dangerous, to refuse no call, to abstain from no effort, that might bring into movement his loyalty to his King and his cause, at this moment of calamity to both. Yet such was the harassed, or rather broken state of his health, that his mental strength and unconquerable courage alone preserved the poor shattered frame from sinking into languor and inertion.

At this time we boarded and lodged by *pic-nic* contract with the Princesse d'Henin, as did also M. de Lally, when he was not at Gand, in attendance as privy counsellor upon Louis XVIII. We exerted ourselves to visit and receive my new pleasing friend—such she sought to be—Madame de Beaufort.[1] We reciprocated, also, morning visits with Madame de la Tour du Pin and her young married daughter, Madame de Liedekirke; with the good and gay Madame de Maurville, and Madame de Merode, *ci-devant* Mademoiselle de Grammont; and we waited upon La Duchesse d'Ursel, a woman of the highest manners and of very good discourse; M. d'Arblay received M. de Carbonnière and other gentlemen, and I began an acquaintance with the Boyd family.[2]

About this time I saw also the entry of the new King, William Frederick, of the new kingdom of the Netherlands.[3] Tapestry, or branches of trees, were hung out of all the windows, or, in their failure, dirty carpets, old coats and cloaks, and even mats—a motley display of proud parade or vulgar poverty, that always, to me, made processions on the continent appear burlesque.

On the 22nd of April opened a new source,

[1] See *ante*, p. 201.

[2] See *post*, p. 209.

[3] William Frederick I., Prince of Orange, 1772-1843, who assumed the style of King of the Netherlands and Duke of Luxembourg, March 16, 1815.

though not an unexpected one, of inquietude that preyed the more deeply upon my spirits from the necessity of concealing its torments. . . . The military call for M. d'Arblay arrived from Gand. The summons was from M. le Comte de Roch.

The immediate hope in which we indulged at this call was, that the mission to which it alluded need not necessarily separate us, but that I might accompany my honoured husband and remain at his quarters. But, alas! he set out instantly for Gand, whence he wrote me, on the instant he had had his audience of the Ministre de la Guerre, Clarke, Duc de Feltre :—

"Nous nous sommes trompés, cruellement trompés. . . . ce qu'il y a de plus fâcheux c'est que nous ne serons pas ensemble, car je ne crois ni prudent, ni même possible, pour toi de me suivre sur l'extrême frontière où l'on m'envoye. Cette mission, très delicate et en même tems très difficile, est encore plus embarrassante puisqu'il ne s'agit de rien moins que d'agir avec les Prussiens, auxquels il ne sera pas aisé de faire entendre raison. Et qui aurai-je à commander? des gens qui jusqu'à présent sont à trouver, — des déserteurs, dans lesquels je n'aurai aucune confiance. . . . C'est bien à présent qu'il faut rassembler tout notre courage!"

The next day, April 23rd, brought me a letter much less dispirited: the mission was to Luxembourg. His adjoint was the Colonel Comte de Mazancourt,[1] his aide-de-camp M. de Premorel, and also that gentleman's son. The plan was to collect and examine all the soldiers who were willing to return from the army of Bonaparte to that of Louis XVIII. Eleven other general officers were named to similar posts, all on frontier

[1] Probably a son of Gabriel-Auguste, Marquis de Mazancourt, 1725-1809.

towns, for the better convenience of receiving the volunteers.

On the 24th April M. d'Arblay again joined me, revived by his natively martial spirit, and pleased to be employed!

At the head of this mission stood M. le Général de Beurnonville.[1]

The necessity of having apartments to ourselves, with a dining-room for the adjoint and the aides-de-camp, made us now relinquish our *pic-nic* with Madame d'Henin and M. de Lally, to go to a dwelling in the Marché aux Bois.[2]

April 26, we left La Rue de La Montagne, after, on my part, exactly a month's residence. Our new apartments were *au premier*, and commodious and pleasant. One drawing-room was appropriated solely by M. d'Arblay for his military friends or military business; the other was mine.

Here we spent together seventeen days; and not to harass my recollections, I will simply copy what I find in my old memorandum-book, as it was written soon after those days were no more:—

"Seventeen days I have passed with my best friend; and, alas! passed them chiefly in suspense and gnawing inquietude, covered over with assumed composure; but they have terminated, Heaven be praised! with better views, with softer calm, and fairer hopes. Heaven realise them! I am much pleased with his companions. M. le Comte de Mazancourt, his adjoint, is a gay, spirited, and *spirituel* young man, remarkably well bred, and gallantly fond of his profession. M. de Premorel, the aide-de-camp, is a man of solid worth and of delicate honour, and he is a descendant of Godefroy de Bouillon. To this must be

[1] Pierre de Riel, Marquis de Beurnonville, 1752-1821, Minister of State under Louis XVIII.

[2] No. 1358 (see *post*, p. 249).

added, that he is as poor as he is noble, and bears his penury with the gentlemanly sentiment of feeling it distinct from disgrace. He is married, and has ten or eleven children: he resides with a most deserving wife, a woman also of family, on a small farm, which he works at himself, and which repays him by its produce. For many days in the year, potatoes, he told me, were the only food they could afford for themselves or their offspring! But they eat them with the proud pleasure of independence and of honour and loyalty, such as befits their high origins, always to serve, or be served, in the line of their legal princes. As soon as Louis XVIII. was established on his throne, M. de Premorel made himself known to the Duc de Luxembourg, who placed him in his own company in the Garde du Corps, and put his son upon the supernumerary list. . . ."

This young man is really charming. He has a native *noblesse* of air and manner, with a suavity as well as steadiness of serene politeness, that announce the Godefroy blood flowing with conscious dignity and inborn courage through his youthful veins. He is very young, but tall and handsome, and speaks of all his brothers and sisters as if already he were *chef de famille*, and bound to sustain and protect them. I delighted to lead him to talk of them, and the conversation on that subject always brightened him into joy and loquacity. He named every one of them to me in particular repeatedly, with a desire I should know them individually, and a warm hope I might one day verify his representations.

This youth, Alphonse, and his father dined with us daily at this period. All the mornings were devoted to preparations for the ensuing expected campaign. When, however, all was prepared, and the word of command alone was

waited for from the Maréchal Duc de Feltre, my dearest friend indulged in one morning's recreation, which proved as agreeable as anything at such a period could be to a mind oppressed like mine. He determined that we should visit the Palais de Lachen, which had been the dwelling assigned as the palace for the Empress Josephine by Bonaparte at the time of his divorce.[1] My dearest husband drove me in his cabriolet, and the three gentlemen whom he invited to be of the party accompanied us on horseback. The drive, the day, the road, the views, *our new horses* — all were delightful, and procured me a short relaxation from the foresight of evil.

The palace of Lachen was at this moment wholly uninhabited, and shown to us by some common servant. It is situated in a delicious park *à l'Anglaise*, and with a taste, a polish, and an elegance that clears it from the charge of frippery or gaudiness, though its ornaments and embellishments are all of the liveliest gaiety. There is in some of the apartments some Gobelin tapestry, of which there are here and there parts and details so exquisitely worked that I could have "hung over them enamoured."

Previously to this reviving excursion my dearest friend had driven me occasionally in the famous *allée verte*, which the inhabitants of Brussels consider as the first *promenade* in the world; but it by no means answered to such praise in my eyes: it is certainly very pretty, but too regular, too monotonous, and too flat to be eminently beautiful, though from some parts the most distant from the

[1] Laeken, on the left going to Vilvorde, is three miles from Brussels, with which it was practically connected by the once-famous "Allée Verte." It was built by Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, when Austrian Statholder of the Netherlands in 1782-84. Napoleon, to whom it belonged in 1802-14, had here planned his Russian campaign. Partly consumed by fire in 1890, it has now been rebuilt.

city there are views of cottages and hamlets that afford great pleasure.

Our last entertainment here was a concert in the public and fine room appropriated for music or dancing. The celebrated Madame Catalani had a benefit,[1] at which the Queen of the Netherlands was present, not, however, in state, though not incognita; and the king of warriors, Marshal Lord Wellington, surrounded by his staff and all the officers and first persons here, whether Belgians, Prussians, Hanoverians, or English. I looked at Lord Wellington watchfully, and was charmed with every turn of his countenance, with his noble and singular physiognomy and his eagle eye. He was gay even to sportiveness all the evening, conversing with the officers around him. He never was seated, not even a moment, though I saw seats vacated to offer him frequently. He seemed enthusiastically charmed with Catalani, ardently applauding whatsoever she sung, except the Rule, Britannia; and there, with sagacious reserve, he listened in utter silence. Who ordered it I know not, but he felt it was injudicious in every country but our own to give out a chorus of "Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the Waves!"

And when an encore began to be vociferated from his officers, he instantly crushed it by a commanding air of disapprobation, and thus offered me an opportunity of seeing how magnificently he could quit his convivial familiarity for imperious dominion when occasion might call for the transformation.

When the full order arrived from Gand, establishing the mission of M. d'Arblay at Luxembourg,

[1] Angelica Catalani, 1782-1849. Her rendering of "Rule, Britannia" is described by Lord Mount-Edgcumbe as "electrifying." Thackeray refers to her presence at Brussels in chapter xxviii. of *Vanity Fair*.

he decided upon demanding an audience of the Duke of Wellington, with whom he thought it necessary to concert his measures. The Duke received him without difficulty, and they had a conference of some length, the result of which was that his Grace promised to prepare Blücher, the great Prussian general, then actually at Luxembourg, for aiding the scheme.

M. d'Arblay himself also wrote to Blücher; but before any answer could be returned, a new ordonnance from the Duc de Feltre directed M. d'Arblay to hasten to his post without delay.

May 13, 1815.—My best friend left me to begin his campaign; left me, by melancholy chance, upon his birthday. I could not that day see a human being; I could but consecrate it to thoughts of him who had just quitted me; yet who from me never was, never can be, mentally absent; and to our poor Alexander, thus inevitably, yet severely cast upon himself.

The next day the gentle and feeling Madame de Beaufort spent the morning with me, using the most engaging efforts to prevail with me to dine constantly at her table, and to accompany her in a short time to her villa. Without any charms, personal or even intellectual, to catch or fascinate, she seemed to have so much goodness of character, that I could not but try to attach myself to her, and accept her kindness as the "cordial drop" to make the cup of woe of my sad solitude go down; for Madame d'Henin, who, to equal sensibility, joined the finest understanding, was now so absorbed in politics that she had no time for any expansion of sympathy. She came, nevertheless, to see me in the evening, and to endeavour to draw me again into human life! And her kind effort so far conquered me, that I called upon her the next day, and met Madame de Vaudreuil, for

whom I had a still unexecuted commission from the Duchess-Dowager of Buccleuch, upon whom I had waited at the request of the Princesse de Chimay, to entreat the interest of her Grace with the Prince-Regent, that the English pension accorded to the Duchess of Fitzjames might be continued to the Duke, her husband, who remained a ruined widower with several children. I failed in my attempt, the natural answer being, that there was no possibility of granting a pension to a foreigner who resided in his own country while that country was at open war with the land whence he aspired at its *obtention*, a word I make for my passing convenience. I exchanged visits also with Madame de la Tour du Pin, the truly elegant, accomplished, and high-bred niece, by marriage, of Madame la Princesse d'Henin. Her husband, M. de la Tour du Pin, was at that time at Vienna, forming a part of the renowned Congress, by which he was sent to La Vendée; to announce there the resolution of the assembled Sovereigns to declare Bonaparte an outlaw, in consequence of his having broken the conditions of his accepted abdication. And I was discovered and visited by M. le Comte de Boursac, one of the first officers of the establishment of the Prince de Condé, with whom he was then at Brussels; a man of worth and cultivation. At Paris he visited us so often, that he took up the name at the door of "Le Voisin," thinking it more safe to be so designated than to pronounce too frequently the name of a known adherent to the Bourbons. The good Madame de Maurville I saw often, and the family of the Boyds, with which my General had engaged me to quit Brussels, should Brussels become the seat of war.[1]

The Protestant church was here open to me,

[1] See *post*, p. 224.

and the King and Queen of the Netherlands[1] went to it themselves, with their family, but without the smallest state. They both look good, but too meek and unimportant to answer to the representative dignity of their high station, of which they inspire not an idea. The Prince hereditary was there also,[2] and his air was rather more appropriate to his rank, though utterly unassuming. The Princess of Orange also, the King's mother,[3] whose demeanour was perfectly in character with her situation. She is sister to the King of Prussia and to the Duchess of York. The Dutch ladies then in waiting were even comically fearful of making themselves of any consequence, and they ran skidding down the aisle of the chapel, tip tap, tip tap, like frightened hares, making no sound in their progress, from apprehension of exciting notice, yet looking mean rather than timid; as their Royal Mistress looked humble rather than grateful, in bowing her way down the same aisle. I thought of our Princess Charlotte, and how little her high spirit would accord with such obsequious gentleness.

I had no application to make for a ticket, or a seat; all who presented themselves at the door were admitted without difficulty, and took the best place vacant. There were no pews for the congregation at large, merely rows of forms on each side of the unadorned edifice, with room left between them for walking down to enter them, and to proceed to the altar.

Brussels in general, nevertheless, was then inhabited by Catholics, and Catholic ceremonies

[1] Frederica-Louisa-Wilhelmina, daughter of Frederick William II. of Prussia (1744-1797). She married William Frederick in October 1791.

[2] Frederick-George-Louis, afterwards William II. of the Netherlands, 1792-1849. At this date he was three-and-twenty.

[3] Frederica-Sophia-Wilhelmina, widow of William V., Prince of Orange and Hereditary Statholder, *d.* 1806. She was sister of Frederick William II. of Prussia.

were not unfrequent. In particular, *la Fête Dieu* was kept with much pomp, and a procession of priests paraded the streets, accompanied by images, pictures, paintings, tapestry, and other *insignia* of outward and visible worship; and the windows were hung with carpets, and rugs, and mats, and almost with rags, to prove goodwill, at least, to what they deem a pious show. Ludicrous circumstances without end interrupted, or marred the procession, from frequent hard showers, during which the priests, decorated with splendid robes and petticoats, and ornaments the most gaudy, took sudden refuge at the doors of the houses by which they were passing, and great cloths, towels, or coarse canvas, were flung over the consecrated finery, and the relics were swaddled up in flannels, while dirt, splashes, running, scampering, and ludicrous wrappings up, broke at once and disfigured the procession. Madame de Beaufort offered to take me to see all that was curious or beautiful in Brussels; but I had not sufficiently recovered from my consternation at this new separation before that kind new friend was taken dangerously ill of a pleurisy, which in a very short time deprived her of life. A hard blow I felt this, and from that time I thought no more of examining this celebrated city; my spirits, already oppressed, were utterly sunk; and though I saw not unfrequently my dear Madame d'Henin, and also Madame la Tour du Pin, and Madame Maurville, I only twice was induced to join in any social meeting at the houses of any of them. At Madame d'Henin's I saw the Maréchal Marmont, Duc de Raguse,[1] and M. Mounier,[2] whom I had known

[1] Auguste-Frédéric-Louis-Viesse, Duc de Raguse de Marmont, Marshal of France, 1774-1852. During most of the Hundred Days he was at Aix la Chapelle, but he went to Paris after Waterloo.

[2] Claude-Édouard-Philippe, Baron Mounier, 1784-1843, succeeded General Clarke (see *ante*, p. 200) as Napoleon's secretary, and accompanied Napoleon in the campaigns of 1809, 1812, and 1813.

when he was private secretary to Bonaparte, M. Louis, Ministre de Finance,[1] and M. L'Anglaise, Père of the Senate, as well as Hombert de la Tour du Pin, and many others; but with no intimacy, for politics were then so absorbing, that save to be all on fire with those who were inflamed, or all in despair with those who were gloomy, there was not the smallest amity in any intercourse. At Madame de la Tour du Pin's I kept the Fête of Madame de Maurville, with a large and pleasant party; and I just missed meeting the famous Lady C—— L——,[2] who had been there at dinner, and whom I saw, however, crossing the Place Royale, from Madame de la Tour du Pin's to the Grand Hotel; dressed, or rather *not* dressed, so as to excite universal attention, and authorise every boldness of staring, from the General to the lowest soldier, among the military groups then constantly parading La Place,—for she had one shoulder, half her back, and all her throat and neck, displayed as if at the call of some statuary for modelling a heathen goddess. A slight scarf hung over the other shoulder, and the rest of the attire was of accordant lightness. As her Ladyship had not then written, and was not, therefore, considered as one apart, from being known as an eccentric authoress, this conduct and demeanour excited something beyond surprise, and in an English lady provoked censure, if not derision, upon the whole English nation.

Very soon after his return to Brussels, M. de Lally paid me a long visit, in which he read to me a Farewell to Public Life, addressed to Louis XVIII., in something between a letter and a memorial. It was written with all the spirit, the nobleness, and the high sentiment belonging to his

[1] Louis Dominique, Baron Louis, 1755-1837, Minister of Finance under Louis XVIII.

[2] Lady Caroline Lamb?

eloquence; yet I sincerely regretted his resignation, which I saw was the effect of some disappointment; but which I had the great pleasure, not very long afterwards, to find relinquished, in consequence of which he became one of the most useful, as he was always the most exalted, of the diplomatic orators.

Another visit of an interest that came yet more home to my business and bosom, I received from Monsieur le Duc de Luxembourg, who came to inform me that he was on the point of negotiating with the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blücher, upon raising a royal corps to accompany their army into France, should the expected battle lead to that result; and he desired me to prepare M. d'Arblay, should such be the case, for a recall from Trèves, that he might resume his post in the body-guards belonging to the *Compagnie de* Luxembourg. He spoke of my beloved in terms of such high consideration, and with expressions so amiable of regard and esteem, that he won my heart. He could by no means, he said, be again under active military orders, and consent to lose so distinguished an officer from his corps. I had formerly met the Duke in Paris, at Madame de Laval's;[1] and he had honoured me with a visit *chez moi* immediately after my return from England: and in consequence of those meetings, and of his real friendship for M. d'Arblay, he now spoke to me with the unreserved trust due to a tried confidante in case of peril and urgency. He stayed with me nearly two hours—for when once the heart ventured to open itself upon the circumstances, expectations, or apprehensions of that eventful period, subjects, opinions, and feelings pressed forward with such eagerness for discussion, that those who upon

[1] Madame La Vicomtesse de Laval, mother to the Duc de Montmorency (see *ante*, p. 126, and *post*, p. 242).

such conditions met, found nothing so difficult as to separate.

I wrote instantly to M. d'Arblay; but the Duc's plan proved abortive, as the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blücher refused all sanction to the junction of a French army with that of the allies. They thought, perhaps—and perhaps justly, that by entering France with natives against natives, they might excite a civil war, more difficult to conduct than that of only foreigners against foreigners.

Suspense, during all this period, was frightfully mistress of the mind; nothing was known, everything was imagined. The two great interests that were at war, the Bourbonists and Bonapartists, were divided and subdivided into factions, or rather fractions, without end, and all that was kept invariably and on both sides alive was expectation. Wanderers, deserters, or captives, from France, arrived daily at Brussels, all with varying news of the state of that empire, and of the designs of Bonaparte amongst them. The Chevalier d'Argy made me a visit, to deliver me a letter from M. de Premorel, for M. d'Arblay. This gentleman was just escaped from Sedan, in the disguise of a *paysan*, and assisted by a *paysanne*, belonging to his family. She conducted him through bye-paths and thick forests, that she knew to be least frequented by the troops, police, or custom-house officers of Bonaparte. He was going to offer his services to the King, Louis XVIII. I had much interesting public news from M. d'Argy: but I pass by all now except personal detail, as I write but for my nearest friends; and all that was then known of public occurrence has long been stale.

About this time I made myself some happiness in witnessing that of Madame de la Tour du Pin

and of Madame d'Henin, in the safe return of M. de la Tour du Pin from his perilous undertaking in La Vendée, of announcing the outlawry of Bonaparte. His life had been in the most imminent danger, and he owed his escape from fearful captivity at least, to the private good services of the famous General, Maréchal Masséna.[1]

During this melancholy period, when leisure, till now a delight, became a burthen to me, I could not call my faculties into any species of intellectual service; all was sunk, was annihilated in the overpowering predominance of anxiety for the coming event. I endured my suspense only by writing to or hearing from him who was its object. All my next door connections were well. I heard from them satisfactorily, and I was also engaged in frequent correspondence with the Princess Elizabeth, whose letters are charming, not only from their vivacity, their frankness, and condescension, but from a peculiarity of manner, the result of having mixed little with the world, that, joined to great fertility of fancy, gives a something so singular and so genuine to her style of writing, as to render her letters desirable and interesting, independent of the sincere and most merited attachment which their gracious kindness inspires.

I subscribed to the best library, and obtained some books of amusement to endeavour to dissipate my lonely hours—but I had no success, save in a *History of La Belgique*, by Dewitz,[2] and that, as it treated not only of Brussels, which I inhabited in person, but also of *Triers*, which I inhabited in heart and imagination, drew me from my reveries,

[1] The famous André Masséna, Duc de Rivoli, and Prince d'Essling, Napoleon's greatest marshal, 1756-1817. He was now an adherent of Louis XVIII.

[2] Louis-Dieudonné-Joseph Dewez, 1760-1834, Secretary to the Brussels Academy. His *Histoire Générale de la Belgique* appeared in 1805-7.

and engaged me in making an abridgment from it, which I meant for my best friend—but which I never looked over, nor have even thought of till this moment, from the weight of cares, sorrows, and anxieties, which absorbed my feelings and faculties.

I come now to busier scenes, and to my sojourn at Brussels during the opening of one of the most famous campaigns upon record; and the battle of Waterloo, upon which, in great measure, hung the fate of Europe.

Yet upon reflection, I will write no account of these great events, which have been detailed so many hundred times, and so many hundred ways, as I have nothing new to offer upon them; I will simply write the narrative of my own history at that awful period.

I was awakened in the middle of the night by confused noises in the house, and running up and down stairs. I listened attentively, but heard no sound of voices, and soon all was quiet. I then concluded the persons who resided in the apartments on the second floor, over my head, had returned home late, and I tried to fall asleep again.

I succeeded; but I was again awakened at about five o'clock in the morning, Friday, 16th June, by the sound of a bugle horn in the Marché aux Bois; I started up, and opened the window. But I only perceived some straggling soldiers, hurrying in different directions, and saw lights gleaming from some of the chambers in the neighbourhood; all again was soon still, and my own dwelling in profound silence, and therefore I concluded there had been some disturbance in exchanging sentinels at the various posts, which was already appeased; and I retired once more to my pillow, and remained till my usual hour.

I was finishing, however, a letter for my best friend, when my breakfast was brought in, at my then customary time of eight o'clock; and, as mistakes and delays and miscarriages of letters had caused me much unnecessary misery, I determined to put what I was then writing in the post myself, and set off with it the moment it was sealed.

In my way back from the Post-office, my ears were alarmed by the sound of military music, and my eyes equally struck with the sight of a body of troops marching to its measured time. But I soon found that what I had supposed to be an occasionally passing troop, was a complete corps; infantry, cavalry, artillery, bag and baggage, with all its officers in full uniform, and that uniform was black.

This gloomy hue gave an air so mournful to the procession, that, knowing its destination for battle, I contemplated it with an aching heart. On inquiry, I learned it was the army of Brunswick. How much deeper yet had been my heartache had I foreknown that nearly all those brave men, thus marching on in gallant though dark array, with their valiant royal chief at their head, the nephew of my own King,[1] George the Third, were amongst the first destined victims to this dreadful contest, and that neither the chief, nor the greater part of his warlike associates, would, within a few short hours, breathe again the vital air!

My interrogations were answered with brevity, yet curiosity was all awake and all abroad; for the procession lasted some hours. Not a door but was open; not a threshold but was crowded, and not a window of the many-windowed Gothic, modern, frightful, handsome, quaint, disfigured, fantastic, or lofty mansions that diversify the large market-place of Brussels, but was occupied by lookers-on.

[1] Frederick-William, Duke of Brunswick, 1771-1815, killed at Quatre Bras, June 16.

Placidly, indeed, they saw the warriors pass; no kind greeting welcomed their arrival; no warm wishes followed them to combat. Neither, on the other hand, was there the slightest symptom of dissatisfaction; yet even while standing thus in the midst of them, an unheeded, yet observant stranger, it was not possible for me to discern, with any solidity of conviction, whether the Belgians were, at heart, Bourbonists or Bonapartists. The Bonapartists, however, were in general the most open, for the opinion on both sides, alike with goodwill and with ill, was nearly universal that Bonaparte was invincible.

Still, I knew not, dreamt not, that the campaign was already opened; that Bonaparte had broken into *La Belgique* on the 15th, and had taken Charleroi;[1] though it was news undoubtedly spread all over Brussels except to my lonely self. My own disposition, at this period, to silence and retirement, was too congenial with the taciturn habits of my hosts to be by them counteracted, and they suffered me, therefore, to return to my home as I had quitted it, with a mere usual and civil salutation; while themselves and their house were evidently continuing their common avocations with their common composure. Surely our colloquial use of the word PHLEGM must be derived from the character of the FLEMings.

The important tidings now, however, burst upon me in sundry directions. The Princess d'Henin, Colonel de Beaufort, Madame de Maurville, the Boyd Family, all, with intelligence of the event, joined offers of service, and invitations to reside with them during this momentous contest, should I prefer such protection to remaining alone at such a crisis.

[1] On the following day he defeated Blücher at Ligny, near Fleurus, forcing the Prussian line to fall back upon Wavres.

What a day of confusion and alarm did we all spend on the 17th! In *my* heart the whole time was Trèves! Trèves! Trèves! That day, and June 18th, I passed in hearing the cannon! Good Heaven! what indescribable horror to be so near the field of slaughter! such I call it, for the preparation to the ear by the tremendous sound was soon followed by its fullest effect, in the view of the wounded, the bleeding martyrs to the formidable contention that was soon to terminate the history of the war. And hardly more afflicting was this disabled return from the battle, than the sight of the continually pouring forth ready-armed and vigorous victims that marched past my windows to meet similar destruction.

Accounts from the field of battle arrived hourly; sometimes directly from the Duke of Wellington to Lady Charlotte Greville,[1] and to some other ladies who had near relations in the combat, and which, by their means, were circulated in Brussels; and at other times from such as conveyed those amongst the wounded Belgians, whose misfortunes were inflicted near enough to the skirts of the spots of action, to allow of their being dragged away by their hovering countrymen to the city: the spots, I say, of action, for the far-famed battle of Waterloo was preceded by three days of partial engagements.

During this period, I spent my whole time in seeking intelligence, and passing from house to house of the associates of my distress, or receiving them in mine.

Ten times, at least, I crossed over to Madame

[1] Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, *d.* 1862, elder daughter of William Henry Cavendish, third Duke of Portland, married in 1793 to Charles Greville, grandson to the fifth Lord Warwick. The Duke of Wellington took her son, Henry Greville, a boy of fourteen, to the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond on the eve of Waterloo (June 15, 1815) (see *post*, p. 255).

d'Henin, discussing plans and probabilities, and interchanging hopes and fears. I spent a considerable part of the morning with Madame de la Tour du Pin, who was now returned from Gand, where Louis XVIII. supported his suspense and his danger with a coolness and equanimity which, when the éclat surrounding the glory of his daring and great opponent shall no longer by its overpowering resplendence keep all around it in the shade, will carry him down to posterity as the monarch precisely formed, by the patient good sense, the enlightened liberality, and the immoveable composure of his character, to meet the perilous perplexities of his situation, and, if he could not combat them with the vigour and genius of a hero, to sustain them at least with the dignity of a prince.

Madame d'Henin and Madame de la Tour du Pin projected retreating to Gand, should the approach of the enemy be unchecked; to avail themselves of such protection as might be obtained from seeking it under the wing of Louis XVIII. M. de la Tour du Pin had, I believe, remained there with His Majesty.

M. de Lally and the Boyds inclined to Antwerp, where they might safely await the fate of Brussels, near enough for returning, should it weather the storm, yet within reach of vessels to waft them to the British shores should it be lost.

Should this last be the fatal termination, I, of course, had agreed to join the party of the voyage, and resolved to secure my passport, that, while I waited to the last moment, I might yet be prepared for a hasty retreat.

I applied for a passport to Colonel Jones, to whom the Duke of Wellington had deputed the military command of Brussels in his absence; but he was unwilling to sanction an evacuation of

Brussels which he deemed premature. It was not, he said, for *us*, the English, to spread alarm, or prepare for an overthrow: he had not sent away his own wife or children, and he had no doubt but victory would repay his confidence.

I was silenced, but not convinced; the event was yet uncertain, and my stake was, with respect to earthly happiness, my existence.

A compromise occurred to me, which suggested my dispensing with a new passport, and contenting myself with obtaining his signature to my old one, accorded by M. le Chevalier de Jaucourt. He could not refuse to sign it; and we then separated. I promised him, nevertheless, that I would remain to the last extremity; and I meant no other.

I was now better satisfied, though by no means at ease.

Yet the motive of Colonel Jones was, that all should yield to the glory of the British arms and the Duke of Wellington. And I had the less right to be surprised, from the dreadful soldier's speech I had heard him utter when I first saw him, to the Princess d'Henin: complaining of the length of time that was wasted in inaction, and of the inactivity and tameness of the Bourbons, he exclaimed, "We want blood, Madam! what we want is blood!——"

PART LXIII

1815

State of public feeling in Brussels—Wounded officers from the field of Waterloo — The 18th of June — Preparations of Madame d'Arblay for instant flight—Contradictory reports —A prisoner of war—A false alarm—The Duke of Wellington in battle—News of victory—The wounded in Brussels —French prisoners—Fears of contagion in Brussels from the immense number of wounded brought into the city— Humanity of Madame d'Arblay to the wounded — Congratulations on the cessation of hostilities—Te Deum for the victory at the Protestant chapel—Appearance of the wounded Prince of Orange — News of the re-enthronement of Louis XVIII. — Suggestions on a natural style in epistolary writing — Personal expenditure — Madame d'Arblay's recapitulation of late events to her son— Account of the French King's recent flight from Paris on the approach of Bonaparte — Anticipated collision of the Garde Impériale and the Gardes du Corps—Serious illness of M. d'Arblay in consequence of his laborious services— Marshal Blücher's letter to M. d'Arblay.

Narrative—*continued*

I found upon again going my rounds for information, that though news was arriving incessantly from the scene of action, and with details always varying, Bonaparte was always advancing. All the people of Brussels lived in the streets. Doors seemed of no use, for they were never shut. The individuals, when they re-entered their houses, only resided at the windows: so that the whole popu-

lation of the city seemed constantly in public view. Not only business as well as society was annihilated, but even every species of occupation. All of which we seemed capable was, to inquire or to relate, to speak or to hear. Yet no clamour, no wrangling, nor even debate was intermixed with either question or answer; curiosity, though incessant, was serene; the faces were all monotony, though the tidings were all variety.

I could attribute this only to the length of time during which the inhabitants had been habituated to change both of masters and measures, and to their finding that, upon an average, they neither lost nor gained by such successive revolutions. And to this must be joined their necessity of submitting, be it what it might, to the result. This mental consciousness probably kept their passions in order, and crushed all the impulses by which hope or fear is excited. No love of liberty buoyed up resistance; no views of independence brightened their imagination; and they bore even suspense with the calm of apparent philosophy, and an exterior of placid indifference.

The first intelligence Madame d'Henin now gave me was, that the Austrian Minister Extraordinary, M. le Comte de Vincent, had been wounded close by the side of the Duke of Wellington;[1] and that he was just brought back in a litter to her hotel. As she was much acquainted with him, she desired me to accompany her in making her personal inquiries. No one now sent servants, cards, or messages, where there was any serious interest in a research. There was too much eagerness to bear delay, and ceremony and *etiquette* always fly from distress and from business.

Le Comte de Vincent, we had the pleasure to

[1] He went as a volunteer.

we would enter a large inn, and wait till he could speak with the master, and arrange our luggage and places. We went, therefore, into a spacious room and ordered breakfast, when the room was entered by a body of military men of all sorts; but we were suffered to keep our ground till Mr. Boyd came to inform us that we must all decamp!

Confounded, but without any interrogatory, we vacated the apartment, and Mr. Boyd conducted us not to the barge, not to the wharf, but to the road back to Brussels; telling us, in an accent of depression, that he feared all was lost—that Bonaparte was advancing — that his point was decidedly Brussels—and that the Duke of Wellington had sent orders that all the magazines, the artillery, and the warlike stores of every description, and all the wounded, the maimed, and the sick, should be immediately removed to Antwerp. For this purpose he had issued directions that every barge, every boat should be seized for the use of the army, and that everything of value should be conveyed away, the hospitals emptied, and Brussels evacuated.

If this intelligence filled us with the most fearful alarm, how much more affrighting still was the sound of cannon which next assailed our ears! The dread reverberation became louder and louder as we proceeded. Every shot tolled to our imaginations the death of myriads; and the conviction that the destruction and devastation were so near us, with the probability that if all attempt at escape should prove abortive, we might be personally involved in the carnage, gave us sensations too awful for verbal expression; we could only gaze and tremble, listen and shudder.

Yet, strange to relate! on re-entering the city, all seemed quiet and tranquil as usual! and though it was in this imminent and immediate danger of

being invested, and perhaps pillaged, I saw no outward mark of distress or disturbance, or even of hurry or curiosity.

Having re-lodged us in the Rue d'Assault, Mr. Boyd tried to find some land carriage for our removal. But not only every chaise had been taken, and every diligence secured; the cabriolets, the calèches, nay, the waggons and the carts, and every species of caravan, had been seized for military service. And, after the utmost efforts he could make, in every kind of way, he told us we must wait the chances of the day, for that there was no possibility of escape from Brussels either by land or water.

Remedy there was none; nor had we any other resource; we were fain, therefore, quietly to submit. Mr. Boyd, however, assured me that, though no land carriage was likely to find horses during this furious contest, he had been promised the return of a barge for the next morning, if he and his party would be at the wharf by six o'clock.

We all therefore agreed that, if we were spared any previous calamity, we would set out for the wharf at five o'clock, and I accepted their invitation to be with them in the evening, and spend the night at their house.

We then separated; I was anxious to get home, to watch the post, and to write to Trèves.

My reappearance produced no effect upon my hosts; they saw my return with the same placid civility that they had seen my departure.

But even apathy, or equanimity,—which shall I call it?—like theirs was now to be broken; I was seated at my bureau and writing, when a loud "hurrah!" reached my ears from some distance, while the daughter of my host, a girl of about eighteen, gently opening my door, said the fortune

of the day had suddenly turned, and that Bonaparte was taken prisoner.

At the same time the "hurrah!" came nearer. I flew to the window; my host and hostess came also, crying, "*Bonaparte est pris! le voilà! le voilà!*"

I then saw, on a noble war-horse in full equipment, a general in the splendid uniform of France; but visibly disarmed, and, to all appearance, tied to his horse, or, at least, held on, so as to disable him from making any effort to gallop it off, and surrounded, preceded, and followed by a crew of roaring wretches, who seemed eager for the moment when he should be lodged where they had orders to conduct him, that they might unhorse, strip, pillage him, and divide the spoil.

His high, feathered, glittering helmet he had pressed down as low as he could on his forehead, and I could not discern his face; but I was instantly certain he was not Bonaparte, on finding the whole commotion produced by the rifling crew above mentioned, which, though it might be guided, probably, by some subaltern officer, who might have the captive in charge, had left the field of battle at a moment when none other could be spared, as all the attendant throng were evidently among the refuse of the army followers.

I was afterwards informed that this unfortunate general was the Count Lobau.[1] He met with singular consideration during his captivity in the Low Countries, having thence taken to himself a wife. That wife I had met when last in Paris, at a ball given by Madame la Princesse de Beauvau. She was quite young, and extremely pretty, and the gayest of the gay, laughing, chatting the

[1] Georges Mouton, Comte de Lobau, 1770-1838, one of Napoleon's most distinguished generals. After great bravery, he was taken at Waterloo, and brought to England. He had previously been made a prisoner at the date of the battle of Leipzig.

whole evening, chiefly with the fat and merry, good-humoured Duchesse de Feltre (Madame la Maréchale Clarke); and her husband, high in office, in fame, and in favour, was then absent on some official duty.

The dearth of any positive news from the field of battle, even in the heart of Brussels, at this crisis, when everything that was dear and valuable to either party was at stake, was at one instant nearly distracting in its torturing suspense to the wrung nerves, and at another insensibly blunted them into a kind of amalgamation with the Belgic philosophy. At certain houses, as well as at public offices, news, I doubt not, arrived; but no means were taken to promulgate it; no gazettes, as in London, no bulletins, as in Paris, were cried about the streets; we were all left at once to our conjectures and our destinies.

The delusion of victory vanished into a merely passing advantage, as I gathered from the earnest researches into which it led me; and evil only met all ensuing investigation; retreat and defeat were the words in every mouth around me! The Prussians, it was asserted, were completely vanquished on the 15th, and the English on the 16th, while on the day just passed, the 17th, a day of continual fighting and bloodshed, drawn battles on both sides left each party proclaiming what neither party could prove—success.

It was Sunday; but Church service was out of the question, though never were prayers more frequent, more fervent. Form, indeed, they could not have, nor union, while constantly expecting the enemy with fire and sword at the gates. Who could enter a place of worship, at the risk of making it a scene of slaughter? But who, also, in circumstances so awful, could require the exhortation of a priest or the example of a congregation,

to stimulate devotion? No! in those fearful exigencies, where, in the full vigour of health, strength, and life's freshest resources, we seem destined to abruptly quit this mortal coil, we need no spur—all is spontaneous; and the soul is unshackled.

Not above a quarter of an hour had I been restored to my sole occupation of solace, before I was again interrupted and startled; but not as on the preceding occasion by riotous shouts; the sound was a howl, violent, loud, affrighting, and issuing from many voices. I ran to the window, and saw the *Marché aux Bois* suddenly filling with a populace, pouring in from all its avenues, and hurrying on rapidly, and yet as if unconscious in what direction;[1] while women with children in their arms, or clinging to their clothes, ran screaming out of doors; and cries, though not a word was ejaculated, filled the air, and from every house, I saw windows closing, and shutters fastening; all this, though long in writing, was presented to my eyes in a single moment, and was followed in another by a burst into my apartment, to announce that *the French were come!*

I know not even who made this declaration; my head was out of the window, and the person who made it scarcely entered the room and was gone.

How terrific was this moment! My perilous situation urged me to instant flight; and, without waiting to speak to the people of the house, I crammed my papers and money into a basket, and throwing on a shawl and bonnet, I flew down stairs and out of doors.

My intention was to go to the Boyds, to partake, as I had engaged, their fate; but the crowd

[1] "And presently it seemed as if the whole population of the city rushed into the streets" (*Vanity Fair*, last sentence of ch. xxxi.).

Brussels, from the Rue Royale, 1830

were all issuing from the way I must have turned to have gained the Rue d'Assault, and I thought, therefore, I might be safer with Madame de Maurville, who, also, not being English, might be less obnoxious to the Bonapartists. To la Rue de la Montagne I hurried, in consequence, my steps crossing and crossed by an affrighted multitude; but I reached it in safety, and she received me with an hospitable welcome. I found her calm, and her good humour undisturbed. Inured to revolutions, under which she had smarted so as she could smart no more, from the loss of all those who had been the first objects of her solicitude, a husband and three sons! she was now hardened in her feelings upon public events, though her excellent heart was still affectionate and zealous for the private misfortunes of the individuals whom she loved.

What a dreadful day did I pass! dreadful in the midst of its glory! for it was not during those operations that sent details partially to our ears that we could judge of the positive state of affairs, or build upon any permanency of success. Yet here I soon recovered from all alarm for personal safety, and lost the horrible apprehension of being in the midst of a city that was taken, sword in hand, by an enemy—an apprehension that, while it lasted, robbed me of breath, chilled my blood, and gave me a shuddering ague that even now in fancy returns as I seek to commit it to paper.

The *alerte* which had produced this effect, I afterwards learnt, though not till the next day, was utterly false; but whether it had been produced by mistake or by deceit I never knew. The French, indeed, were coming; but not triumphantly; they were prisoners, surprised and taken suddenly, and brought in, being disarmed, by an

escort; and, as they were numerous, and their French uniform was discernible from afar, the almost universal belief at Brussels that Bonaparte was invincible, might perhaps, without any intended deception, have raised the report that they were advancing as conquerors.

I attempt no description of this day, the grandeur of which was unknown, or unbelieved, in Brussels till it had taken its flight, and could only be named as time past. The Duke of Wellington and Prince Blücher were too mightily engaged in meriting fame to spare an instant for either claiming or proclaiming it.

I was fain, therefore, to content myself with the intelligence that reached Madame de Maurville fortuitously. The crowds in the streets, the turbulence, the inquietude, the bustle, the noise, the cries, the almost yells, kept up a perpetual expectation of annoyance. The door was never opened but I felt myself pale and chill with fear of some sanguinary attack or military surprise. It is true that as Brussels was not fortified, and could, in itself, offer no resistance, it could neither be besieged nor taken by storm; but I felt certain that the Duke of Wellington would combat for it inch by inch, and that in a conflict between life and death, every means would be resorted to that could be suggested by desperation.

Madame de Maurville now told me that an English commissary was just arrived from the army, who had assured her that the tide of success was completely turned to the side of the Allies. She offered to conduct me to his apartment, which was in the same hotel as her own, and in which he was writing and transacting business; gravely assuring me, and I really believe, herself, that he could not but be rejoiced to give me, in person, every particular I could wish to hear. I deemed

it, however, but prudent not to put his politeness to a test so severe.

Urgent, nevertheless, to give me pleasure, and not easily set aside from following her own conceptions, she declared she would go down stairs, and inform Mr. Saumarez that she had a countrywoman of his in her room, whom he would be *charmé* to oblige. I tried vainly to stop her; good humour, vivacity, curiosity, and zeal were all against my efforts; she went, and to my great surprise returned escorted by Mr. Saumarez himself. His narration was all triumphant, and his account of the Duke of Wellington might almost have seemed an exaggerated panegyric if it had painted some warrior in a chivalresque romance. He was everywhere, he said; the eye could turn in no direction that it did not perceive him, either at hand or at a distance; galloping to charge the enemy, or darting across the field to issue orders. Every ball also, he said, seemed fired, and every gun aimed at him; yet nothing touched him; he seemed as impervious for safety as he was dauntless for courage: while danger all the time relentlessly environed him, and wounds or death continually robbed him of the services of some one of the bravest of those who were near to him. But he suffered nothing to check or engage him that belonged to personal interest or feeling; his entire concentrated attention, exclusive aim, and intense thought were devoted impartially, imperturbably, and grandly to the Whole, the All.

I could not but be proud of this account; and pendent from its glory my revived imagination hung the blessed laurels of peace.

But though Hope was all alive, Ease and Serenity were not her companions: Mr. Saumarez could not disguise that there was still much to do, and consequently to apprehend; and he had never,

he said, amongst the many he had viewed, seen a field of battle in such excessive disorder. Military carriages of all sorts, and multitudes of groups unemployed, occupied spaces that ought to have been left for manœuvring or observation. I attribute this to the various nations who bore arms on that great day in their own manner; though the towering generalissimo of all cleared the ground, and dispersed what was unnecessary at every moment that was not absorbed by the fight.

When the night of this memorable day arrived, I took leave of Madame de Maurville to join the Boyds, according to my engagement: for though all accounts confirmed the victory of the Duke of Wellington, we had so little idea of its result, that we still imagined the four days already spent in the work of carnage must be followed by as many more, before the dreadful conflict could terminate.

Madame de Maurville lent me her servant, with whom I now made my way tolerably well, for though the crowd remained, it was no longer turbulent. A general knowledge of general success to the Allies was everywhere spread; curiosity therefore began to be satisfied, and inquietude to be removed. The concourse were composedly—for no composure is like that of the Flemings—listening to details of the day in tranquil groups, and I had no interruption to my walk but from my own anxiety to catch, as I could, some part of the relations. As all these have long since been published, I omit them, though the interest with which I heard them was, at the moment, intense. Three or four shocking sights intervened during my passage, of officers of high rank, either English or Belge, and either dying or dead, extended upon biers, carried by soldiers. The view of their gay and costly attire, with the conviction of their

suffering, or fatal state, joined to the profound silence of their bearers and attendants, was truly saddening; and if my reflections were morally dejecting, what, oh what were my personal feelings and fears, in the utter uncertainty whether this victory were more than a passing triumph!

In one place we were entirely stopped by a group that had gathered round a horse, of which a British soldier was examining one of the knees. The animal was a tall war-horse, and one of the noblest of his species. The soldier was enumerating to his hearers its high qualities, and exultingly acquainting them it was his own property, as he had taken it, if I understood right, from the field. He produced also a very fine ring, which was all he had taken of spoil. Yet this man gravely added that pillage had been forbidden by the Commander-in-Chief!

I found the Boyds still firm for departure. The news of the victory of the day, gained by the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blücher, had raised the highest delight; but further intelligence had just reached them that the enemy, since the great battle, was working to turn the right wing of the Duke of Wellington, who was in the most imminent danger; and that the capture of Brussels was expected to take place the next morning, as everything indicated that Brussels was the point at which Bonaparte aimed, to retrieve his recent defeat. Mr. Boyd used every possible exertion to procure chaises or diligence, or any sort of land conveyance, for Antwerp, but every horse was under military requisition; even the horses of the farmers, of the nobility and gentry, and of travellers. The hope of water-carriage was all that remained. We were to set off so early, that we agreed not to retire to rest.

A gentleman, however, of their acquaintance,

presently burst into the room with assurances that the enemy was flying in all directions.

This better news reanimated my courage for Brussels and my trust in the Duke of Wellington; and when the Boyd family summoned me the next morning at four or five o'clock to set off with them for Antwerp, I permitted my repugnance to quitting the only spot where I could receive letters from Trèves to conquer every obstacle, and begged them to excuse my changed purpose. They wondered at my temerity, and probably blamed it; but there was no time for discussion, and we separated.

It was not till Tuesday, the 20th, I had certain and satisfactory assurances how complete was the victory. At the house of Madame de Maurville I heard confirmed and detailed the matchless triumph of the matchless Wellington, interspersed with descriptions of scenes of slaughter on the field of battle to freeze the blood, and tales of woe amongst mourning survivors in Brussels to rend the heart.

While listening with speechless avidity to these relations, we were joined by M. de la Tour du Pin, who is a cousin of Madame de Maurville, and who said the Duke of Wellington had galloped to Brussels from Wavre to see the Prince of Orange and inquire in person after his wounds.[1] Prince Blücher was in close pursuit of Bonaparte, who was totally defeated, his baggage all taken, even his private equipage and personals, and who was a fugitive himself, and in disguise! The Duke considered the battle to be so decisive, that while Prince Blücher was posting after the remnant of the Bonapartian army, he determined to follow himself as convoy to Louis XVIII.; and he told

[1] The Prince of Orange (see *ante*, p. 210) had commanded the army of the Netherlands at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. At Waterloo he was wounded.

M. de la Tour du Pin and the Duke de Fitzjames, whom he met at the palace of the King of Holland, to acquaint their King with this his proposal, and so beg His Majesty to set forward without delay to join him for its execution. The Duke de Fitzjames was gone already to Gand with this commission.

How daring a plan was this, while the internal state of France was so little known, while *les places fortes* were all occupied, and while the corps of Grouchy was still *intact*, and the hidden and possible resources of Bonaparte were unfathomed!

The event, however, demonstrated that the Duke of Wellington had judged with as much quickness of perception as intrepidity of valour.

'Twas to Tournay he had desired that the King of France would repair.

The Duke now ordered that the hospitals, invalids, magazines, etc., etc., should all be stationed at Brussels, which he regarded as saved from invasion and completely secure.

It is not near the scene of battle that war, even with victory, wears an aspect of felicity—no, not even in the midst of its highest resplendence of glory. A more terrific or afflicting sojourn than that of Brussels at this period can hardly be imagined. The universal voice declared that so sanguinary a battle as that which was fought almost in its neighbourhood, and quite within its hearing, never yet had spread the plains with slaughter; and though exultation cannot ever have been prouder, nor satisfaction more complete, in the brilliancy of success, all my senses were shocked in viewing the effects of its attainment. For more than a week from this time I never approached my window but to witness sights of wretchedness. Maimed, wounded, bleeding, mutilated, tortured victims of this exterminating contest passed by

every minute: the fainting, the sick, the dying, and the dead, on brancards, in carts, in waggons, succeeded one another without intermission. There seemed to be a whole and a large army of disabled or lifeless soldiers! All that was intermingled with them bore an aspect of still more poignant horror; for the Bonapartian prisoners, who were now poured into the city by hundreds, had a mien of such ferocious desperation, where they were marched on, uninjured, from having been taken by surprise or overpowered by numbers; or faces of such anguish, where they were drawn on in open vehicles, the helpless victims of gushing wounds or horrible dislocations, that to see them without commiseration for their sufferings, or admiration for the heroic, however misled enthusiasm, to which they were martyrs, must have demanded an apathy dead to all feeling but what is personal, or a rancour too ungenerous to yield even to the view of defeat. Both the one set and the other of these unhappy warriors endured their calamities with haughty forbearance of complaint. The maimed and lacerated, while their ghastly visages spoke torture and death, bit their own clothes, perhaps their flesh! to save the loud utterance of their groans; while those of their comrades who had escaped these corporeal inflictions seemed to be smitten with something between remorse and madness that they had not forced themselves on to destruction ere thus they were exhibited in dreadful parade through the streets of that city they had been sent forth to conquer. Others of these wretched prisoners had, to me, as I first saw them, the air of the lowest and most disgusting of Jacobins, in dirty tattered vestments of all sorts and colours, or soiled carters' frocks; but disgust was soon turned to pity, when I afterwards learnt that these shabby accoutrements had been cast

over them by their conquerors after despoiling them of their own.

Everybody was wandering from home; all Brussels seemed living in the streets. The danger to the city, which had imprisoned all its inhabitants except the rabble or the military, once completely passed, the pride of feeling and showing their freedom seemed to stimulate their curiosity in seeking details on what had passed and was passing. But neither the pride nor the joy of victory was anywhere of an exulting nature. London and Paris render all other places that I, at least, have dwelt in, tame and insipid. Bulletins in a few shop-windows alone announced to the general public that the Allies had vanquished and that Bonaparte was a fugitive.

I met at the Embassade an old English officer who gave me most interesting and curious information, assuring me that in the carriage of Bonaparte, which had been seized, there were proclamations ready printed, and even dated from the palace of Lachen, announcing the downfall of the Allies and the triumph of Bonaparte!

But no satisfaction could make me hear without deadly dismay and shuddering his description of the field of battle. Piles of dead!—Heaps, masses, hills of dead bestrewed the plains!

I met also Colonel Jones; so exulting in success! so eager to remind me of his assurances that all was safe!

And I was much interested in a narration made to me by a wounded soldier, who was seated in the courtyard of the Embassade. He had been taken prisoner after he was severely wounded, on the morning of the 18th, and forced into a wood with many others, where he had been very roughly used, and stripped of his coat, waistcoat, and even his shoes; but as the fortune of the day

began to turn, there was no one left to watch him, and he crawled on all-fours till he got out of the wood, and was found by some of his roving comrades.

The most common adventure of this sort, when heard at the moment of action, and from the principal in what is narrated, has an interest.

Thousands, I believe I may say without exaggeration, were employed voluntarily at this time in Brussels in dressing wounds and attending the sick beds of the wounded. Humanity could be carried no further; for not alone the Belgians and English were thus nursed and assisted, nor yet the Allies, but the prisoners also; and this, notwithstanding the greatest apprehensions being prevalent that the sufferers, from their multitude, would bring pestilence into the heart of the city.

The immense quantity of English, Belgians, and Allies, who were first, of course, conveyed to the hospitals and prepared houses of Brussels, required so much time for carriage and placing, that although the carts, waggons, and every attainable or seizeable vehicle were unremittingly in motion —now coming, now returning to the field of battle for more,—it was nearly a week, or at least five or six days, ere the unhappy wounded prisoners, who were necessarily last served, could be accommodated. And though I was assured that medical and surgical aid was administered to them wherever it was possible, the blood that dried upon their skins and their garments, joined to the dreadful sores occasioned by this neglect, produced an effect so pestiferous, that, at every new entry, eau de Cologne, or vinegar, was resorted to by every inhabitant, even amongst the shopkeepers, even amongst the commonest persons, for averting the menaced contagion.

Even the churches were turned into hospitals,

and every house in Brussels was ordered to receive or find an asylum for some of the sick.

The Boyds were eminently good in nursing, dressing wounds, making slops, and administering comfort amongst the maimed, whether friend or foe. Madame d'Henin sent her servants, and money, and cordials to all the French that came within her reach; Madame de la Tour du Pin was munificent in the same attentions; and Madame de Maurville never passed by an opportunity of doing good. M. de Beaufort, being far the richest of my friends at this place, was not spared; he had officers and others quartered upon him without mercy.

We were all at work more or less in making lint. For me, I was about amongst the wounded half the day, the *British, s'entend!* The rising in France for the honour of the nation now, and for its safety in independence hereafter, was brilliant and delightful, spreading in some directions from La Manche to La Méditerranée: the focus of loyalty was Bordeaux. Le Roi left Gand the 22nd. All Alost, etc., surrounded, followed, or preceded him. The noble Blücher entered France at Mortes le Château. "*Suivez les vite,*" he cried, "*mes enfans! ou demain nous les aurons encore sur les bras!*" *On dit* that the Duke of Wellington avowed he more than once thought the battle lost! The efforts made by Bonaparte were stupendous, and his Imperial Guards fought with a *dévouement*, an enthusiasm, that showed they thought victory and their leader must be one. It was not till six o'clock that the Duke felt his real advantage. He was everywhere in the field, and ran the most terrible risks, for which he is equally blamed and admired: but the stake was so prodigious! the victory or defeat so big with enormous consequences!

Meanwhile, to put a stop as much as possible to the alarming putrid exhalations, three thousand peasants were employed all at once in burying the heaps of dead on the plains!

This, at least, was the current account at Brussels.

It was not till June 26th that the blessed news reached me of the cessation of hostilities. Colonel Beaufort was the first who brought me this intelligence, smiling kindly himself at the smiles he excited. Next came la Princesse d'Henin, escorted by my and her highly valued M. de Lally Tolendal. With open arms that dear princess reciprocated congratulations. Madame de Maurville next followed, always cordial where she could either give or behold happiness. The Boyds hurried to me in a body to wish and be wished joy. And last, but only in time, not in kindness, came Madame la Viscomtesse de Laval, mother to the justly honoured philanthropist, or, as others—but not I—call him, bigot, M. Mathieu de Montmorency, who, at this moment, is M. le Duc de Montmorency. Madame de Laval had emigrated to England at the breaking out of the Bonapartian irruption, and was now returned to the Continent, in the hope it was extinguished.[1]

She made me a visit of considerable length, and of yet more considerable agreeability. Her conversation was peculiarly pleasing to me; her manners were mild, high bred, and dignified. She had not the vehement vivacity so usual amongst *les Femmes d'Esprit* of France, or, at least, it never burst forth when I was with her. Her observations were sagacious, and her satire, which was piquant, was too just to be ill-natured. She had a flow, not alone of words but of ideas, upon whatever topic conversation might turn. She was

[1] See *ante*, p. 213.

above all the hackneyed resources for chat, of the weather, public places, or even the news; for she was one of the very few who, in the language of my old friend Sir William Pepys, could originate a discourse.

Brussels now, which had seemed for so many days, from the unremitting passage of maimed, dying, or dead, a mere out-doors hospital, revived, or, rather, was invigorated to something above its native state; for from uninteresting tameness it became elevated to spirit, consequence, and vivacity.

On the following Sunday I had the gratification of hearing, at the Protestant chapel, the Te Deum for the grand victory, in presence of the King and Queen of the Low Countries—or Holland, and of the Dowager Princess of Orange,[1] and the young warrior her grandson.[2] This prince looked so ill, so meagre, so weak, from his half-cured wounds, that to appear on this occasion seemed another, and perhaps not less dangerous effort of heroism, added to those which had so recently distinguished him in the field. What enthusiasm would such an exertion, with his pallid appearance, have excited in London or Paris! even here, a little gentle huzza greeted him from his carriage to the chapel; and for the same short passage, back again. After which, he drove off as tranquilly as any common gentleman might have driven away, to return to his home and his family dinner.

Every hour now, in July, brought some fresh intelligence of the security of the restoration of Louis XVIII., with details of the deepest interest.

About the middle of July—but I am not clear of the date—the news was assured and confirmed of the brilliant re-enthronement of Louis XVIII.,

[1] See *ante*, p. 210. [2] See *ante*, pp. 210 and 236.

and that Bonaparte had surrendered to the English.[1]

Brussels now became an assemblage of all nations, from the rapturous enthusiasm that pervaded all to view the field of battle, the famous Waterloo, and gather upon the spot details of the immortal victory of Wellington.

Madame d'Arblay to Alex d'Arblay, Esq.

April 26, 1815.

At length, my long expecting eyes meet again your handwriting, after a breach of correspondence that I can never recollect without pain. Revive it not in my mind by any repetition, and I will dismiss it from all future power of tormenting me, by considering it only as a dream of other times. Cry "Done!" my Alex, and I will skip over the subject, not perhaps as lightly, but as swiftly as you skip over the hills of Norbury Park. I delight to think of the good and pleasure that sojourn may do you; though easily, too easily, I conceive the melancholy reflections that were awakened by the sight of our dear, dear cottage; yet your expressions upon its view lose much of their effect by being overstrained, *recherchés*, and designing to be pathetic. We never touch others, my dear Alex, where we study to show we are touched ourselves. I beg you, when you write to me, to let your pen paint your thoughts as they rise, not as you seek or labour to embellish them. I remember you once wrote me a letter so very fine from Cambridge, that, if it had not made me laugh, it would certainly have made me sick. Be natural, my dear boy, and you will be sure to please your mother without wasting your

[1] Louis XVIII. entered Paris July 3. Bonaparte surrendered to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon* at Rochefort, July 15.

time.[1] Let us know what you have received, what you have spent, what you may have still unpaid, and what you yet want. But for this last article, we both desire you will not wait our permission to draw upon your aunt,[2] whom we shall empower to draw upon Mr. Hoare in our names. We know you to have no wanton extravagances, and no idle vanity; we give you, therefore, dear Alex, *carte blanche* to apply to your aunt, only consulting with her, and begging her kind, maternal advice to help your inexperience in regulating your expenses. She knows the difference that must be made between our fortune and that of Clement;[3] but she knows our affection for our boy, and our confidence in his honour and probity, and will treat him with as much kindness, though not with equal luxury. Your father charges you never to be without your purse, and never to let it be empty. Your aunt will counsel you about your clothes. About your books we trust to yourself. And pray don't forget, when you make sleeping visits, to recompense the trouble you must unavoidably give to servants. And if you join any party to any public place, make a point to pay for yourself. It will be far better to go seldom, and with that gentlemanly spirit, than often, with the air of a hanger-on. How infinitely hospitable has been your uncle James![4] But hospitality is his characteristic. We had only insisted upon your regularity at chapel and at lectures, and we hear of your attention to them comparatively, and we are fixed to be contented *en attendant.* Don't lose courage, dear, dear Alex; the second place is the nearest to the first. I love you with all my heart and soul!

[1] In view of the transformation of Mme. D'Arblay's own later style, these maternal admonitions are not without a certain piquancy.
[2] Mrs. Broome. [3] Clement Francis, his cousin (see *ante*, p. 96).
[4] Captain Burney, now retired.

So much, my Alex, from your mother respecting yourself: let me now satisfy your own feelings in speaking of ourselves. My last told you I had had news, at length, of our best friend; and my letter from Ypres was followed by one from Menin, which told me to join him at Ostende, as he was so ill, so exhausted by the fatigues of the shortest but most laborious of campaigns, that he would take leave there of Le Roi, Louis XVIII., and by permission of Monsieur, embark to re-establish his health in England. At that time it was expected that Le Roi was at Ostende to embark himself. From Bruges, however, I had another letter—but ere I come on to the present moment, I will give you a succinct history of this painful campaign, certain that nothing upon earth can so greatly interest you. I have related already that, at two o'clock on the 19th March, we separated;[1] he then thought he was going forth to *Melun*, with a party of la maison du Roi, to join the army collecting to oppose the further progress of the invading enemy. At the *Champ de Mars* there was a general review, at which the King was present; but there, we now know, His Majesty received the fatal news of the desertion of all the troops of the line. Your father, with the artillery under his command, of the company of Luxembourg, returned to the Caserne, and thence wrote me the terrible note I have copied for you. Charles de Maubourg delivered it to me *chez son frère*.[2] I will beg your father to write you himself a brief account of the campaign, for I have been with him too little to have learnt it completely.

May 2.—Endless perplexities and difficulties have kept my pen from my hand till now, joined to an expectation of an answer to my long letter sent to you through your uncle James. I will

[1] See *ante*, p. 154.

[2] See *ante*, p. 162.

wait, however, now, no longer, to thank you for your two most welcome half sheets from Norbury Park, and to beg a full reply to the first two pages of this letter. Your dearest father has not a moment now to comply with my desire of indulging you with the narration I wish to give you; but when he has time, he will not—oh no!—want inclination. Meanwhile, I can only tell you he set out *en retraite*, about midnight, from the Château des Tuileries, with the rest of the company of the Duke of Luxembourg, and the other five companies of Grammont, de Poix, d'Auvray, Wagram, and Marmont, with les Cents Suisses, les Gardes de la Porte, les mousquetaires, etc.; in short, all *la maison du Roi*, who went himself in a carriage with le Prince de Poix, le Duc de Duras, M. de Blacas, and le Maréchal Duc de Wagram, followed by Monsieur, Le Duc de Berry, etc. The King proceeded straight to Lille, which none of la Garde du Corps could reach; for none could change horses, and many had no horses to change, and the roads were bad, and the rain poured almost continually. Your father was very unwell, indeed, when he began the journey, from the havoc made on his mind and his health by the suspensive fortnight which preceded it. Arrived at Bethune, he had just dismounted, sent his horse to be fed, and ordered an omelette, having tasted nothing but a crust of bread dipped into brandy all the route, and *bivouacked* only upon straw, in boots and spurs, and casque; but the regale had not reached his lips, when a cry of "*To arms!*" called him away, and he could not even await the return of his fine war-horse, a most beautiful animal, which he loved *à la folie*; but was obliged to mount a horse of the company, and casting off his manteau, which he thought might embarrass him in the combat, he was amongst the foremost to answer

the call. It proved, however, nugatory; a party of the *Garde Impériale* had insulted les Gardes du Corps by cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* but when, by order of the Duc de Berry, the latter would have begun an attack, they turned round and galloped off; whether, naturally, from their inferior number, or whether to draw the *Gardes du Corps* into an ambuscade, is not certain. The risk was at all events too great to be run, and the Duc desisted from the attempt. But here, through some error or mystery that has never yet been cleared, there was generally heard and understood a *Licenciement* of la maison du Roi, given by order of Monsieur and the Duc de Berry, with thanks for their devotion and services, and permission that they might return to their families and estates, if they pleased, as the King was forced to quit his kingdom for the moment, and was unable to maintain any body of troops; those, nevertheless, who were rich enough to provide for themselves, or disposed to run the chances of other provisions, His Majesty would see among his followers with great satisfaction. I need not tell you that your father unhesitatingly left all he was worth in France to pursue the call of honour, and fly from the irruption of new tyranny and usurpation. But there was no returning to Bethune, and, besides abandoning all he possessed in Paris, he now lost his horses, his war equipage, baggage, manteau, domestic, and whatever was not immediately upon his person. And in this starved, spoliated, and sleepless condition, he arrived, with difficulties all but insurmountable, at *Ypres*, where the commandant kept him *several hours* upon a bridge, in the most pouring rain, and his slight *petit uniforme*, before he would resolve upon opening the gates! He was then hardly alive; and but for a party of *L'Ecole de Droit*, who had gallantly followed the

maison on foot, he must have remained, he thinks, to perish upon his horse! but these youths helped him off, put him to bed, and waited upon him during two days, in which he was in a high fever, unremittingly and with the tenderness they would have shown to a father. Heaven bless them! With what pleasure you will hear that the whole of this noble little party have been made sous-lieutenants by *le Roi*! Everything at this moment promises prosperity to the Royal cause. Deserters, or rather adherents, arrive daily from France. Your father has just received a new commission, and is preparing to fulfil it. Alas! were his health and strength like his zeal and loyalty! When I know his destination I will write again. I am aware how great will be your impatience. Oh, durst I but press you hither! but that would be madness. Direct to *Madame de Burney, No.* 1358, *Marché aux Bois, Bruxelles.*

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO ALEX D'ARBLAY, ESQ.

BRUXELLES, *June* 12, 1815.

Your full, satisfactory, and interesting letter, or rather your five letters in one, my dearest Alex, is just arrived, and has given me the more pleasure that it arrives before my last, filled with uneasy remonstrances at your silence, had reached you; or even, perhaps, left *les Pays Bas.* I will now instantly let you see the value of your "scrawl, such as it is," by narrating all you must most want to know, and putting you, by a brief retrospection, in clear possession of your dear father's situation. You know the whole history of his accompanying *Le Roi* with *sa maison* in the retreat from Paris, begun March 19th, at midnight, or thereabouts; for to disguise the intention, the different companies of *la maison* were ordered off

at different hours, though all embodying the King. You know, too, that a particular commission from the Capitaine of his compagnie, Monsieur le Duc de Luxembourg, kept him at Brussels afterwards for some weeks, seeking horses, maps, etc. He was then summoned by the Ministre de la Guerre, le Duc de Feltre, to Gand, to receive a new and important mission, by order of the King. He there found that His Majesty had appointed ten officers of known fidelity to be fixed on ten frontier places, in order to receive, select, or recruit deserters from Bonaparte, and form them into battalions, and give an account of them to the Duc de Feltre —a post of extreme difficulty and delicacy. This is the list :—

Furnes, Vicomte de Saillant.
Courtray, Chevalier Berthier.
Kell, Le Capitaine Boissack.
Tournay, Chevalier de Gouvello.
Mons, Chevalier de la Poterie.
Namur, Marquis de Castries.
Bale, Le Comte de la Rochefoucault.
Luxembourg, Chevalier d'Arblay.
Deux-Ponts, Baron de Vassemont.
Spire, Chevalier de Guirasonne.

The Minister then named M. le Comte de Mazancourt *adjoint* to your father, and M. de Premorel his aide-de-camp. Alphonse de Premorel, son of the latter, was joined as a volunteer to the little group of which your father is chief.

Notre ami then, upon his return to Brussels, by order of the Duc de Feltre, demanded an audience of the Duke of Wellington, to concert upon measures, etc. The Duke said he would himself write upon the subject to Prince Marshal Blücher, and desired notre ami to remain here till the answer arrived. Notre ami wrote to the Marshal also himself. Nevertheless, no answer came, and

he spent ten days here vainly awaiting it. In this time, the two Messrs. de Premorel dined with us daily, and M. le Chevalier de Mazancourt occasionally. Your father, you may believe, was put immediately upon full pay, or else the whole party, ourselves included, must have made interest to dine with Duke Humphrey—a Duke of whose convivial entertainments you have perhaps never heard[1]—but your uncle James will give you the explanation when you see him; no one of ours, or of any other family, keeps a table of more hospitable contrast to that of his starving Grace.

This delay, though to me, you will believe, a secret reprieve and benediction, inquieted notre ami, and made his party impatient. He therefore sent his aide-de-camp to Gand to confer with the Duc de Feltre and the Duc de Luxembourg. The answer, however, was that Marshal Blücher's reply must be awaited, as Luxembourg was entirely under Prussian orders. At the end of a few days more, notre ami, more and more disturbed, sent off M. de Mazancourt to Liège, to endeavour to see the Marshal; and dispatched les Messrs. de Premorel *chez-eux*, which is in the duchy of Luxembourg, to pick up deserters *en attendant*. But Marshal Blücher was gone to Namur, and M. de Mazancourt wrote word that the superior officer remaining at Liège assured him the Marshal had answered the letter. M. de Mazancourt then followed, and got a conference with Prince Blücher himself, who repeated that he had answered *M. le Maréchal de Camp d'Arblay's* letter; and when M. de M. told him not a line had arrived, he gave a tremendous stamp with his foot, and uttered a little gentle volley of soft words that I leave you to conjecture. Upon this intelligence, notre ami set off at once for Liège. He sent his three horses,

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 13.

loaded with baggage of military equipment, with his servant, to go gently, and travelled himself, to save time and arrive more quickly, in the night diligence. His servant, François, is a German, of Cologne, whom he takes as interpreter; for he has another, Henri, for his horses. François had travelled with Mr. Grattan, jun., and he seems to be an excellent creature.

Notre ami had not left his forlorn and sorrowing partner two days when an order came from the Post-office, directing him to go thither, or send a public notary, to receive an official letter. I took courage to go myself, declaring who I was, and his departure. They then delivered me the so long awaited letter of Prince Marshal Blücher, which had remained three weeks at the Post-office, from a wrong direction! The mistake was discovered by accident.

Your dear father writes me word that the letter is *perfect*; polite, gentlemanlike, and *military*, yet humanely entering into your father's conciliatory mission, and promising to abet it; but declining to let him enter Luxembourg, and desiring he would go to *Trèves*. Thither he went, and there he has been ever since with his party. And I have the pleasure to inform you that he has had, upon the whole, far better success in his mission than he had expected.

You have not answered one word of all I have said of your studies, residence, etc. You will be more respected by everybody for taking a little more of Clement in your application and diligence! The *name* and *fame*, my boy, are still in your reach; but I fear you will let them pass by, and only live to regret always looking at your watch in time to see that you are too late! Your fond father, however, will not have you constrained; he thinks you required some dissipation, and is glad to

have you gain *l'usage du monde*, and make yourself friends, and enjoy, for an interval, your happy existence. From that relaxation, *he* says, you will spring into assiduity, and return to College to make a brilliant *entrée*, even after the necessary mode and fashion of the Dons themselves, since no other will lead you to independence, and a power of choice for your way of life, and for your life's partner. When young himself, he always, he says, worked harder and more profoundly after any dissipation, in order to obtain his own forgiveness and good opinion. I shall see, he pretends, that you will do the same.

P.S. June 23. — Ah, my dear Alex, what terrible times! This letter, begun the moment I had yours, has been packed up, and almost taken to Anvers, in our late affright. But all is safe *here*, now, I trust; though I have passed a fearful week, and am in pain for our dearest and best of friends. I had a letter yesterday — still from *Trèves*, but he was prepared to depart—he says not whither. He knew nothing then of the irruption of the Fléau into these parts, within nine miles of Brussels! We are now—*I am* now—for I am nearly left alone—in all the *horror* and *hope* of perpetual expectation of news. All my friends went off.

My next family letter must be to dear aunt Hetty. You, my Alex, know how and when to get another at your own pleasure.

Adieu, my son.

PART LXIV

1815

The Duke of Wellington not comprehended—His first news of Bonaparte's invasion of Belgium—Intelligence from the seat of war—Distinguished officers wounded—M. d'Arblay's commission—The fugitives from Brussels—Bonaparte and a Parisian mob—Apathy of the Belgians—Bonaparte's proposals of abdication—Proceedings in Paris—Happiness of Madame d'Arblay in the prospect of a general peace—Reports respecting the Maison du Roi—Distrust of the Belgian troops—Approach of the Second Restoration—M. d'Arblay seriously injured by a kick from a horse—Difficulties of Madame d'Arblay in procuring a conveyance to him—Delays on the journey—Cologne—Kindness of a French lady to Madame d'Arblay—Her impressions of the Rhine—Her first interview with her husband at Trèves—Their departure from Trèves—Indignation of M. d'Arblay on being stopped at the gates of Thionville by a Prussian officer—The Russians in France—The Emperor—Paris in the hands of the English—M. de Talleyrand—M. d'Arblay determines to reside with his wife and son in England.

Battle of Waterloo

Madame d'Arblay to General d'Arblay

Monday, June 19, 1815.

The sitting up all night, however little merrily, made me, I know not how, seem to have lived a day longer than real time, for I thought to-day the 20th when I finished my letter of this morning. I have now, therefore, to rectify that mistake, and

tell you that there is, therefore, no chasm in the known history of the Duke of Wellington. But, to my infinite regret, with all the great, nay marvellous feats he has performed, he is less, not more, in public favour, from not being approved, or rather, I think, *comprehended*, in the opening of this tremendous business. As I am sure the subject must be of deeper interest to you than any other, at such an instant, I will tell you all I know—all I have heard and gathered, for I *know* nothing, and add my own consequent conjectures, as soon as I have first acquainted you that I separated from the Boyds at about half past seven in the morning, too much satisfied with the news of Lord Wellington's victory to endure to distance myself still further from all I love most upon earth. They, therefore, still alarmed, went to Anvers, and I am again at the little bureau, upon which my dearest ami has sometimes written in la Marché aux Bois.

The first news the Duke of Wellington was known to receive of the invasion of les Pays Bas was at a ball at the Duchess of Richmond's. He would not break up the party, more than half of which was formed of his officers, nor suffer any interruption. Some time after, however, he went out, and when he returned distributed cards of orders to the several commanding officers. But he stayed to supper; after which fifty red-coats retired abruptly. Not so the Duke—and he is now much——

Ah, mon ami, two letters arrive at the same instant, that curtail all subjects but what belong to themselves. *Nous allons commencer!*—Heaven preserve and prosper the beloved partner of my soul! I dare enter upon nothing; I can only say the first of the two letters, written before the order of *commencer* was issued, is one of the fullest and dearest I have in my possession; and I shall read

and re-read its interesting contents with heart-felt pleasure.

Tell, tell me, my beloved ami, *where, when* you would have me remove? I will not ask *how*—I will find that out. To be nearer to you—to hear more frequently—oh, what a solace!

But I fear making some mistake, without a direction more positive. If the King fixes in Germany, there is no doubt we shall have our mutual communications far more readily and safely than by my remaining in any other place.

The Prince Hereditary of Orange[1] has been wounded, and the Duke of Wellington has galloped hither to see him.

Napoleon, in complete *déroute*, is returning to Paris; and he has lost all his baggage.

Almost all la maison du Roi is now come hither from Alost. It is supposed to be embodied for La Vendée.

Oh what times! I dare not write upon them. I dare but hope, and pray, and love, oh heaven, how tenderly!—Adieu, adieu!

The maimed, wounded, bleeding, fainting, arrive still every minute. There seems a whole, and a large army of mutilated soldiers. Jerome[2] is said to be killed, and Vandamme[3] to have lost both legs. Our loss is yet incalculable.

Every creature that was moveable is gone to Anvers, or England, but myself; but my intense desire not to lose ground or time in my letters made me linger to the last, and now, thank Heaven, all danger here is at an end, and all fugitives are returning.

The Imperial Guard is almost annihilated. They

[1] See *ante*, p. 210.

[2] Jérôme Buonaparte, King of Westphalia, 1784-1860. He was wounded at Quatre Bras, but fought at Waterloo.

[3] Dominique-Joseph-René Vandamme, Comte d'Unebourg, 1770-1830. He does not appear to have been wounded at Waterloo.

fought like demons. Napoleon cried out continually to them, the prisoners say, "À Bruxelles, mes enfans! à Bruxelles! à Bruxelles!"

They were reported one day to be actually arrived here. I never saw, never, indeed, felt such consternation. Not only money, jewels, and valuables of pecuniary sorts were shut up, but *babies* from the arms of their terrified mothers and nurses. I flew out myself, to take refuge in the apartments of Madame de Maurville, and I never witnessed such horror and desolation.

I have left this for a word at the last minute. This is *Wednesday, June 21st.* I shall hold myself in readiness to follow your instructions, but not move without them, as this great immortal victory may change them. Everybody is expected back again here, to await the issue of the entrance into France. But I have now positive news to give you of the King, who is not to go to Bareuth, but to Tournay; and thence, as fast as an opening can be made for him, into France itself. I have this immediately from a person to whom the commission was *half* given: *half*, I say, for the Duke of Wellington spoke it to *two*: but the one who is to carry it to Gand is Monsieur le Duc de Fitzjames. It is Monsieur de la Tour du Pin who himself told it me yesterday at Madame de Maurville's. It is now thought the *maison du Roi* will accompany His Majesty.

Mr. Kirkpatrick tells me Murat is dead of his wounds;[1] Vandamme lost his two thighs, and is dead also; Jerome died of a cannon-ball at once. Poor M. de Vincent, the Austrian, has a ball still in his arm, which they cannot extract.[2] Lord Fitzroy Somerset has an arm shot off;[3] Lord

[1] Joachim, Prince Murat, King of Naples, 1767-1815. He was not at Waterloo.

[2] See *ante*, p. 223.

[3] Lord Fitzroy James Henry Somerset, first Baron Raglan, 1788-1855, afterwards Commander-in-Chief in the Crimean War.

Uxbridge a leg.[1] Col. Hamilton is killed. Lobau is here a prisoner. I shall continue to write all the particulars I can gather. It has been the most bloody battle that ever was fought, and the victory the most entire.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

Brussels, *June* 25, 1815.

'Tis a solace indeed—at a period of unintermitting alarm and incertitude for what is most dear to me upon earth—'tis indeed a solace to hear the voice of happiness, and to hear it from a source that makes it vibrate through every terror to my heart. My beloved friend's letter of the 29th May reached me only a week ago—just, just before this last affrighting, afflicting, murderous invasion. I began a letter immediately, but ere I had sent it these new horrors arrived, and it was packed up with my small luggage for Antwerp.

But before I go on with myself, let me first do that which you will first desire, speak of my other *moitié*. I told you our history to our last separation, which took him to *Liège*. Thence he passed to *Trèves*, where he has been stationed ever since. His mission is to receive, and examine, etc., deserters from Bonaparte; les fidèles, plutôt, au Roi; a business of infinite delicacy, so many are the spies and emissaries that are ready to insinuate themselves on this side, to gather information under every possible form and pretence. However, to serve the cause and the King in whatever manner it may be prescribed, is the fullest desire of M. d'Arblay. Nine other officers[2] have the

[1] Henry William Paget, second Earl of Uxbridge, and first Marquis of Anglesey, 1768-1854. He commanded the cavalry and horse-artillery at Waterloo.

[2] See *ante*, p. 250.

same commission, all upon frontier towns. This station he has never quitted, though he has made various efforts to place himself more actively. But his mission has been successful, and I, you will easily believe, am well contented it has not been changed. Le Comte de Gouvello, husband to Lady Crewe's friend, has the same mission at Tournay.[1] At *Mons*—whither now all the royal family are going—M. d'Auvergne has just been sent on the same errand, to replace M. le Comte de la Poterie.[2] M. d'Arblay has an aide-de-camp, an adjoint, and a volunteer officer of the maison du Roi, compagnie de Luxembourg, always with him —and others occasionally. This small party, of which he is chief, follow his suggestions and directions in aiding his purpose. His table is theirs; and he is therefore, you will justly conclude, upon full pay: otherwise — with two domestics, four horses, a *voiture de campagne* (*i.e.* a half cart), and, as the superior officer at Trèves, in active service for Louis XVIII., forced to innumerable *convenable* expenses—otherwise he must try to make debts for which, there, he could make no credit. And, indeed, the expenses of such situations are so great, that unless some happy *suite* takes place, he will be apt, in the end, to say to those who have thus distinguished him, like Swift to Harley and Bolingbroke—

> Well, friends, since you have done your worst,
> Pray leave me—where you found me first.

He, however, while able to go on at all, thinks not, at this awful period, either of gain or loss. The cause, so good; his country, so culpable and unhappy—these alone are the subjects that occupy his mind. And his letters upon the latter, on the devastation he sees preparing all around him, are as

[1] See *ante*, p. 250. [2] See *ante*, p. 250.

melancholy as mine are from my perpetual apprehensions for his personal safety. He has written and printed a proclamation, inviting his countrymen to join him, which is to be thrown by every means into France, and which he has signed with his name. This I think much too rash—so does Monsieur de Lally, who has signed his own, but who is away from the frontiers, and not military, nor engaged in the scene of hostilities. You must have been pleased, I am sure, with the manifesto of M. de Lally, from whom I had a visit but lately. He resides at Ghent, near the King, but comes occasionally to Brussels. Everybody ran away at the late invasion—Madame d'Henin, Madame la Tour du Pin and her daughter, Mademoiselle, and her married daughter Madame de Liedekerke, the Boyd family, and in short every person I know except Madame de Maurville, who determined to wait the event. For myself, I began the flight; but after sitting up all Sunday night in a house whence I was to depart at four in the morning surrounded by my little packets—for baggage here have I none—the carriage failed the party with which I was to travel; and at seven o'clock an English officer who came to conduct us to a barge that was to take us to Antwerp, told me Bonaparte would have too much to do to be at Brussels that day (Monday the 19th). "Then he will not come at all," I cried; "for if he cannot take Brussels by a *coup de main* at once, to stay another day will be to risk Paris; for the Allies will enter France in his absence." On this presumption I ventured to return, packets and all, to my apartments, though my friends went on. And here I am, though in a most unpleasant, unsettled state.

I was somewhat entertained by the recital of a gentleman just come from Paris that reached me. Bonaparte had again given out his expectations of

the arrival of his Empress and son: a mob gathered round the Tuileries, shouting, "*Vive l'Impératrice! Vive Marie Louise!*" till he appeared at the window, to thank them, saying she was not yet arrived, but he doubted not would soon come. A wag among the crowd suddenly sung to his next neighbour, "*Va-t-en voir s'elle vient, Jean!*"—the neighbour repeated the verse—it was caught by a third; and presently became a chorus, which Bonaparte could not help hearing, as, looking furious with indignation, he shut his window. But the chorus was too general to be dangerous; there was no one, two, ten, twenty, or fifty to be marked and arrested, and therefore all laughed, but all sung on, and all escaped with impunity.

June 26.—I have now just had a letter from M. d'Arblay, dated June 19th, in which he expects orders to move every minute; but when he had not heard of the invasion of *les Pays Bas*. The odd slowness and apathy, or philosophy, of these perfectly good and worthy, sleepy souls, is really astonishing.

P.S.—We know the victory of the Duke of Wellington quite complete—and Bonaparte hopeless. But what else is to ensue—whether civil war, alas! or what—all here are ignorant.

Madame d'Arblay to General d'Arblay

Bruxelles, ce blessed Lundi,
June 26, 1815.

Why have I not a balloon to be the first to tell you this enchanting news!—or, rather, wings to fly to you with it myself! Bonaparte has yielded to Lord Wellington!

The particulars—how, which way, etc.—are told too variously for building upon their correctness; but the fact seems undoubted:—seems, I am compelled to say, for nothing official has been here

printed. The sleepiness of this quiet and good, but most drowsy and humdrum people, exceeds belief, especially when I consider *que les Francs et les Belges* came from one parent stock, *i.e.* the *Germains.*

Oh mon ami! will not peace now revisit us? My hand shakes, and my spirits are agitated past description, with an inward fear that all this will not be confirmed. Oh for an English Gazette!

The whole city, in spite of its apathy, looked smiling, and even, some few, grinning with contented joy, as I walked out early. I except some others, evidently and gloomily overset; but these last are few. The people of this house and every shopkeeper had heard the news, though without any positive authority.

But about noon I had a visit from M. de Beaufort, who came, kindly smiling himself, to bring me the first of the news. He had just learnt it at the commandant's, Colonel Jones. His account was, that Bonaparte had sent to the Duke propositions by an officier général:—1st, to abdicate in favour of his son and a regency; or, 2ndly, in favour of Prince Eugene, the great favourite of the Emperor of Russia; or, 3rdly, in favour of the Duke of Orleans.

The Duke sent him word he must yield at discretion, or fight: he had nothing to do with *abdicating*, for he was nothing! He *had* already abdicated when he was Emperor.

The army then sent a deputation, demanding a truce for sparing the further effusion of human blood.

The Duke answered, their King might spare it when reseated on his throne; but that FOR THEM, and FROM THEM, the application was now too late.

After all this, in the park, whither I went to breathe an instant at its epoch of real emptiness, five o'clock, I met our old friend *le voisin, M. de Boursac.*[1] *Le Voisin* tells me le Duc de Bourbon has been all this time in Spain, but is now certainly in La Vendée. M. d'Angoulême was still in Spain at the last news. He had escaped the same day that we did; but *ces dames sont toujours à Paris.* I believe he is with M. le Prince de Condé. He told me further news:—That in *les chambres* various voices had demanded army intelligence, and where was the Emperor. At first the ministers present said les nouvelles were not mauvaises, and the *Empereur* was with his army; but being hard and hardily pressed, Carnot acknowledged *all to be bad*, and the Emperor in Paris! After much discussion, contention, and violence, a majority took imperious lead, and declared Bonaparte *déchu.*

A committee was then formed to make a proposal to the Allies. Three took the lead, and said they would offer any sacrifice to recover peace—resign the Emperor, become a republic, take another and new form of government, or revert to a free monarchy—*anything* for peace, except reinstating the late power! Oh mon ami! I hope this is exaggerated; and surtout that it is false, entirely false, that one of these three is one of our most valued friends, M. de la Fayette!

Difficulties, contrarieties, factions, mischiefs, we must expect and meet with fortitude; but one voice, clear and universal, in a chorus angelical cries, affirms, and confirms, that the armies fight no more!

If you were to see me in this happy, happy moment, you would not know me. I have not felt so blithe since . . . since when?—since the

[1] See *ante*, p. 209.

evening you came home from the first short and frightful campaign; when happiness, after long, long journeying elsewhere, suddenly and sweetly made me a visit.

Tuesday, June 27.—I have again seen M. de Boursac, and I have been to the Boyds, but no *new* news is afloat to-day. The King is at Château Cambresis, under the immediate protection of Lord Wellington, whose proclamation, if I can possibly procure, I will copy for you to-morrow early. How amusing, that on the 21st you should not have heard at Trèves of the invasion of les Pays Bas! I am truly sorry for General Kleist;[1] but oh, how happy to think and hope *you* still at Trèves!

Wednesday, June 28.—I cannot get the proclamation till next post! I hope it will reach you otherwise. I have no room to relate the pourquoi, for I have another thing to tell you. I inquired of our voisin how it happened that you had received no order to move, when one of your colleagues, M. de Castres,[2] certainly had, since he had been at Bruxelles. He answered me, that M. de Castres had received no order, for he had seen him, and believed he was even here still; but when the French arrived, or were undoubtedly arriving before Namur, he came away of his own accord, as a thing of course, and of common sense, since, had he been taken, he must instantly have been shot by the Bonapartists on account of his mission; and that without serving any purpose, as he had no troops, and no command. The maison du Roi is, or is to be, *dissoute*. I asked what was become of its members? He replied, those who had leave or orders accompanied the King: the others addressed M. de Feltre, and waited where was most *conven-*

[1] Count Kleist von Nollendorf, 1762-1823, a Prussian General.
[2] ? Castries (see *ante*, p. 250).

able for directions. But all, of all descriptions, have left Gand. At Alost there is still a depôt. With respect to the person *fusillé* for M. de L——'s *manifesto*,[1] it was M. de L—— himself who told it me; but happily it has proved a misinformation. Nothing at this moment must be quite credited but upon *proof*: is it not, therefore, that you quite credit the tender faith of your unalterable F. B. D'A.?

Madame d'Arblay to a Friend

Bruxelles, *July* 3, 1815.

How is it that my dear —— can thus on one side be fascinated by the very thing that, on the other, revolts her? How be a professed and ardent detester of tyranny, yet an open and intrepid admirer of a tyrant? Oh, had you spent, like me, ten years within the control of his unlimited power, and under the iron rod of its dread, how would you change your language, by a total reverse of sentiment! Yet was I, because always inoffensive, never molested; as safe there, another would say, as in London; but you will not say so; the safety of deliberate prudence, or of retiring timidity, is not such as would satisfy a mind glowing for freedom like yours: it satisfies, indeed, no mind, it merely suffices for bodily security. It was the choice of my companion, not of my taste, that drew me to such a residence. Personally, for the reason I have assigned, I was always well treated, and personally I was happy: but you know me, I am sure, better than to suppose me such an egotist as to be really happy or contented where corporal liberty could only be preserved by mental forbearance, *i.e.* subjection.

[1] Lally Tollendal (see *ante*, p. 260).

The panic impressed upon all the inhabitants, whether natives or visitors, by the late invasion, and its consequences, would have cured any one not absolutely incurable, of a revolutionary taste; and you are too fair and too liberal ever wilfully to blind yourself against visible facts, or to resist powerful conviction. The Belgians have for so many centuries been accustomed to sanguinary conflicts, and violent or mercenary change of masters, that I really thought, from the placid state in which, when seeking here an asylum, I found them, that they were utterly indifferent to the result of the neighbouring struggle, and would just as willingly fall again into the hands of Bonaparte as not. They never, of their own accord, opened upon the subject, nor considered or treated us poor fugitives but as common visitors. I imagined they had gone through too many political changes to deem one or two, more or less, an addition worth ruffling their serenity. And Bonaparte, whether from hearing of this passive philosophy, or whether from motives yet unknown, certainly expected not merely that they would not oppose, but that they would join him. This idea, with respect to the Belgian troops, was indeed, spread, most alarmingly, here. The Duke of Wellington was warned by several persons not to trust them; and it is generally understood that he determined they should neither be trusted in front, lest they should join the enemy; nor in the rear, lest they should run away from their friends. Nevertheless, when the day of battle arrived, I found I had taken the calm of their natures for indifference to their fate; for when a cry was shouted through the streets that the French were come!—that *Bonaparte et les Français étaient à la porte de la ville*—the consternation that ensued, the horror that was depicted on every countenance,

showed they were alive at least to the evils that menaced themselves—and how few, how very few, are really awake to any other! We do not appear to be asleep, because our eyes are wide open; but dormant lies every feeling that belongs to whatever is not animated, in some shape or other, by self; except in the very, very few whom Nature has gifted—or condemned—"to feel for others' woes."

It is now within three days of two months since I last saw M. d'A. He has been sent upon a mission of the King's, first to Liège, next to Luxembourg, and then to Trèves, where he has passed six weeks: he has now left it, but I know not yet for what other destination. You will not believe me very tranquil in the ignorance; but I am tranquil in nothing during this wandering, houseless, emigrant life. This is no siècle for those who love their home, or who have a home to love. 'Tis a siècle for the adventurous, to whom Ambition always opens resources; or for the New, who guess not at the catastrophes that hang on the rear, while the phantom Expectation allures them to the front.

The second restoration seems now fast advancing. I have just had a letter from the quartier-général of the King from *Royê*, written by a friend in the King's suite, who says His Majesty has been received there with enthusiasm. I, you well know, must hear that with pleasure, for my only consolation during the tremendous conflicts, and eternally varying prospects, in which of late I have lived, has been that the principles and feelings of M. d'A. have coincided with his duty. You were quite right "not to have had a doubt as to the line he would pursue": belonging to the *maison du Roi*, and having always refused to support Bonaparte, he must not only have been perfidious,

but incomprehensible, to have hesitated. I am extremely glad, therefore, you would take no measure for my affairs but with my concurrence; for whoever, at that period, remained in Paris, and in power, must both think and act so very differently from M. d'A., that he would have been offended to have owed to them a benefit. He is *très* what those on the other side the question call *exalté*; and oh, what painful scenes must we go through if we get back to our deserted home! You will wonder to hear me say *if*—prosperous as all now seems; but the changes which this country has for so long a time gone through, have been so astonishing, so sudden, so unexpected, that they take away at least all presumption, if not all confidence in public transactions. The various parts, from various circumstances as well as propensities, taken upon the late eruption of Mount Corsica, will have severed asunder half the families amongst my best friends! In particular, she who is most dear to me—a very sister in tender affection, useful friendship, and endearing sympathy — will stand between two brothers, each equally loved by her, who have decidedly and actively taken two opposite sides![1]

Narrative—*continued*

On the 19th of July 1815, during the ever memorable Hundred Days,[2] I was writing to my best friend, when I received a visit from la Princesse d'Henin and Colonel de Beaufort, who entered the room with a sort of precipitancy and confusion that immediately struck me as the effect of evil tidings which they came to communicate. My ideas instantly flew to the expectation of new

[1] Mme. de Maisonneuve (see *ante*, p. 160).
[2] The Hundred Days were from March 20 to *June* 28, not July.

public disaster, when Madame d'Henin faintly pronounced the name of M. d'Arblay. Alarmed, I turned from one to the other in speechless trepidation, dreading to ask, while dying to know what awaited me. Madame d'Henin then said, that M. de Beaufort had received a letter from M. d'Arblay: and I listened with subdued, yet increasing terror, while they acquainted me that M. d'Arblay had received on the calf of his leg a furious kick from a wild horse, which had occasioned so bad a wound as to confine him to his bed; and that he wished M. de Beaufort to procure me some travelling guide, that I might join him as soon as it would be possible with safety and convenience.

But what was my agony when I saw that the letter was not in his own hand! I conjured them to leave me, and let me read it alone. They offered, the one to find me a clever femme de chambre, the other to inquire for a guide to aid me to set out, if able, the next day; but I rather know this from recollection than from having understood them at the time: I only entreated their absence; and, having consented to their return in a few hours, I forced them away.

No sooner were they gone, than, calming my spirits by earnest and devout prayer, which alone supports my mind, and even preserves my senses, in deep calamity, I ran over the letter, which was dated the fourth day after the wound, and acknowledged that three incisions had been made in the leg unnecessarily by an ignorant surgeon, which had so aggravated the danger, as well as the suffering, that he was now in bed, not only from the pain of the lacerated limb, but also from a nervous fever! and that no hope was held out to him of quitting it in less than a fortnight or three weeks.

I determined not to wait, though the poor sufferer himself had charged that I should, either for the femme de chambre of Madame d'Henin or the guide of M. de Beaufort, which they could not quite promise even for the next day; and to me the next hour seemed the delay of an age. I went, therefore, to order a chaise at six on the road to Luxembourg.

The answer was, that no horses were to be had!

Almost distracted, I flew myself to the inn; but the answer was repeated! The route to Luxembourg, they told me, was infested with straggling parties, first, from the wandering army of Grouchy, now rendered pillagers from want of food; and next, from the pursuing army of Prussians, who made themselves pillagers also through the rights of conquest. To travel in a chaise would be impracticable, they assured me, without a guard.

I now resolved upon travelling in the diligence, and desired to secure a place in that for Triers (Trèves).

There was none to that city!

"And what is the nearest town to Triers, whence I might go on in a chaise?"

"Luxembourg."

I bespoke a place . . . but was told that the diligence had set off the very day before, and that none other would go for six days, as it only quitted Brussels once a week.

My friend the Baroness de Spagen next told me that, if travel I would, I had but to go by Liège, which, though not a direct, was the only safe road; that then she would put me under the protection of her brother-in-law, the Comte de Spagen, who was himself proceeding to that city by the ensuing night-coach.

I accepted this kindness with rapture. I flew

myself to the book-keeper I had so abruptly quitted, and instantly secured a place in the Liège diligence for night; and I was taking leave of my hosts, a Brussels fiacre being at the door, laden with my little luggage, when I was told that Le Roi, the confidential servant of Madame d'Henin, besought to speak a word to me from his mistress. He told me that the Princesse was quite miserable at my hazardous plan, which she had gathered from Madame de la Tour du Pin, and that she supplicated me to postpone my purpose only till the next day, when I should have some one of trust to accompany me.

I assured him that nothing now could make me risk procrastination, but begged him to still the fears of the excellent Princesse by acquainting her I should be under the protection of the Comte de Spagen.

I arrived at the inn . . . after this last unprepared-for impediment, three or four minutes too late!

What was the fermentation of my mind at this news! A whole week I must wait for the next diligence, and even then lose the aid and countenance of le Comte de Spagen.

Le Roi, who, through some short cut of footpaths and alleys, had got to the inn before me, earnestly pressed me, in the style of the confidential old servants of the French nobility, to go and compose myself *chez la Princesse*. Even my host and hostess had pursued to wish me again good-bye, and now expressed their warm hopes I should return to them. But the book-keeper alone spoke a language to snatch me from despair, by saying my fiacre might perhaps catch the diligence two miles off, in the Allée Verte, where it commonly stopped for fresh passengers or parcels.

Eagerly I promised the coachman a reward if he could succeed, and off he drove. The diligence was at the appointed place, and that instant ready to proceed!

I rushed into it with trepidation of hurry, and when more composed, I was eager to find out which of my fellow-travellers might be the Comte de Spagen; but I dared risk no question. I sat wholly silent.

We arrived at Liège about nine in the morning. I now advanced to the book-keeper, and made inquiries about the Comte de Spagen.

He had arrived in the earlier coach, and . . . was gone on in some other to his estates.

As calmly as was in my power, I then declared my purpose to go to Trèves, and begged to be put on my way.

I was come wrong, the book-keeper answered; the road was by Luxembourg.

And how was I to get thither?

By Brussels, he said, and a week hence, the diligence having set off the day before.

Alas, I well knew that! and entreated some other means to forward me to Triers.

He replied that he knew of none from Liège; but that if I would go to Aix, I might there, perhaps, though it was out of the road, hear of some conveyance; but he asserted it was utterly impossible I could leave Liège without a passport from the Prussian police-office, where I should only and surely be detained if I had not one to show from whence I came.

This, happily, reminded me of the one I had from M. de Jaucourt in Paris, and which was fortunately, though accidentally, in my hand-basket.

Arrived at Aix, I earnestly inquired for a conveyance to Trèves: none existed! nor could I

hear of any at all, save a diligence to Juliers, which was to set out at four o'clock the next morning.

To lose thus a whole day, and even then to go only more north instead of south, almost cast me into despair. But redress there was none, and I was forced to secure myself a place to Juliers, whence, I was told, I might get on.

At any more tranquil period I should have seized this interval for visiting the famous old cathedral and the tomb of Charlemagne; but now I thought not of them; I did not even recollect that Aix-la-Chapelle had been the capital of that Emperor. I merely saw the town through a misty, mizzling rain, and that the road all around it was sandy and heavy, or that all was discoloured by my own disturbed view.

I laid down, in a scarcely furnished apartment, without undressing. I suffered no shutter or curtain to be closed, lest I should lose my vehicle; and such was my anxiety, that at three o'clock, by my own watch, I descended to inquire if we were not to set off. I wandered about by the twilight of a season that is never quite dark, but met no one. I returned to my chamber, but, always in terror of being forgotten, descended again in a quarter of an hour, though still without success. An hour, says Dr. Johnson, may be tedious, but it cannot be long: four o'clock at last struck, and I ran into a vehicle then ready in the courtyard of the Auberge.

I found myself alone, which, at first, was a great relief to my mind, that was overburthened with care and apprehension, and glad of utter silence. Ere long, however, I found it fed my melancholy, which it was my business rather to combat; and I was not, therefore, sorry when a poor woman with a child was admitted from the

outside through the charity of the coachman, as the rain grew heavier.

At Juliers we stopped at a rather large inn, at the head of an immensely long market-place. It was nearly empty, except where occupied by straggling soldiers, poor, lame, or infirm labourers, women, and children. The universal war of the Continent left scarcely a man unmaimed to be seen in civil life. The women who met my eyes were all fat, with very round and very brown faces. Most of them were barefooted, nay, bare-legged, and had on odd small caps, very close round their visages. The better sort, I fancy, at that critical time, had hidden themselves or fled the town.

We entered Cologne through an avenue, said to be seven miles in length, of lime-trees. It was evening, but very light, and Cologne had a striking appearance, from its magnitude and from its profusion of steeples.

The better sort of houses were white and looked neat, though in an old-fashioned style, and elaborately ornamented. But, between the ravages of time and of war, the greater part of them seemed crumbling away, if not tumbling down.

But while I expected to be driven on to some *auberge*, a police-officer, in a Prussian uniform, came to the coach-door, and demanded our passports. My companion made herself known as a native, and was let out directly. The officer, having cast his eye over my passport, put his head through the window of the carriage, and, in a low whisper, asked me whether I were French?

French by marriage, though English by birth, I hardly knew which to call myself; I said, however, "*Oui.*" He then, in a voice yet more subdued, gave me to understand that he could serve me. I caught at his offer, and told him I earnestly desired

to go straight to Trèves, to a wounded friend. He would do for me what he could, he answered, for he was French himself, though employed by the Prussians. He would carry my passport for me to the magistrate of the place and get it signed without my having any further trouble; though only, he feared, to Bonn, or, at farthest, to Coblentz, whence I might probably proceed unmolested. He knew also, and could recommend me to a most respectable lady and gentleman, both French, and under the Prussian hard gripe, where I might spend the evening *en famille*, and be spared entering any *auberge*.

He conducted me, in silence, passing through the cloisters, to a house not far distant, and very retired in its appearance. Arrived at a door at which he knocked or rang, he still spoke not a word; but when an old man came to open it, in a shabby dress, but with a good and lively face, he gave him some directions in German and in a whisper, and then, entrusted with my passport, he bowed to me and hurried away.

The old man led me to a very large room, scarcely at all furnished. He pulled out of a niche a sort of ebony arm-chair, very tottering and worn, and said he would call Madame, for whom he also placed a *fauteuil*, at the head of an immense and clumsy table. I was then joined by an elderly gentlewoman, who was led in ceremoniously by a gentleman still more elderly. The latter made me three profound obeisances, which I returned with due imitation, while the lady approached me with good breeding, and begged me to take my seat.

The old man then, who I found was their domestic, served the tea. I know not whether this was their general custom, or a compliment to a stranger. But when we had all taken some, they

opened into a little conversation. It was I, indeed, who began, by apologising for my intrusion, and expressing at the same time my great relief in being spared going to an auberge, alone as I was; but I assured them that the gentleman who had brought me to their dwelling had acted entirely by his own uninfluenced authority.

They smiled or rather tried to smile, for melancholy was seated on their countenances in its most fixed colours; and they told me that person was their best friend, and lost no opportunity to offer them succour or comfort. He had let them know my situation, and had desired they would welcome and cheer me. Welcome me, the lady added in French, they did gladly, since I was in distress; but they had little power to cheer me, involved as they were themselves in the depths of sorrow.

Sympathy of compassion soon led to sympathy of confidence; and when they heard to whom I belonged, and the nature of my terrible haste, they related their own sad history. Death, misfortune, and oppression had all laid on them their iron hands; they had lost their sons while forcibly fighting for a usurpation which they abhorred; they had lost their property by emigration; and they had been treated with equal harshness by the Revolutionists because they were suspected of loyalty, and by the Royalists because their children had served in the armies of the Revolutionists. They were now living nearly in penury, and owed their safety and peace solely to the protection of the officer who had brought me to them.

With communications such as these, time passed so little heavily, however sadly, that we were ill-disposed to separate; and eleven o'clock struck, as we sat over their economical but well-served and well-cooked little supper, ere the idea of retiring was mentioned. They then begged me to go to

rest, as I must be at the diligence for Coblentz by four o'clock the next morning.

To another large room, nearly empty except the old, high, and narrow bed, the domestic now conducted me, promising to call me at half-past three o'clock in the morning, and to attend me to the diligence.

I did not dare undress; I tied my watch, which was a small repeater, round my wrist, and laid down in my clothes—but to strike my watch, and to pray for my beloved invalid, and my safe restoration to him, filled up, without, I believe, three minutes of repose, the interval to my conductor's return.

At half-past three we set out, after I had safely deposited all I durst spare, where my disinterested, but most poor host would inevitably find my little offering, which, if presented to him, he would probably have refused. I never heard his name, which he seemed studious to hold back; but I have reason to think he was of the ancient provincial noblesse. His manners, and those of his wife, had an antique etiquette in them that can only accord with that idea.

The walk was immensely long; it was through the scraggy and hilly streets I have mentioned, and I really thought it endless. The good domestic carried my luggage. The height of the houses made the light merely not darkness; we met not a creature; and the painful pavement and barred windows, and fear of being too late, made the walk still more dreary.

I was but just in time; the diligence was already drawn out of the inn-yard, and some friends of the passengers were taking leave. I eagerly secured my place; and never so much regretted the paucity of my purse as in my inability to recompense as I wished the excellent domestic whom I now quitted.

I found myself now in much better society than I had yet been, consisting of two gentlemen, evidently of good education, and a lady. They were all German, and spoke only that language one to another, though they addressed me in French as often as my absorption in my own ruminations gave any opening for their civility.

And this was soon the case, by my hearing them speak of the Rhine; my thoughts were so little geographical that it had not occurred to me that Cologne was upon that river; I had not, therefore, looked for or perceived it the preceding evening: but upon my now starting at the sound of its name, and expressing my strong curiosity to behold it, they all began to watch for the first point upon which it became clearly visible, and all five with one voice called out presently after, "*Ah, le voilà!*" But imagination had raised expectations that the Rhine, at this part of its stream, would by no means answer. It seemed neither so wide, so deep, so rapid, nor so grand as my mind had depicted it; nor yet were its waters so white or bright as to suit my ideas of its fame.

At last my heart became better tuned. I was now on my right road; no longer travelling zig-zag, and as I could procure any means to get on, but in the straight road, by Coblentz, to the city which contained the object of all my solicitude.

And then it was that my eyes opened to the beauties of nature; then it was that the far-famed Rhine found justice in those poor little eyes, which hitherto, from mental pre-occupation, or from expectations too high raised, had refused a cordial tribute to its eminent beauty; unless indeed its banks, till after Bonn, are of inferior loveliness. Certain it is, that from this time till my arrival

at Coblentz, I thought myself in regions of enchantment.

At first, we had constantly *The Seven Mountains* to form a noble repose for our eyes as the boundary of the principal prospect; afterwards, the Rhine and its banks, which constituted our road, made the whole of the valley, while stately rocks of striking forms, and hanging woods of exquisite beauty, invited on one side our gaze and admiration; and prospects eternally diversifying varied our delighted attention on the other. Now, mounting some steep ascent, we saw this fine river winding perpendicularly beneath us; now descending again, the rocks and woods seemed to embower us. Almost every eminence was crowned with an ancient castle or fortress, whose falling turrets and scattered fragments gave as great a charm to the scene as they caused, on the other hand, sorrow, resentment, and even horror to the reflections; for these ruins were not the inevitable effect of all-conquering, irresistible time, to which we all bow, but of wanton, aggressive, invading war, and of insatiable ambition.

From Coblentz to Trèves I was two days travelling, though it might with ease have been accomplished in less than half that time.

We no longer journeyed in any diligence that may be compared with one of France or of England, but in a queer German carriage, resembling something mixed of a coach, a chaise, and a cart.

At Trèves, at length, on Monday evening, the 24th of July, 1815, I arrived in a tremor of joy and terror indescribable. But my first care was to avoid hazarding any mischief from surprise; and my first measure was to obtain some intelligence previously to risking an interview. It was now six days since any tidings had reached me. My

own last act in leaving Brussels had been to write a few lines to M. de Premorel, my General's aide-de-camp, to announce my journey, and prepare him for my arrival.

I now wrote a few lines to the valet of Monsieur d'Arblay, and desired he would come instantly to the inn for the baggage of Madame d'Arblay, who was then on the road.

Hardly five minutes elapsed ere François,[1] running like a racehorse, though in himself a staid and composed German, appeared before me.

How I shook at his sight with terrific suspense! The good-natured creature relieved me instantly—though with a relief that struck at my heart with a pang of agony—for he said that the danger was over, and that both the surgeons said so.

He was safe, I thanked God! but danger, positive danger had existed! Faint I felt, though in a tumult of grateful sensations: I took his arm, for my tottering feet would hardly support me; and M. de Premorel, hastening to meet me at the street-door, told me that the General was certain I was already at Trèves; I therefore permitted myself to enter his apartment at once.

Dreadfully suffering, but still mentally occupied by the duties of his profession, I found him. Three wounds had been inflicted on his leg by the kick of a wild horse, which he had bought at Trèves, with intent to train to military service. He was felled by them to the ground. Yet, had he been skilfully attended, he might have been completely cured! But all the best surgeons, throughout every district, had been seized upon for the armies; and the ignorant hands into which he fell aggravated the evil, by incisions hazardous, unnecessary, and torturing.

[1] See *ante*, p. 252.

The Adjoint of M. d'Arblay, M. le Comte de Mazancourt, had been sent to Paris by M. d'Arblay, to demand leave and passports for returning to France, the battle and peace of Waterloo having ended the purpose for which he had been appointed by Louis XVIII., through the orders of the Maréchal Duc de Feltre, Minister at War, to raise recruits from the faithful who wished to quit the Usurper.

My poor sufferer had been quartered upon M. Nell, a gentleman of Trèves; but there was no room for me at M. Nell's, and I was obliged—most reluctantly—to be conducted to an hotel at some distance. But the next day M. d'Arblay entered into an agreement with Madame de la Grange, a lady of condition who resided at Trèves, to admit me to eat and lodge at her house, upon the pic-nic plan, of paying the overplus of that expense I should cause her, with a proper consideration, not mentioned, but added by my dear General, for my apartment and incidental matters. This sort of plan, since their ruin by the Revolution, had become so common as to be called fashionable amongst the aristocratic noblesse, who were too much impoverished to receive their friends under their roofs but by *community* of fortune during their junction. Every morning after breakfast one of the family conducted me back to M. Nell's, where I remained till the hour of dinner, when M. Godefroy de Premorel commonly gave me *le bras* for returning, and François watched for me at the end of the repast. This was to me a cruel arrangement, forcing my so frequent absences; but I had no choice.

It was not till after reiterated applications by letter, and by MM. de Mazancourt and Premorel in person, that my poor General could obtain his letters of recall; though the re-establishment of

Louis XVIII. on his throne made the mission on the frontiers null, and though the hapless and helpless state of health of M. d'Arblay would have rendered him incapable of continuing to fulfil its duties if any yet were left to perform. The mighty change of affairs so completely occupied men's minds, as well as their hands, that they could work only for themselves and the present: the absent were utterly forgotten. The Duc de Luxembourg, however, at length interfered, and procured passports with the ceremonies of recall.

On the morning of our departure from Trèves, all the families of Nell and La Grange filled the courtyard, and surrounded the little carriage in which we set out, with others, unknown to me, but acquainted with the General, and lamenting to lose sight of him—as who that ever knew him failed doing? M. de Mazancourt and the De Premorels had preceded us. The difficulty of placing the poor wounded leg was great and grievous, and our journey was anything but gay; the cure, alas, was so much worse than incomplete! The spirits of the poor worn invalid were sunk, and, like his bodily strength, exhausted; it was so new to him to be helpless, and so melancholy! After being always the most active, the most enterprising, the most ingenious in difficulty and mischance, and the most vivacious in conquering evils, and combating accidents;—to find himself thus suddenly bereft not only of his powers to serve and oblige all around him, but even of all means of aiding and sufficing to himself, was profoundly dejecting; nor, to his patriot-heart, was this all: far otherwise. We re-entered France by the permission of foreigners, and could only re-enter at all by passports of All the Allies! It seemed as if all Europe had freer egress to that country than its natives!

Yet no one more rejoiced in the victory of Waterloo—no one was more elated by the prospect of its glorious results: for the restoration of the monarchy he was most willing to shed the last drop of his blood. But not such was the manner in which he had hoped to see it take place; he had hoped it would have been more spontaneous, and the work of the French themselves to overthrow the usurpation. He felt, therefore, severely shocked, when, at the gates of Thionville, upon demanding admittance by giving his name, his military rank, and his personal passport, he was disregarded and unheard by a Prussian sub-officer—a Prussian to repulse a French general, in the immediate service of his King, from entering France! His choler rose, in defiance of sickness and infirmity; but neither indignation nor representation were of any avail, till he condescended to search his portefeuille for a passport of All the Allies, which the Duc de Luxembourg had wisely forwarded to Trèves, joined to that of the Minister at War. Yet the Prussian was not to blame, save for his uncourteous manners: the King of France was only such, at that moment, through Blücher and Wellington.

One feeling of a softer and compensating sort my poor traveller was indulged with, however, almost the next minute—he was suddenly recognised by a favourite old friend, M. de Serre; and a most affecting yet delightful meeting took place. They had not seen each other since the Revolution; and though only brought together by accident, they knew not how to separate; such fullness of matter occurred to both, equally on past events and future prospects. M. de Serre was one of the most pleasing, the best bred, and most amiable of men.

Three or four days, I think, we passed at Metz, where the General put himself into the hands of a

surgeon of eminence, who did what was now to be done to rectify the gross mismanagement at Trèves. In this time I saw all that was most worth remark in the old and famous city of Metz. But all looked dreary and abandoned; as everywhere during my journey. Nothing was yet restored, for confidence was wanting in the state of things. Wellington and Blücher, the Lords of the Ascendant, seemed alone gifted with the power of foreseeing, as they had been instrumentally of regulating, events.

Not long after, I forget exactly where, we came under new, yet still foreign masters—the Russians; who kept posts, like sentinels, along the highroad, at stated distances. They were gentle and well behaved, in a manner and to a degree that was really almost edifying. On the plains of Chalons there was a grand Russian encampment. We stopped half a day for rest at some small place in its neighbourhood; and I walked about, guarded by the good François, to view it. But, on surveying a large old house, which attracted my notice by a group of Russian officers that I observed near its entrance, how was I struck on being told by François, that the Emperor of all the Russias was at that moment its inhabitant! At the entrance of the little gate that opened the palisade stood a lady with two or three gentlemen. There was no crowd, and no party of guards, nor any sign of caution or parade of grandeur, around this royally honoured dwelling. And, in a few minutes, the door was quietly opened and the Emperor came out, in an undress uniform, wearing no stars nor orders, and with an air of gay good humour, and unassuming ease. There was something in his whole appearance of hilarity, freedom, youthfulness, and total absence of all thought of state and power, that would have led me much sooner to suppose him a jocund young Lubin, or country

esquire, than an emperor, a warrior, or a statesman.

The lady curtsied low, and her gentlemen bowed profoundly as he reached the group. He instantly recognised them, and seemed enchanted at their sight. A sprightly conversation ensued, in which he addressed himself chiefly to the lady, who seemed accustomed to his notice, yet to receive it with a species of rapture. The gentlemen also had the easy address of conscious welcome to inspirit them, and I never followed up a conversation I could not hear, with more certainty of its being agreeable to all parties. They all spoke French, and I was restrained only by my own sense of propriety from advancing within hearing of every word; for no sentinel, nor guard of any kind, interfered to keep the few lookers-on at a distance.

This discourse over, he gallantly touched his hat and leaped into his open carriage, attended by a Russian officer, and was out of sight in a moment.

How far more happy, disengaged, and to his advantage, was this view of His Imperial Majesty, than that which I had had the year before in England,[1] where the crowds that surrounded, and the pressure of unrestrained curiosity and forwardness, certainly embarrassed, if they did not actually displease him!

At *Meaux* I left again my captive companion for a quarter of an hour to visit the cathedral of the sublimely eloquent Bossuet. In happier moments I should not have rested without discovering and tracing the house, the chamber, the library, the study, the garden which had been as it were sanctified by his virtues, his piety, his learning, and his genius: and oh, how eagerly, if *not* a captive, would my noble-minded companion have been my conductor!

[1] See *ante*, p. 126.

A new change again of military control soon followed, at which I grieved for my beloved companion. I almost felt ashamed to look at him, though my heart involuntarily, irresistibly palpitated with emotions which had little, indeed, in unison with either grief or shame; for the sentinels, the guards, the camps, became English.

All converse between us now stopped involuntarily, and as if by tacit agreement. M. d'Arblay was too sincere a loyalist to be sorry, yet too high-spirited a freeman to be satisfied. I could devise nothing to say that might not cause some painful discussion or afflicting retrospection, and we travelled many miles in pensive silence—each nevertheless intensely observant of the astonishing new scene presented to our view, on re-entering the capital of France, to see the vision of Henry V. revived, and Paris in the hands of the English!

I must not omit to mention that, notwithstanding this complete victory over Bonaparte, the whole of the peasantry and common people, converse with them when or where or how I might during our route, with one accord avowed themselves utterly incredulous of his defeat. They all believed he had only given way in order that he might come forward with new forces to extirpate all opposers, and exalt himself on their ashes to permanent dominion.

On the eve of setting out for England, I went round to all I could reach of my intimate acquaintance, to make—as it has proved—a last farewell!

M. de Talleyrand came in to Madame de Laval's drawing-room during my visit of leave-taking. He was named upon entering; but there is no chance he could recollect me, as I had not seen him since the first month or two after my marriage, when he accompanied M. de Narbonne and M. de Beaumetz to our cottage at Bookham. I could not

forbear whispering to Madame de Laval, how many *souvenirs* his sight awakened! M. de Narbonne was gone, who made so much of our social felicity during the period of our former acquaintance;[1] and Mr. Lock was gone, who made its highest intellectual delight;[2] and Madame de Staël, who gave it a zest of wit, deep thinking, and light speaking, of almost unexampled entertainment;[3] and my beloved sister Phillips,[4] whose sweetness, intelligence, grace, and sensibility won every heart; these were gone, who all, during the sprightly period in which I was known to M. Talleyrand, had almost always made our society. Ah! what parties were those! how select, how refined though sportive, how investigatingly sagacious though invariably well-bred!

Madame de Laval sighed deeply, without answering me, but I left M. de Talleyrand to Madame la Duchesse de Luynes, and a sister of M. le Duc de Luxembourg, and another lady or two, while I engaged my truly amiable hostess, till I rose to depart: and then, in passing the chair of M. de Talleyrand, who gravely and silently, but politely, rose and bowed, I said, "M. de Talleyrand m'a oublié: mais on n'oublie pas M. de Talleyrand."[5] I left the room with quickness, but saw a movement of surprise by no means unpleasant break over the habitual placidity, the nearly imperturbable composure of his *made-up* countenance.

Our journey was eventless, yet sad; sad, not solely, though chiefly, from the continued sufferings of my wounded companion, but sad, also, that I quitted so many dear friends, who had wrought

[1] *D.* 1813 (see *ante*, p. 96). [2] *D.* 1810 (see *ante*, p. 64).
[3] Mme. de Staël did not die until 1817 (see *post*, p. 324).
[4] *D.* 1800.
[5] Talleyrand, at this date, was, for the second time, Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis XVIII.

themselves, by innumerable kindnesses, into my affections, and who knew not, for we could not bring ourselves to utter words that must have reciprocated so much pain, that our intended future residence was England. The most tender and generous of fathers had taken this difficult resolution for the sake of his son, whose earnest wish had been repeatedly expressed for permission to establish himself in the land of his birth. That my wishes led to the same point, there could be no doubt, and powerfully did they weigh with the most disinterested and most indulgent of husbands. All that could be suggested to compromise what was jarring in our feelings, so as to save all parties from murmuring or regret, was the plan of a yearly journey to France.

PART LXV

1815–16–17

Arrival of M. and Madame d'Arblay in England—Madame de Staël's *Germany*—Madame d'Arblay's son at Cambridge—Blücher and Wellington—Honours accorded to M. d'Arblay by his Sovereign on retiring from his service—The English abroad—Sentence by the French courts on Sir R. Wilson and his associates—Sale of the Streatham portraits—General d'Arblay visits France to return thanks for his promotion—Character of his son—General d'Arblay leaves him the choice of studying in England or entering upon a military career in France—Madame d'Arblay's preference of Bath—Her son about to take a degree at Cambridge—Indisposition of General d'Arblay—Theatrical reminiscences—Visit to Mrs. Piozzi—Old friends—Ilfracombe—A Spanish vessel—Her captain, doctor, and cook—Appearance of ships in a storm—Indisposition of General d'Arblay at Paris.

1815

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock and Mrs. Angerstein

Dover, *Oct.* 18, 1815.

Last night, my ever dear friends, we arrived once more in Old England.

I write this to send the moment I land in London. I cannot boast of our health, our looks, our strength; but I hope we may recover a part of all when our direful fatigues, mental and corporeal, cease to utterly weigh upon and wear us.

We shall winter in Bath. The waters of Plombières have been recommended to my poor *boiteux*, but he has obtained a *congé* that allows this change. Besides his present utter incapacity for military service, he is now unavoidably on the *retraite* list, and the King of France permits his coming over, not alone without difficulty, but with wishing him a good journey, through the Duc de Luxembourg, his captain in the *Gardes du Corps*.

Adieu, dearest both!—Almost I embrace you in dating from Dover. Had you my letter from Trèves? I suspect not, for my melancholy new history would have brought your kind condolence: or, otherwise, *that* missed *me*. Our letters were almost all intercepted by the Prussians while we were there. Not one answer arrived to us from Paris, save by private hands.

My kindest love to my dear Lady Martin.[1] I waited a happy moment to write her my congratulations. Alas! I have been persecuted by disaster almost from the time I left England. Flights, illness, terrors, and grievous accidents have followed, or met me at every step.

With the year 1816 a new section of Madame d'Arblay's correspondence may be said to commence in her letters to her son, the late Rev. A. d'Arblay, who was then pursuing his studies at Caius College, Cambridge. It has been thought advisable to be more sparing in publication from this, than from the earlier portions of Madame d'Arblay's correspondence. Without, however, a few of these letters to her son, "the child of many hopes,"[2] this picture of her mind, with all its tenderness, playfulness, and sound sense, would scarcely be complete.

[1] Lady [George] Martin, formerly Miss Augusta Locke.
[2] Alexander D'Arblay died January 19, 1837.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

Bath, *February* 15, 1816.

Incredible is the time I have lost without giving in that claim which has never been given in vain for news of my own dear friend; but I have been—though not ill, so continually unwell, and though not, as so recently, in disordered and disorganising difficulties, yet so incessantly occupied with small, but indispensable occupations, that the post hour has always gone by to-day to be waited for to-morrow. Yet my heart has never been satisfied—I don't mean with itself, for with that it can never quarrel on this subject,—but with my pen—my slack, worn, irregular, fugitive, fatigued, yet ever faithful, though never punctual pen. My dearest friend forgives, I know, even that; but her known and unvarying lenity is the very cause I cannot forgive it myself.

We have had our Alexander for six weeks; he left us three days ago, and I won't tell my dear friend whether or not we miss him. He is precisely such as he was—as inartificial in his character, as irregular in his studies. He cannot bring himself to conquer his disgust of the routine of labour at Cambridge; and while he energetically argues upon the innocence of a preference to his own early practice,[1] which he vindicates, I believe unanswerably, with regard to its real superiority, he is insensible, at least forgetful, of all that can be urged of the mischiefs to his prospects in life that must result from his not conquering his inclinations. I have nearly lost all hope of his taking the high degree adjudged to him by general

[1] He had studied mathematics in Paris according to the analytical method, instead of the geometrical, which was at that time exclusively taught at Cambridge [*Mrs. Barrett's note*].

pectation at the University, from the promise of his opening.

Of old friends here, I have found stationary, Mrs. Holroyd,[1] and Mrs. Frances[2] and Harriet Bowdler.[3] Mrs. Holroyd still gives parties, and tempted me to hear a little *medley music*, as she called it. Mrs. F. Bowdler lives on Lansdowne Crescent, and scarcely ever comes down the hill; Mrs. Harriet I have missed, though we have repeatedly sought a meeting on both sides; but she left Bath for some excursion soon after my arrival. Another new resident here will excite, I am sure, a more animated interest—Mrs. Piozzi.

The Bishop of Salisbury,[4] my old friend, found me out, and came to make me a long and most amiable visit, which was preceded by Mrs. F——, and we *all* spent an evening with them very sociably and pleasantly. F. B. D'A.

Postscript by General d'Arblay

Non, non, chère et très chère Madame; vous ne devez rien ajouter à l'adresse de votre ancienne amie. Voilà le titre auquel ma compagne et moi nous attachons et attacherons toujours le plus grand prix. Quant à celui de *Comte* que j'ai reçu dans la dernière mission dont le Roi m'a honoré, de même que dans le passeport que m'a fait expédier son ministre pour me rendre ici, je n'en ai fait usage que pendant le cours de cette même mission, qui, par l'événement, c'est-à-dire, par l'entêtement qu'y a mis Blücher, dont je n'ai, malgré cela, eu qu'à me louer personnellement, a été beaucoup

[1] Lord Sheffield's sister (see *ante*, vol. iv. p. 371).
[2] See *ante*, i. p. 330.
[3] Sister of Thomas Bowdler, 1754-1825 (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 20 and *post*, p. 310).
[4] John Fisher, 1748-1825, translated from Exeter to Salisbury in 1807.

moins importante qu'elle n'eut dû l'être, et qu'elle ne l'eut été effectivement, si le vieux Pandour eut pensé comme mon héros, le Duc de Wellington. Le Duc de Luxembourg et moi aurions eu, sans cela, l'honneur d'accompagner ce dernier à Waterloo, car j'avois déjà terminé avec les Prussiens tout ce dont j'avois été chargé. Pour revenir au titre de Comte, ce n'est point par suite d'un diplome ni par un brevet particulier que je l'ai reçu, mais uniquement par une sorte d'usage de l'ancienne régime, et les 99me au moins des gentilshommes Français qui s'en targuent, n'ont pas d'autres titres. Je ne crois pas qu'il en existe vingt à qui dans un procès on ne pût la faire quitter comme ne provenant point d'une terre portant leur nom et qui a été érigée en Comté.

Pardon mille et mille fois pour ce long éclaircissement. J'ajouterai que sa Majesté, en m'accordant le titre et les prérogatives, honneurs, etc., de Lieutenant Général de ses armées, comme une preuve de sa satisfaction, a fait beaucoup plus que je n'aurois demandé, et que même je n'aurois voulu accepter, si j'avois pu continuer mes services. Il a par là recompensé mon zèle et ce que j'aurois voulu faire, plutôt que ce que j'ai fait réellement.

Que de rémercimens ne vous devons-nous pas pour toutes vos bontés pour Alex! mais si j'entamois une fois le chapitre des obligations que je vous ai, je ne finirois jamais!!!

Madame d'Arblay to her Son

Bath, *Friday, April* 2, 1816.

. . . . . .

The Oppositionists, and all their friends, have now a dread of France, and bend their way to Italy. But the example now given at Paris, in

the affairs of Messrs. Wilson and Co.,[1] that Englishmen are as amenable to the laws and customs of the countries which they inhabit, as foreigners while in England are to ours, will make them more careful, both in spirit and conduct, than heretofore they have deemed it necessary to be, all over the globe. It is a general opinion that there will be a great emigration this summer, because John Bull longs to see something beyond the limited circumference of his birthright; but that foreign nations will be now so watchful of his proceedings, so jealous of his correspondence, and so easily offended by his declamation or epigrams, that he will be glad to return here, where liberty, when not abused, allows a real and free exercise of true independence of mind, speech, and conduct, such as no other part of the world affords.

I am truly happy not to be at Paris at such a juncture; for opinions must be cruelly divided, and society almost out of the question. Our letters all confess that scarcely one family is *d'accord* even with itself. The overstraining royalists make moderate men appear Jacobins. The good King must be torn to pieces between his own disposition to clemency, and the vehemence of his partisans against risking any more a general amnesty. All that consoles me for the length of time required for the cure of your padre's leg is the *consequence*, in its keeping off his purposed visit. A cold has forced him to relinquish the pump till to-day, when he is gone to make another essay. He is so popular in Bath, that he is visited here by everybody that can make any pretext for

[1] This (see also *post*, pp. 296 and 297) is a reference to the trial, at Paris, in April 1816, of Major-General Sir Robert Thomas Wilson, Captain J. Hely Hutchinson of the Guards, and Mr. Michael Bruce, upon a charge of favouring the escape of the Comte de Lavalette, a Napoleonic general condemned to death. They were sentenced by the Court of Assize of the Department of the Seine to three months' imprisonment. There is an account of the proceedings in the *Annual Register* for 1816, p. 329 *et seq.*

calling. I have this moment been interrupted by a letter to invite me with my "bewitching husband" to a villa near Prior Park. He is not insensible to the kindness he meets with; *au contraire*, it adds greatly to his contentment in the steadiness of a certain young sprig that is inducing him here to plant his final *choux*; and the more, as we find that, as far as that sprig has been seen here, he, also, has left so favourable an impression, that we are continually desired to introduce him, on his next arrival, wherever we go.

Your kind father, upon your last opening of "All here is well," instantly ran down stairs, with a hop, skip, and a jump, and agreed to secure our pretty lodgings for a year.

General d'Arblay to his Son

Friday, April 5, 1816.

Je te remercie de ma part, mon cher Alexandre, de l'exactitude avec laquelle tu nous as tenu parole jusqu'à présent.

J'ai lu avec plaisir dans les journaux, que les quatre régicides de la Convention, qui s'étaient flattés de trouver un réfuge en Angleterre, ont reçu l'ordre d'en sortir. D'un autre coté la voix publique m'apprend qu'à la suite d'un repas donné par Sebastiani à Cambacérès, on a porté, *avec enthousiasme*, dit-on, la Santé de Napoléon. Je sais ce que c'est qu'un rassemblement de jeunes gens, et à quoi entrainent souvent ces sortes de parties. Néanmoins, je suis sans inquiétude; parceque je te crois assez raisonnable pour être sûr de ta conduite en pareil cas. Mon attachement pour la personne du Roi, et ma position, ne me permettent pas d'en douter un instant; et d'ailleurs je sais que tes amis qui sont instruits de l'un et de l'autre, doivent te sauver tout embarras à cet égard.

Ceux qui ne se plaisent que dans le désordre, et qui affectaient de mépriser une bonté qu'ils taxaient de foiblesse, donnent à présent les noms les plus odieux à la conduite contraire, et veulent faire passer pour une tirannie insupportable ce qui n'est que l'effet d'une fermeté que les circonstances rendent indispensable ! ! ! J'espère que notre ami Jones est encore à Cambridge, et Mr. Herschel, et Mr. Jacob.[1] Dieu soit en aide !—Amen !

Madame d'Arblay to her Son

Bath, *April* 30, 1816.

The three chevaliers[2] have all been condemned as culpable of aiding a state-criminal to escape, but not accused of any conspiracy against the French Government. They are, therefore, sentenced merely to three months' imprisonment.

Certainly, if their logic were irrefutable, and if the Treaty of Paris included the royal pardon with the amnesty accorded by the allied generals, then, to save those who ought not to have been tried would have been meritorious rather than illegal ; but the King had no share in that treaty, which could only hold good in a military sense, of security from military prosecution or punishment from the Allies. These *Allies*, however, did not call themselves *conquerors*, nor take Paris, nor judge the Parisians ; but so far as belonged to a capitulation, meant, on both sides, to save the capital and its inhabitants from pillage and the sword. Once restored to its rightful monarch, all foreign interference was at an end. Having been seated on the throne by the nation, and having never *abdicated*, though he had been chased by rebellion from his kingdom, he had never forfeited

[1] See *post*, p. 307.

[2] See *ante*, p. 294.

his privilege to judge which of his subjects were still included in his original amnesty, and which had incurred the penalty or chances of being tried by the laws of the land; and by them, not by royal decree, condemned or acquitted.

A false idea seems encouraged by all the King's enemies, that his amnesty ought to have secured pardon to the condemned: the amnesty could only act up to the period when it was granted and accepted; it could have nothing to do with *after*-offences.

I am grieved to lose my respect and esteem for a character I had considered so heroical as that of Sir R. Wilson; but to find, through his intercepted correspondence,[1] that the persecution of the Protestants was to be asserted, true or false, to blacken the reigning dynasty . . . to find this truly *diabolic* idea presented to him by a brother of whom he speaks as the partner of all his thoughts, etc., has consumed every spark of favour in which he was held throughout the whole nation, except, perhaps, in those whom party will make deaf and blind for ever to what opposes their own views and schemes. I do not envy Lord Grey for being a third in such an intercourse, an intercourse teeming with inventive plots and wishes for new revolutions!

Your uncle has bought the picture of my dearest father at Streatham.[2] I am truly rejoiced it will come into our family, since the collection for which it was painted is broken up. Your uncle has also bought the Garrick,[3] which was one of the most agreeable and delightful of the set. To what recollections, at once painful and pleasing, does

[1] The French Government obtained possession of a correspondence addressed by Sir B. Wilson to his brother Edward and to Earl Grey, which established the connection of the three gentlemen concerned with Lavalette's escape.

[2] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 458.

[3] This now belongs to Archdeacon Burney of Surbiton. Dr. Charles Burney gave £183 : 15s. for it at the sale in May 1816.

this sale give birth! In the library, in which those pictures were hung, we always breakfasted; and there I have had as many precious conversations with the great and good Dr. Johnson as there are days in the year. *Dr. Johnson* sold the highest of all! 'tis an honour to our age, that!—£360![1] My dear father would have been mounted higher, but that his son Charles was there to bid for himself, and, everybody must have seen, was resolved to have it. There was besides, I doubt not, a feeling for his lineal claim and pious desire.

Madame d'Arblay to a Friend

Bath, *August* 17, 1816.

I have been in a state of much uncertainty and disturbance since I wrote last with respect to one of the dearest possible interests of life, the maternal: the uncertainty, however, for this epoch is over, and I will hasten to communicate to you its result, that I may demand further and frequent accounts of your own plans, and of their execution or change, success or failure. All that concerns you must to me always be near and dear.

General d'Arblay is gone to France, and here at Bath rest *sa femme et son fils.* There was no adjusting the excursion but by separation. Alexander would have been wilder than ever for his French mathematics in revisiting Paris; and, till his degree is taken, we must not contribute to lowering it by feasting his opposing pursuits with fresh nourishment. M. d'Arblay nevertheless could by no means forego his intention, which a thousand circumstances led him to consider as right. He could not, indeed, feel himself perfectly *à sa place*

[1] In *Piozziana*, 1833, the price paid by the purchaser of the Johnson, Mr. Watson Taylor, is given as £378. The picture afterwards belonged to Sir R. Peel.

without paying his devoirs to his King, notwithstanding he has been put by His Majesty himself, not by his own desire, *en retraite*. The exigencies of the treasury demand this, for all who are not young enough for vigorous active service; but his wounded leg prevented his returning thanks sooner for the promotion with which the King finished and recompensed his services; and therefore he deems it indispensable to present himself at the foot of the throne for that purpose now that he is able to "*bear his body more seemly*" (like Audrey) in the royal presence. He hopes also to arrange for receiving here his half-pay, when sickness or affairs or accident may prevent his crossing the Channel. Choice and happiness will, to his last breath, carry him annually to France; for, not to separate us from his son, or, in the bud of life, to force that son's inclination in fixing his place or mode of residence, alone decides his not fixing there his own last staff. But Alexander, young as he left that country, has seen enough of it to be aware that no line is open there to ambition or importance, but the military, most especially for the son of an officer so known and marked for his military character: and I need not tell you that, with my feelings and sentiments, to see him wield a sword that could only lead him to renown by being drawn against the country of *his* birth and of *mine*, would demolish my heart, and probably my head; and, to believe in any war in which England and France will not be rivals, is to entertain Arcadian hopes, fit only for shepherds and shepherdesses of the drama.

Equally, I fear, would be romantic all expectation of a really permanent peace, though I am persuaded we shall certainly enjoy a long one.

Enjoy, did I say? What do we enjoy? Every seeming and coveted good only arrives, only is granted, to be transformed into evil.

Madame d'Arblay to General d'Arblay

Bath, *October* 28, 1816.

Certainement, et très certainement, mon bien cher ami, your beautiful strictures upon *la connoissance* et *l'usage du monde* would have given "*un autre cours à mes idées*" were the object of our joint solicitude less singular; but our Alexander, mon ami, dear as he is to us, and big as are my hopes *pour l'avenir*, our Alexander is far different from what you were at his age. More innocent, I grant, and therefore highly estimable, and worthy of our utmost care, and worthy of the whole heart of her to whom he shall permanently attach himself. But oh, how far less *aimable*! He even piques himself upon the difference, as if that difference were to his advantage. He is a medley of good qualities and of faults the most extraordinary and the most indescribable. Enfin, except in years, in poetry, and in mathematics, *il n'est encore qu'un enfant.*

Were he so only as to *la connoissance*, et même *l'usage du monde*, I should immediately subscribe to the whole of your really admirable dissertation upon the subject in the letter now before me, for I should then sympathise in your idea that a lovely young companion might mould him to her own excellence, and polish him to our wishes; but oh, *nous n'en sommes pas là!* When he is wholly at his ease, as he is at present, with his mother, and as he would soon inevitably be with his wife, he is so uncouth, so negligent, and absent, that his frightened partner would either leave him in despair to himself, or, by reiterated attempts to reason with him, lose her bridal power, and raise the most dangerous dissensions. He exults rather than blushes in considering himself ignorant of all that belongs to common life, and of everything that is deemed useful. Even in mathematics he disdains

whatever is not abstract and simply theoretical. "*Trouble I hate*" he calls his motto. You will easily conceive that there are moments, nay, days, in which he is more reasonable; I should else be hopeless: nor will he ever dare hold such language to *you*; but it is not less the expression of his general mind. Sometimes, too, he wishes for wealth, but it is only that he might be supine. Poor youth! he little sees how soon he would then become poor! Yet, while thus open to every dupery, and professedly without any sense of order, he is so fearful of ridicule, that a smile from his wife at any absurdity would fill him with the most gloomy indignation. It does so now from his mother.

A wife, I foresee you will reply, young and beautiful, *sera bien autre chose*; mais je crois que vous vous trompez: a mistress, a bride—oui! a mistress, and a bride would see him her devoted slave; but in the year following year, when ardent novelty is passed away, a mother loved as I am may form much judgment what will be the lot of the wife, always allowing for the attractions of reconciliation which belong exclusively to the marriage state, where it is happy.

Nevertheless, I am completely of your opinion, that a good and lovely wife will ultimately soften his asperity, and give him a new taste for existence, by opening to him new sources of felicity, and exciting, as you justly suggest, new emulation to improvement, when he is wise enough to know how to appreciate, to treat, and to preserve such a treasure. But will four months fit him for beginning such a trial? Think of her, mon ami, as well as of *him*. The "responsibility" in this case will be yours for both, and exquisite would be your agony should either of them be unhappy. A darling daughter—an only child, nursed in the lap

of soft prosperity—sole object of tenderness and of happiness to both her parents; rich, well-born, stranger to all care, and unused to any control; beautiful as a little angel, and (be very sure) not unconscious she is born to be adored; endowed with talents to create admiration, independently of the *éclat* of her personal charms, and indulged from her cradle in every wish, every *fantaisie*. . . . Will such a young creature as this be happy with our Alexander after her bridal supremacy, with the extacy of his first transports, are on the wane? That a beauty such as you describe might bring him, even from a first interview, to her feet, notwithstanding all his present prejudices against a French wife, I think probable enough, though he now thinks his taste in beauty different from yours; for he has never, he says, been struck but by a commanding air. All beauty, however, soon finds its own way to the heart. But could any permanent amendment ensue, from working upon his errors only through his passions? Is it not to be feared that as *they*, the passions, subside, the errors would all peep up again? And she, who so prudently has already rejected a nearly accepted *prétendant* for his want of order!!! (poor Alexander!)—how will she be content to be a monitress, where she will find everything in useful life to teach, and nothing in return to learn? And even if *he* endure the perpetual tutoring, will not *she* sicken of her victories ere he wearies of his defeats?

And will Alexander be fit or willing to live under the eye, which he will regard as living under the subjection, of his wife's relations? In this country there is no notion of that mode of married life; and our proud Alexander, the more he may want counsel and guidance, will the more haughtily, from fearing to pass for a baby, resent them. Let

me add, that nothing can be less surprising than that he should have fixed his own expectation of welfare in England. Recollect, mon ami, it is now nearly three years ago since you gave him, in a solemn and beautiful letter, his choice between Cambridge and *la compagnie* de Luxembourg, into which you had entered him; saying that your position exacted that you should take your son back to serve, or *not at all*. You have certainly kept his definitive answer, from which he has never wavered. And, again, only at your last departure, this August, you told us positively that you could not take your son to France at twenty-one years of age with any honour or propriety but to enter him in the army. I would else, you know, have shut myself up with him in some cottage *au Lys*, merely for the great pleasure of accompanying you.

Alexander, therefore, now annexes an idea of degradation to a residence non-military in France. He would deem himself humbled by the *civil* place at which you hint, even if you could bring him, which I doubt above all, to submit to its duties. He regards himself, from peculiar circumstances, as an established Englishman (though born of a French father), with your own full consent, nay, by your own conditions. I by no means believe he will ever settle out of England, though he delights to think of travelling.

And such, mon ami, appeared to be your own sentiments when we parted, though they are changed now, or overpowered by the new view that is presented to you of domestic felicity for Alexander. I have written thus fully, and after the best meditation in my power, according to your desire; and every reflection and observation upon the subject, and upon Alexander, unites in making me wish, with the whole of my judgment

and feeling at once, to keep back, not to forward, any matrimonial connection, for years, not months, unless months first produce the change to his advantage I dare only expect from years.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

Bath, *November* 10, 1818.

. . . . . .

I wish to live at Bath, wish it devoutly: for at Bath we shall live, or no longer in England. *London* will only do for those who have *two* houses, and of the *real country* I may say the same; for a cottage, now Monsieur d'Arblay cannot, as heretofore, brave all the seasons, to work, and embellish his wintry hours, by embellishing *anticipatingly* his garden, would be too lonely, in so small a family, for the long evenings of cold and severe weather: and would lose us Alexander half the year, as we could neither expect nor wish to see him begin life as a recluse from the world. Bath, therefore, as it eminently agrees with us all, is, in England, the only place for us, since here, all the year round, there is always town at command, and always the country for prospect, exercise, and delight.[1]

[1] A letter, dated "Bath, March 27, 1817," from Mrs. Whalley to her husband (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 328) gives a glimpse of Madame d'Arblay at Bath:—"Since I wrote last, I have had the pleasure of a visit from Madame d'Arblay. Indisposition in her family, and on my part, had prevented our meeting before. At last she came alone, and a hard rain kept her for an hour and a half. She was extremely entertaining, and, I think, very amiable in her manners. She talked a great deal of Madame de Staël, and on many other amusing subjects. I understand she has given up writing romances, but is now engaged in arranging a variety of papers which old Dr. Burney left, chiefly consisting of his correspondence with literary characters of his time. But it will be two years at least before this mass can be assorted and prepared for the press. General D'Arblay I have never seen. Mrs. Holroyd tells me, that he has been very handsome, and is very clever. The poor man is now a miserable object with the jaundice; and I fear they are far from comfortable in their circumstances, and are living with the greatest economy, to enable them to support their son genteelly at the University" (*Memoirs of Mr. Whalley*, 1863, ii. 441). At this date the D'Arblays were living in Stanhope Street, Bath.

Therefore, my dear friend, not a word but in favour of Bath, if you love me. Our own finishing finale will soon take root here, or yonder; for Alex will take his degree in January, and then, his mind at liberty, and his faculties in their full capacity for meditating upon his lot in life, he will come to a decision what mountain he shall *climb*, upon which to fix his staff; for all that relates to worldly prosperity will to him be uphill toil, and labour. Never did I see in youth a mind so quiet, so philosophic, in mundane matters, with a temper so eager, so impetuous, so burningly alive to subjects of science and literature. The Tancred Scholarship is still in suspense. The Vice-Chancellor is our earnest friend, as well as our faithful Dr. Davy,[1] but the trustees have come to no determination; and Alex is my companion—or rather, I am Alex's flapper—till the learned doctors can agree. At all events, he will not come out *in Physic*; we shall rather enter him at another college, with all the concomitant expenses, than let him, from any economy, begin his public career under false colours. When he entered this institution, I had not any notion of this difficulty; I was ignorant there would be any objection against his turning which way he pleased when the time for taking the degree should arrive.[2]

I am now in almost daily hope of the return of my voyager. His last letter tells me to direct no more to Paris.

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[1] Master of Caius (see *ante*, p. 85).

[2] See *ante*, pp. 85 and 92. The Tancred studentships are of two kinds, in Physic and in Divinity. To hold the former the man must be at Caius; to hold the latter, at Christ's. Alexander D'Arblay was entered at Caius, and kept several terms there; but could not pretend that he was studying medicine, and it was therefore supposed that he was out of it. But he obtained the Divinity scholarship, and had to transfer himself to Christ's, where he was admitted, December 28, 1816, and whence he graduated in 1818 as tenth Wrangler. (Information supplied by Dr. E. S. Shuckburgh, the Librarian and Historian of Emmanuel College).

After this time General d'Arblay made frequent journeys to Paris.

Madame d'Arblay to her Son

Bath, *Friday, April* 25, 1817.

Why, what a rogue you are! four days in town! As there can be no scholarship—hélas! it matters not; but who knew that circumstance when they played truant? Can you tell me that, hey! Mr. Cantab.? Why you *dish* me as if I were no more worth than Paley or Newton, or such like worthies!

Your dear Padre is very considerably better, *surtout* in his looks, but by no means re-established; for cold air—too much exertion—too little—and all sorts of nourishment or beverage that are not precisely adapted to the present state of the poor shattered frame, produce instant pain, uneasiness, restlessness, and suffering. Such, however, is the common condition of convalescence, and therefore I observe it with much more concern than surprise; and Mr. Hay[1] assures me all is as well as can possibly be expected after so long and irksome an illness.

> The scholarship is at an end—
> So much for that!

Pretty cool, my friend!

Will it make you double your diligence for what is *not* at an end? hey, mon petit monsieur?

But I am sorry for your disappointment in the affair you mention, my dear Alex: though your affections were not so far engaged, methinks, but

[1] On May 13, 1785, a Dr. Alexander Hay of Bath was, with his wife, witness to the marriage, at St. Michael's Church, of Byron's father, "mad Jack Byron," with his second wife, Miss Gordon of Gight, in Aberdeenshire. This *may* have been M. d'Arblay's Mr. Hay, or his son (see *post*, under November 9, 1817).

that your *amour propre* is still more *blessé* than your heart! hey? However, 'tis a real loss, though little more than of an ideal friend, at present. But no idea is so flattering and so sweet, as that which opens to expectation a treasure of such a sort. I am really, therefore, sorry for you, my dear Alex.

Your determination to give way to no *sudden* impulse in future is quite right. Nothing is so pleasant as giving way to impulse; nothing so hazardous.

But this history must double your value for Messrs. Jones, Musgrave, Jacobs, Ebden, Theobald, and Whewell.[1]

"Cling to those who cling to you!" said the immortal Johnson to your mother, when she uttered something that seemed fastidious relative to a person whose partiality she did not prize.

Your padre was prevailed upon to go to the play. We were both very well pleased with H. Payne[2] in certain parts; in some instances I even thought him excellent, especially in the natural, gentlemanly, and pensive tones in which he went through the gravedigger's and other scenes of the last act. But, for the soliloquies, and the grand conference with the mother! oh, there, Garrick rose up to my remembrance with an *éclat* of perfection that mocks all approach of approbation for a successor.

[1] These names—as we have been kindly informed by Dr. Shuckburgh—show that young D'Arblay lived with the pick of the mathematical men of his time. Jones (St. John's) was eleventh Wrangler in 1813; Musgrave (Caius), fifth Wrangler, 1812; Jacob (Caius), Senior Wrangler, 1816; Ebden (Caius), sixth Wrangler, 1816; Theobald (Caius), third Wrangler, 1815; and Whewell (Trinity), second Wrangler, 1816. "In pure mathematics (says Macaulay) we have been assured by some of his [D'Arblay's] competitors that he had very few equals" (*Edinburgh Review*, January 1843, p. 558).

[2] John Howard Payne, 1792-1852, the "American Roscius," author, *inter alia*, of "Home, sweet Home." He acted at Bath in April 1817, in *Hamlet*, and that popular *Lovers' Vows* of Mrs. Inchbald, which plays so prominent a part in Miss Austen's *Mansfield Park*.

But you, M. *Keanite*, permit a little hint against those looks that convey your resentment. They may lead to results that may be unpleasant. It is best to avoid displaying a susceptibility that shows the regret all on your own side! Let the matter die away as though it had never been. Assume your cool air; your "so much for that!" but do not mark a *dépit* that will rather flatter than vex. At first, it was well; you gave way to Nature and to truth, and made apparent *you* had been sincere: but there, for your dignity's sake, let all drop; and be civil as well as cool, if you would keep the upper hand.

Madame d'Arblay to General d'Arblay

1817.

My last great epistle finished with Alex's return, or rather with your letter relative to him written from Dover. Did I mention the extreme kindness of Amine in writing me an account of your breakfasting and dining together with her? and of the sweet *old way* in which she talks of *you*, and the *new way* in which she speaks of Alex, whom she seems to think a prodigy of talents and merit. Oh! may he deserve such delightful partiality!

Did I tell you, too,—for I have been so terribly hurried and busied, I scarcely know what I have written, or omitted,—how pleased I was with the opening of your second letter, "*Bon jour, bonne œuvre*"; such will it ever be when your day commences with a *causerie* with her who prefers it to all things that can be offered to her. And this *No.* 2 is truly a *bon œuvre*, full of interesting matter; I was charmed for Alex, that you had been able to call on Talma.[1] The account of the

[1] François-Joseph Talma, 1763-1826, Napoleon's tragedian, was equally esteemed by Louis XVIII. "*Il possède tous les secrets des arts divers*," —said Mme. de Staël.

ambassador and *le grand air* that you thought necessary to assume, with all the attendant ceremonies and difficulties, amused me much, from being so characteristic! I should have held it quite immaterial if it retarded my route; but you were probably right in being tenacious of your dignity, *en cas d'événement.* After this Dover epistle, I had only two days to wait ere I received the letter from Calais, No. 4. How welcome it was, how necessary to my peace, and how dear to my heart, need I say? dear, indeed! There is a phrase at the opening that I repeat, to lull me tranquilly to sleep at night, and repeat, to urge me to spirit and exertion in the morning; *i.e.* "La mer est entre nous, mais *bientôt, je l'espère,* nous serons réunis, et d'ailleurs, rien ne sera jamais entre nos cœurs—j'en jure par le mien," etc. Amen! Amen!

How short and prosperous was your passage! Your Mr. Herbert I imagine to be a relation of Lord Pembroke, a family very generally, nay eminently agreeable. To return to Bath.

After Alex arrived, we jointly spent an evening with Miss Maltby to meet the two Mrs. Bowdlers and a young man who is celebrated for a poem called "Greece," which he has published; and for "Letters to his Friends *from* Greece," which are *un*published, but highly esteemed. He added, however, nothing to the entertainment of the evening, for he avoids making a parade of his travels and knowledge, by a contrary extreme; that of a reserve that leads him only to speak when spoken to, and only to answer concisely to the proposition presented to him; so that all conversation drops with his first answer, or is to be renewed at the expense of a fresh interrogatory.

June 18.—I made a morning visit to Mrs. Piozzi,[1] whom I found with Dr. Minchin, an in-

[1] At No. 8 Gay Street. She was now in her 77th year.

formed, sensible physician. She was strange, as usual, at first; but animated, as usual, afterwards. The sisters, Mrs. Frances and Mrs. Harriet Bowdler,[1] called upon me, and were admitted, for I heard their names in time; and we had much good old talk; that is, Frances and I; for Harriet is ever prim and demure and nearly mute before her elder sister. I must now skip to *June 25th*, when I received No. 5 from Paris; and instantly sent off my No. 3, which had been waiting ages for a direction how to reach you. I long to hear of its arrival, that you may see at least how we go on, and how your letters delight me.

And now fixing the last day of the month for my journey, I set seriously to work to hasten my preparations. What a business it was! You have no conception how difficult, nor how laborious, it is to place so many books, such a quantity of linen, such a wardrobe, and such a mass of *curiosities*, in so small a compass. How fagged and fatigued I retired to rest every night, you may imagine. Alex vigorously carried heavy loads at a time from the study to the garret, but only where he might combine and arrange and order all for himself. However, he was tolerably useful for great luggages.

June 26.—We spent the afternoon at Lark Hall Place,[2] to meet there Maria and Sophy. My dear sister was all spirit and vivacity. Mr. Burney, all tranquil enjoyment — peace, rest, leisure, books, music, drawing, and walking fill up his serene days, and repay the long toils of his meritorious life. And my sister, who happily foresees neither sickness nor *ennui*, is the spirit and spring of the party.

June 28.—I devoted all day to leave-taking

[1] See *ante*, p. 292, and *infra*, p. 329.

[2] Apparently the residence of Charles Rousseau Burney, who retired to Bath.

visits, for so many houses were opened, and claimed long confabulations, from their rarity, that I had not finished my little round till past ten o'clock at night. Yet of these hosts, Mrs. Frances Bowdler, Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Morgan, and Mrs. André were out. Two of the three latter ladies are now in France, and they have written word, that the distress in their province exceeds all they have left in this country! Madame de Sourches has written a similar melancholy account; and Mrs. Holroyd, who received my longest call this morning, read me a letter from Lady B. with words yet stronger of the sufferings in the Low Countries! Oh, baleful effects of "Bella, horrida bella!" I sat an hour also with Mrs. Harriet Bowdler, in sober chat and old histories. She has not—*il s'en faut*—the exhilaration and entertainment of her clever sister; but there is all the soft repose of good sense, good humour, urbanity, and kindness. One cannot do better than to cultivate with both; for if, after the spirited Frances, the gentle Harriet seems dull, one may at least say that after the kind Harriet, the satirical Frances seems alarming. But my longest visit was to the excellent Mrs. Ogle,[1] who is the oldest acquaintance with whom I have any present connection in the world. It was at her house I first saw Mrs. Chapone, who was her relation; I visited her, with my dear father, my mother-in-law, and my sisters; though from circumstances we lost sight of each other, and met no more till I had that happy encounter with her at Cheltenham, when I brought her to the good and dear King. My respect for her age, her virtues, and this old connection, induced me to stay with her till it was too late to present myself elsewhere. I merely therefore called at the door of Madame de Sommery to inquire whether they could receive

[1] Wife of the musical Dean of Winchester (see *ante*, vol. iv. p. 29).

me *sans cérémonie* for half an hour in the evening. This was agreed to; and Alex accompanied or rather preceded me to Madame de Sommery, who had her two *jolies* daughters, Stephanie and Pulchérie, at work by her side, the tea-table spread *à l'Anglaise*, and four of your *théâtres* upon the table, with Alex just beginning *Dido* as I entered. I was never so pleased with them before, though they have always charmed me; but in this private, comfortable style they were all ten times more easy, engaging, and lively than I had ever yet seen them. We have made a *compact* for next winter, and for readings, both with father and son, of my Alexanders; and they seem to enjoy the expectation with delight. Madame de Sommery is much pleased with the Garden possession, and full of amity and courtesy and *agrémens*.

Madame d'Arblay to General d'Arblay

Ilfracombe, Devonshire,
June 31, 1817.

. . . . . .

This very day of our arrival, before Alex had had time to search out Mr. Jacob, somebody called out to him in the street, "Ah, d'Arblay!" who proved to be his man. They strolled about the town, and then Jacob desired to be brought to me. Unluckily, I was unpacking, and denied. He has appointed Alex for a lesson to-morrow. May he put him a little *en train*!

July 3.—Alexander began with Mr. Jacob, and was enchanted at his method of instruction as well as by his kindness.

July 5, *Saturday*.—I must now give you some account of this place. We are lodged on the harbour. The mistress of our apartments is widow to some master of a vessel that traded at Ilfracombe,

with Ireland chiefly. She has three or four children: the eldest, but twelve years old, is the servant of the lodgers, and as adroit as if she were thirty. Our situation is a very amusing one; for the quay is narrow, and there are vessels just on its level, so close that even children walk into them all day long. When the sea is up, the scene is gay, busy, and interesting; but on its ebb the sands here are not clean and inviting, but dark and muddy, and the contrary of odoriferous. But the entrance and departure of vessels, the lading, unlading, and the management of ships and boats, offer constantly something new to an eye accustomed only to land views and occupations. But chiefly I wish for you for the amusement you would find from a Spanish vessel, which is close to the quay, immediately opposite to our apartments, and on a level with the parlour of the house. It has been brought in under suspicion of piracy, or smuggling, or aiding the slave trade. What the circumstances of the accusation are I know not; but the captain is to be tried at Exeter on the ensuing western circuit. Meantime, his goods are all sequestered, and he has himself dismissed all his sailors and crew, to rejoin him when the trial is over. He is upon his *parole*, and has liberty to go whithersoever he will; but he makes no use of the permission, as he chooses not to leave his cargo solely under the inspection of the excisemen and custom officers here, who have everything under lock and key and seal. He is a good-looking man, and, while not condemned, all are willing to take his word for his innocence. Should that be proved, what compensation will be sufficient for repairing his confinement? He has retained with him only his physician, his own servant, his cook, and a boy, with another lad, who is an American. I see him all day long, walking his quarter-deck, and ruminating upon his

situation, with an air of philosophy that shows strong character. His physician, who is called here *the Doctor*, and is very popular, is his interpreter; he speaks English and French, has a spirited, handsome face, and manners the most courteous, though with a look darkly shrewd and Spanish. But the person who would most entertain you is the cook, who appears the man of most weight in the little coterie; for he lets no one interfere with his manœuvres. All is performed for the table in full sight, a poële being lighted with a burning fierce fire upon the deck, where he officiates. He wears a complete white dress, and has a pail of water by his side, in which he washes everything he dresses, and his own hands to boot, with great attention. He begins his *pot au feu* soon after seven every morning, and I watch the operation from my window: it is entirely French, except that he puts in more meat, and has it cut, apparently, into pounds; for I see it all carved into square morsels, seemingly of that weight, which he inserts bit by bit, with whole bowls, delicately cleaned, washed, and prepared, of cabbages, chicory, turnips, carrots, celery, and small herbs. Then some thick slices of ship ham, and another bowl of onions and garlick; salt by a handful, and pepper by a wooden spoon full. This is left for many hours; and in the interval he prepares a porridge of potatoes well mashed, and barley well boiled, with some other ingredient that, when it is poured into a pan, bubbles up like a syllabub. But before he begins, he employs the two lads to wash all the ship. To see all this is the poor captain's only diversion; but the cook never heeds him while at his professional operations; he even motions to him to get out of the way if he approaches too near, and is so intent upon his grand business that he shakes his head without answering, when the captain speaks

to him, with an air that says, "Are you crazy to try to take off my attention?" And when the doctor, who often advances to make some observation, and to look on, tries to be heard, he waves his hand in disdain, to silence him. Yet, when all is done, and he has taken off his white dress, he becomes all obsequiousness, respectfully standing out of the way, or diligently flying forward to execute any command.

July 6.—Alex and I went to church this morning, and heard a tolerable sermon. In the evening there was a storm, that towards night grew tremendous. The woman of the house called us to see two ships in distress. We went to the top of the house for a view of the sea, which was indeed frightful. One ship was endeavouring to gain the harbour; the other, to steer further into the main ocean; but both appeared to be nearly swamped by the violence of the winds and waves. People mounted to the lighthouse with lights; for at this season the lantern is not illuminated; and a boat was sent out to endeavour to assist, and take any spare hands or passengers, if such there were, from the vessel; but the sea was so boisterous that they could not reach the ship, and were nearly lost in the attempt. Alex ran up to the lighthouse, to see what was doing; but was glad to return, as he could with difficulty keep his feet, and was on the point of being lifted off them down the precipice into the sea. I never was so horrified as when, from the top of the house, I perceived his danger. Thank God, he felt it in time, and came back in safety. It requires use to sustain the feet in such a hurricane, upon a rock perpendicularly standing in the ocean.

July 7.—We have heard that one of the vessels got off; but no tidings whatsoever have been received of the other. It is suspected to be a

passage vessel from Bristol to Ireland. I have had Mr. Jacob to tea; I could not yet arrange a dinner, and he was impatient for an introduction. I like him extremely: he has everything in his favour that can be imagined; sound judgment without positiveness, brilliant talents without conceit, authority with gentleness, and consummate knowledge of science with modesty. What a blessing that such a character should preside over these inexperienced youths! Mr. Jacob has aided us to remove. Time is a plaything to the diligent and obliging, though a thief to the idle and capricious: the first find it, in the midst of every obstacle, for what they *wish*, while the latter lose it, though surrounded by every resource, for all that they *want*. I had such success that I now write from my new dwelling, which I will describe to-morrow.

July 9.—Quelle joie! this morning I receive a welcome to my new habitation, to make it cheer me from the beginning. 'Tis begun June 28th, and finished July 2nd. How àpropos is what I had just written of *time* in the hands of the diligent and obliging! yet how it is you can bestow so much upon me is my admiration.

I have not mentioned a letter I have received from Mrs. Frances Bowdler. She tells me of the marriage of Miss —— to a Prussian gentleman, and expresses some vexation at it, but adds, "Perhaps I ought not to say this to *you*," meaning on account of the objection to a foreigner; and then elegantly adds, "but one person's having gained the great prize in the lottery does not warrant another to throw his whole wealth into the wheel." Not very *bad English* that?

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Broome

Ilfracombe, Post Office,
July 23, 1817.

. . . . . .

I have letters very frequently from Paris, all assuring me M. d'A. is re-establishing upon the whole; yet all letting me see, by collateral accounts, anecdotes, or expressions, that he is constantly in the hands of his physician, and that a difficulty of breathing attacks him from time to time, as it did before his journey; with a lassitude, a weakness, and a restlessness which make him *there*, as *here* they made him since his illness, unfit for company, and incapable, but by starts and for moments, to have any enjoyment of mixed society! I do not therefore feel comfortable about him, though, thank Heaven, not alarmed. And at all events I am glad he tries the change of air. Change of scene also was advised for him by all; but he is too kind to find that beneficial when we are separated; and he writes me frequent avowals of seizures of dejection and sadness that reduce him to a state of great suffering. The parting, while he was in a situation so discouraging, was very cruel; but Alexander had, and has, no chance of taking a tolerable degree without a friend constantly at hand to remind him of the passage of Time. He never thinks of it: every day seems a day by itself, which he may fill up at pleasure, but which opens to him no prospect of the day that will succeed! So little reflection on the future, with so good capacity for judging the present, were never before united. We are very well lodged for pleasantness, and for excellent people. We have a constant view of the sea from our drawing-room, which is large and handsome; our bedrooms also are good; but our minor accommodations, our attendance, dinner equipage,

cooking, etc., would very ill have contented my General had he been here. The best *men*, the most moderate and temperate, are difficult, nay, dainty, compared with *women*. When he comes, if I am so happy as to see him return while we are here, I must endeavour to ameliorate these matters.

Ilfracombe is a long, narrow town, consisting of only one regular street, though here and there small groups of houses hang upon its skirts, and it is not destitute of lanes and alleys. The town part or side is ugly, ill paved, and ill looking: but the backs of the habitations offer, on one side the street, prospects of fine hills, and on the other, noble openings to the sea. The town is built upon a declivity, of which the church is at the summit, and the harbour makes the termination. It was in the harbour—that is, upon the quay—that we were at first lodged; and our apartments were by no means without interest or amusement; but just as we were comfortably settled in them, we were told the ebbs and flows, etc., of the tides left occasionally, or brought, odours not the most salubrious. To this representation I thought it right to yield so implicitly, that I sought a new abode, and changed my quarters instantly.

PART LXVI

1817

Gerard's Entry of Henri Quatre into Paris — Louis the Eighteenth's patronage of art—The Chevalier de Ronsac—An epigram—Madame de Staël—Madame d'Arblay's son—Mr. Bowdler the best chess-player in England—Bleu parties—Fanny Bowdler—Madame d'Arblay's ramble on the coast at Ilfracombe—The Capstan—Searching for pebbles—The Wildersmouth—Madame d'Arblay surprised by the rising of the tide—Her dangerous situation—Her efforts to escape—Climbs a steep rock—The sea approaches, and encompasses her—A storm—Sunset—Night approaches—Her perilous position discovered by her son—His exertions for her rescue are at last successful—General d'Arblay's severe indisposition—Lord Mulgrave—Death of the Princess Charlotte—The Queen at Bath—Her popularity—Effect on the Royal Family of the distressing intelligence of the Princess's death—The Queen—The Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Clarence—Mr. Mathias at Rome.

General d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay

August 3, 1817.

. . . Je ne me rappelle pas en ce moment si j'ai fait mention dans mes lettres du superbe tableau de Gerard,[1] sur l'Entrée d'Henri IV à Paris. Ce tableau, commandé par Louis XVIII, a trente pieds de long sur dix-huit de hauteur. J'ai été quatre à cinq fois pour le voir; mais je n'ai jamais

[1] François, Baron Gérard, 1770-1837. His *Entry of Henry IV. into Paris*, a vast canvas which procured him his title, and was painted for Louis XVIII. as a substitute for the Battle of Austerlitz, is his masterpiece. It has been (1819) engraved by Toschi.

pu être qu'en passant, tant la foule était grande, et la chaleur excessive : mais chaque fois j'y découvrais un nouveau genre de beauté. L'opinion générale paraît être qu'il efface tout ce qui a été fait en ce genre depuis plus d'un siècle. Ainsi David doit à présent s'applaudir de sa résidence hors de France.[1] Ce tableau devait être payé 40,000 fr. ; mais le Roi, qui va souvent le voir, a porté cette somme à 100,000 fr., et a nommé Gerard son premier peintre, avec le titre de Baron. Hier encore Sa Majesté est allé admirer ce chef-d'œuvre, et reconnaissant Giraudet,[2] qui n'a rien exposé cette année, mais qu'on dit occupé d'un superbe tableau ; elle l'a fait approcher, et lui a dit : "Monsieur Giraudet ! les succès d'Alcibiade ont, dit-on, troublé pendant quelque tems Thémistocle dans son sommeil ; mais Salamine ne tarda point à suivre Marathon : que ce trait d'histoire vous soit présent, et faites comme Thémistocle !" — "Sire," a répondu Giraudet, "Charles V en ramassant le pinceau du Titien, et la remettant lui-même à ce grand peintre, n'a pu l'honorer et l'encourager d'avantage, et d'une manière plus glorieuse pour cet artiste célèbre, que votre Majesté ne vient de la faire en me comblant de tant de bontés."

Lundi Matin.—Cette anecdote, dont j'ai voulu te faire part sur-le-champ, m'a été certifiée exacte et certaine par Monsieur Artaud.

Combien j'ai regretté, ainsi que tous les convives, de ce que tu n'étais pas à dîner avec nous Jeudi chez Monsieur de Grandmaison ![3] Son beau-frère, qui comme je te l'ai mandé est plus des trois-quarts dans la fosse, est néanmoins d'une gaieté réellement admirable. Voici une des histoires

[1] Jacques-Louis David, 1750-1825, who had voted for the death of Louis XVI., had been banished from France in 1815, and was living at Brussels.

[2] Anne-Louis Girodet-Trioson, 1767-1824. He was David's favourite pupil.

[3] See *ante*, p. 8.

qu'il nous a contées, et que je suis faché que tu n'ayes que de *la seconde main.* On parlait du mécontentement des officiers actuels *à demi paye*; si bien traités par comparaison aux pensions si modiques de l'ancien régime. Millin cita à ce sujet le Chevalier de Ronsac, officier Gascon, retiré capitaine d'infanterie, avec la croix de St Louis, et vingt-cinq louis de pension, qui formaient tout son avoir; et logé, nourri, chauffé et éclairé, pour les deux-troisièmes à peu pres de cette somme; c'est-à-dire, 400 fr.: le reste suffisait à son entretien, et le mettait même dans le cas de faire quelques épargnes, qui, au bout de quelques années, lui devinrent très utiles, par le retard qu'éprouva le payement des pensions militaires. Un an entier s'était ecoulé sans qu'il eut reçu un sol de la sienne; trois mois, six même se passent encore, et il ne préfère pas la moindre plainte; à la fin du septième, ou plutôt du *dix-neuvième mois,* toutes ses ressources étant épuisées, il va trouver M. le Comte d'Espaibos, gouverneur de la province, et après lui avoir exposé brièvement sa situation, il lui dit d'un ton ferme:—"En pareil cas, M. le Comte, que peut et que doit faire un *homme comme moi*" (il était couvert de blessures, et jouissait d'une réputation militaire excellente)? "Rien de plus simple," répond M. d'E.; "*un homme comme vous,* M. le Chevalier, vient tout bonnement s'établir chez un homme comme moi, qu'il honore par cette marque de confiance." Deux heures après, le Chevalier de Ronsac était installé au gouvernement, où l'on eut toujours pour lui tous les égards et les attentions possibles. Très reconnaissant comme il devait l'être, mais en même tems impatient de toucher sa pension et de recouvrer son indépendance, il vint au bout de quelque tems trouver le gouverneur dans son cabinet:—"J'ai envie, M. le Comte, d'écrire au

ministre; auriez-vous la bonté de lui faire parvenir ma lettre?" La lettre était conçue à peu pres dans ces termes:—

"Monseigneur,—Il y a près de trois ans que je n'aye touché à ma pension. Si elle a été accaparée par d'autres; que ce soit, ou par vos maîtresses ou par de bas valets (vos flatteurs), je pense qu'il serait juste, et qu'il est tout à fait tems, de me la faire payer."

"Quelle extravagance!" dit M. d'Espaibos au Chevalier, en lui remettant sa lettre: "Sérieusement, avez-vous pu croire que je pouvois envoyer une telle épitre au ministre? Etes-vous fou?" Sans rien répondre, le Chevalier sort, après avoir remis la lettre dans sa poche. Elle n'y resta pas long tems, et le courrier fut chargé de la porter à son adresse. La huitaine était à peine écoulée quand ce même courrier en rapporte la réponse sous le couvert du gouverneur, qui, très surpris, la remit au Chevalier de Ronsac, et montra la plus grande impatience d'en entendre le contenu, que voici:—"Il faut, M. le Chevalier, qu'un brave officier comme vous soit reduit effectivement à un état de dénuement absolu dont je m'accuse, et que je me reproche amèrement, pour que vous ayiez pu vous laisser aller à m'écrire d'une manière aussi inconvenante. Je n'ai voulu voir dans votre lettre que ce qu'elle a dû coûter à un brave officier comme vous; et ne me rappellant que les services distinguées que vous avez rendu au Roi, j'en ai rendu compte à Sa Majesté, qui a décidé que l'arrière de votre pension vous seroit payé sur-le-champ, et qu'il y serait ajouté une gratification de 1800 fr."

M. d'Espaibos, enchanté de ce dénouement qui lui faisoit presqu'autant de plaisir qu'au Chevalier, l'en félicita cordialement, et voulut ensuite lui faire quelques représentations sur ce qu'il y avoit

effectivement de *déplacé* dans la lettre, qui n'a si heureusement réussi que parceque le Duc de Choiseul avoit eu le bon esprit de bien juger l'original qui l'avoit écrite; "*Déplacé*," s'écria celui-ci, "*déplacé?* c'est comme cela *qu'il faut parler à ces animaux-là!!!*" Adieu, ma bonne amie. Si tu ne trouves pas cette histoire plaisante, ce ne sera pas la faute de Millin.

General d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay

August 27, 1817.

Voici une épigramme que je ne connaissais point. Elle est intitulée *Les Mœurs*:—

> "Ah! que je hais les mœurs, disait Chateaubrillant;
> Il faut que ma femme revienne!"
> "Ah! que j'aime les mœurs, s'écria Talleyrand;
> Je puis donc renvoyer la mienne!"

Tu as sans doute lu dans les journaux, que, dans le royaume des Pays-Bas, tous les Français dits réfugiés ont reçu l'ordre de sortir de ce royaume; et cela, dit-on, en exécution d'une convention des puissances alliées, et sur la demande faite par ces puissances de mettre à exécution l'article qui y est relatif. Lorsqu'on a signifié au ci-devant sénateur Véricour qu'il eut à partir, il a représenté que l'article cité, et qui concerne les Français désignés par le Roi peu de tems après son retour de Gand, ne pouvait le regarder, lui dont le nom n'était porté sur aucune des listes alors existantes; et il a fini par dire: "*Je ne suis que régicide!*" et en effet ce n'est que sur la demande des députés du corps législatif que les régicides ont été bannis de France. L'officier de police s'est en conséquence retiré, en disant: "Pardon, monsieur, je ne savais pas cela!" J'ai voulu t'écrire ceci tout de suite, de peur de l'oublier. Bon soir.

Je passe à ta question sur Madame de Staël.

Rien de plus vrai que tout ce que tu en dis d'après vos journaux ; et il est inconcevable que je ne t'en aye pas parlé plutôt ; d'autant que, le jour même de la mort de cet être si extraordinaire, j'ai su dans le plus grand détail tout ce qui la concernait ; et de beaucoup plus que n'en ont rapporté vos journaux, à en juger par ce que tu m'en dis. Apprends, donc, que sentant sa fin approcher, elle a fait venir près de son lit, son fils, sa fille, et son gendre, le Duc de Broglie. Là, après leur avoir parlé avec onction et vivacité de la douceur que repandrait sur ses derniers momens la certitude qu'elle recevrait d'eux que sa famille après elle vivrait dans une union que rien ne troublerait, elle leur a fait l'aveu qu'elle avait épousé M. Rocca, et que, de ce mariage secrètement contracté, était né un enfant qu'elle leur recommandait.[1]

Ce que tu me mandes d'elle, c'est-à-dire ce qu'en disent vos journaux, n'est pas encore selon moi ce que j'en condamne le plus. D'abord je vois dans son mariage, tout extravagant qu'il doive paraître à tout être sensé, une sorte d'hommage à la morale, et un état donné au fruit innocent d'un commerce clandestine. Quant au secret gardé sur ce mariage, je n'y vois encore qu'une foiblesse, dont je trouve facilement l'explication, dans ma connoissance intime du caractère de feue Madame Rocca, dont la vanité eut trop souffert de voir substituer cette modeste adresse à celle de Madame la Baronne de Staël Holstein. Ce que je blâme le plus dans ce dernier acte, c'est la non-communication d'un pareil secret à son gendre, à l'époque du mariage de sa fille, dont la fortune par là se trouve réduite de moitié ; car l'enfant Rocca reconnu a de droit sa part, et son père, le

[1] Mme. de Staël died July 14, 1817. After being many years a widow, she had privately married M. de Rocca, of an old Genevese family. Her son, Baron de Staël, author of the *Lettres sur l'Angleterre*, 1825, died in 1827.

Mme de Staël
after Gérard

Seigneur Rocca, en a une autre, que le testament de Madame Rocca lui a assurée. On peut dire, au surplus, que cette conduite, dont beaucoup de gendres ne manqueraient pas de se plaindre avec amertume, a eu pour M. de Broglie un très bon résultat, en ce qu'elle l'a mis à même de se faire bien jeune encore une réputation de désintéressement et de noblesse, que la plus longue vie permet rarement d'acquérir, à celui même qui emploierait tous les instans à la rechercher. Loin de se plaindre, et de témoigner, ou même donner à deviner, la plus légère désapprobation, il n'a cessé, avant et depuis la mort de sa belle mère, d'agir, dans tout ce qui pouvait avoir rapport à sa situation, avec le dévouement et la délicatesse les plus louables et les plus rares.

Madame d'Arblay to General d'Arblay

Friday, September 12, 1817.

Friday, Sept. 12.—I have so much to say to my dearest friend, that I open my new sheet at the moment of finishing the old one, though I shall not send it for a week; and let me begin by quieting your poor nerves relative to *La Chapelle*, in assuring you I neglect no possible means to follow, substantially and effectually, your injunctions, though I dare not tell him that you would never pardon the smallest infraction of our new treaty. He is not capable, mon ami, of an exactitude of that undeviating character. To force further solemn promises from so forgetful, so unreflecting, yet so undesigning, and well-meaning a young creature, is to plunge him and ourselves into the culpability of which we accuse him. To attempt in that manner to *couper court*, etc., instead of frightening him into right, would harden him into desperation. His disgust to his forced study is still so vehement,

that it requires all I can devise of exhortation, persuasion, menace, and soothing, *tour à tour*, to deter him from relinquishing all effort! The times, mon ami, are "out of joint": we must not by *exigeance* precipitate him to his ruin, but try patiently and prudently, every possible means, to rescue him from the effects of his own wilful blindness and unthinking, idle eccentricity. If we succeed, how will he bless us when his maturer judgment opens his eyes to the evils he will have escaped! but if we fail . . . why should *we* lie down and die because he might have obtained fame and riches, yet obstinately preferred obscurity with a mere competence? Put not your recovery and your happiness upon such a cast! My own struggles to support the disappointment for which I am forced to prepare myself, in the midst of all my persevering, unremitting efforts to avert it, are sufficiently severe; but the manner in which I see *your* agitation threaten your health, makes his failure but secondary to my apprehensions! Oh, *mon ami*, ought we not rather to unite in comforting each other by sustaining ourselves? Should we not have done so mutually, if the contagious fever at Cambridge had carried him off? And what is the mortification of a bad degree and a lessened ambition, with all the mundane humiliation belonging to it, compared with the total earthly loss of so dear an object, who may be good and happy in a small circle, if he misses, by his own fault, mounting into a larger? Take courage, my dearest *ami*, and relieve me from the double crush that else may wholly destroy mine. Let us both, while we yet venture to hope for the best, prepare for the worst. Nothing on my part shall be wanting to save this blow; but should his perversity make it inevitable, we must unite our utmost strength, not alone to console each other,

but to snatch from that "*sombre découragement*" you so well foresee, the wilful, but ever fondly-loved dupe of his own *insouciance*. *Mon ami, mon ami!* revive me, at least, from my fears for *you!* and come over *bien décidé* to practise, if called upon, the philosophy you have so often preached —the *tant mieux* you used with such liveliness to cherish. Let not a sword hang thus over my head, in different ways, for both my Alexanders at once! Let the elder be doubly reasonable, to make amends for the want of common sense in the other.

And now to lighter matters. I hope I have gained a smile from you by my disclosure that I lost my journal time for my usual post-day by successive dissipation? What will you have conjectured? That I have consented at last to listen to Mr. Jacob's recommendation for going to the Ilfracombe ball, and danced a fandango with him! or waltzed, *au moins!* or that I have complied with his desire of going to the cricket-ground, just arranged by the Cantabs and some officers who are here, in subscribing three guineas for the use of a field? *Vous n'y êtes pas;* for though I should like, in itself, to see a cricket-match, in a field which Mr. Jacob says is beautifully situated, and where the Bishop of Ossory[1] and his lady, Mrs. Fowler, go frequently, as two of their sons are amongst the players; yet, as Jacob evidently thinks our poor Alexander ought not to spare time for being of the party, I cannot bear to quit my watchful place by his side, and go thither without him. *Mais — Vous vous rendez, n'est-ce pas? Eh bien* — to go back to Sept. 2nd. Alexander and I were nearly finishing our evening, tea being over, and nine o'clock having struck, while he was reading the *Spiritual*

[1] Robert Fowler, only son of Robert Fowler, Archbishop of Dublin. He became Bishop of Ossory in 1813.

Quixote[1] for a little relaxation; when Miss Elizabeth Ramsay came to tell me that a gentleman was just arrived at Ilfracombe who begged leave to wait upon me, if I would admit him; and she gave me a card with the name of Mr. Bowdler.[2] Of course I complied, and Alexander was wild with joy at the thought of such an interview, as Mr. Bowdler is acknowledged the first chess-player in England, and was the only man, when Philidore[3] was here, who had the honour of a drawn battle with him: a thing that Philidore has recorded by printing the whole of the game in his treatise on chess. I was not glad to bring back his ideas to that fascination, yet could not be sorry he should have so great a pleasure. Mr. Bowdler presented himself very quickly, though not till he had made a toilette of great dress, such as would have suited the finest evening assembly at Bath. He was always a man of much cultivation, and a searcher of the *bas bleus* all his life. He is brother to our two Mrs. Bowdlers, and was now come to escort Mrs. Frances from his house in Wales, where she has spent the summer, to Ilfracombe. I had formerly met this gentleman very often at *bleu* parties, and once at a breakfast at his own house, given in honour of Mrs. Frances, where I met Sophy Streatfield, then a great beauty and a famous Greek scholar, of whom the *Literary Herald* says:—

> Lovely Streatfield's ivory neck,
> Nose and notions à la Grecque.[4]

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[1] By the Rev. Richard Graves, 1715-1804, Rector of Claverton, near Bath. It is directed against the Methodists, and appeared in 1772.

[2] Thomas Bowdler, M.D., 1754-1825, the expurgator of Shakespeare and Gibbon. He had attended Mrs. Delany (see *post*, p. 329). He died at Rhyddings, Swansea.

[3] François-André Danican Philidor, 1726-95, famous chess-player and dramatic composer. He lived much in England, and died in London.

[4] See *ante*, vol. ii. pp. 78-9 *n*. It was the *Morning Herald*, and the first word is "smiling."

He was extremely civil to Alex, whom he had longed, he said, to see; and Alex listened to every word that dropped from him, as if it would teach some high move at chess. We had much talk of old times. We had not met since we parted in St. James's Place, in the last illness of my dear Mrs. Delany, whom he then attended as a physician. He stayed till past ten, having left his sister at the hotel, too tired with a sea passage to come out, or to receive *chez elle*. But he entreated me to dine with them next day, the only day he should spend at Ilfracombe, with such excess of earnestness, and Alex seconded the request with so many "Oh, mamma's!" that he overpowered all refusal; assuring me it could not interfere with my Bath measures, as it was a dinner, *pour ainsi dire*, on the road, for he and his sister were forced to dine at the hotel. He also declared, in a melancholy tone, that he might probably never see me more, unless I made a tour of Wales; as he began to feel himself too old for the exertion of a sea voyage. The next morning, immediately after breakfast, I waited upon my old friend and namesake, Fanny Bowdler,[1] and sat with her two hours *tête à tête*, for her brother was unwell, and she is admirable in close dialogue. I had hardly got home ere she followed me, and stayed till it was time to dress for dinner; when again we met, and only parted for our downy pillows. Her strong sense, keen observation, and travelled intelligence and anecdotes, made the day, thus devoted to her, from ten in the morning to ten at night, pass off with great spirit and liveliness: but Alex, oh! he was in Elysium. Mr. Bowdler took a great fancy to him, and indulged his ardent wish of a *chess talk* to the full; satisfying him in many difficult points, and going over with him his own famous game with

[1] See *ante*, p. 292.

Philidore; and, in short, delivering himself over to that favourite subject with him entirely. It will not, however, be mischievous, for Mr. Bowdler's own enthusiasm is over, and he has now left the game quite off, not having played it once these seven years.

DIARY—*continued*

The term for Alexander's studies with Mr. Jacob was just finishing, and a few days only remained ere the party was to be dispersed, when I determined upon devoting a morning to the search of such curiosities as the coast produced. I marched forth, attended only by M. d'Arblay's favourite little dog, Diane, with a large silk bag, to see what I could find that I might deem *indigenous*, as a local offering to the collection of my General, who was daily increasing his mineralogical stores, under the skilful direction of his friend, the celebrated naturalist, M. de Bournon.[1]

I began my perambulation by visiting the promontory called the Capstan[2]—or rather attempting that visit; for after mounting to nearly its height, by a circuitous path from the town, by which alone the ascent is possible, the side of the promontory being a mere precipice overlooking the ocean, a sudden gust of wind dashed so violently against us, that in the danger of being blown into the sea, I dropped on the turf at full length, and saw Diane do the same, with her four paws spread as widely as possible, to flatten her body more completely to the ground.

This opening to my expedition thus briefly set

[1] Jacques-Louis, Comte de Bournon, 1751-1825, Director-General of Mineralogy under Louis XVIII. He was an F.R.S., and often in England.

[2] "Capstone" in the modern guide-books.

Capstone, Ilfracombe, 1840

aside, I repaired to the coast, where there are pebbles, at least, in great beauty as well as abundance. The coast of Ilfracombe is broken by rocks, which bear evident marks of being fragments of some one immense rock, which, undermined by the billows in successive storms, has been cast in all directions in its fall. We went down to the edge of the sea, which was clear, smooth, and immoveable as a lake, the wind having subsided into a calm so quiet, that I could not tell whether the tide were in or out. Not a creature was in sight; but presently a lady descended, with a book in her hand, and passed on before us to the right, evidently to read alone. Satisfied by this circumstance that the tide was going out, and all was safe, I began my search, and soon accumulated a collection of beautiful pebbles, each of which seemed to merit being set in a ring. The pleasure they afforded me insensibly drew me on to the entrance of the Wildersmouth, which is the name given to a series of recesses formed by the rocks, and semicircular, open at the bottom to the sea, and only to be entered from the sands at low tide. I coasted two or three of them, augmenting my spoil as I proceeded; and perceiving the lady I have already mentioned composedly engaged with her book, I hurried past to visit the last recess, whither I had never yet ventured. I found it a sort of chamber, though with no roof but a clear blue sky. The top was a portly mountain, rough, steep, and barren; the left side was equally mountainous, but consisting of layers of a sort of slate, intermixed with moss; the right side was the elevated Capstan, which here was perpendicular; and at the bottom were the sands by which I entered it, terminated by the ocean. The whole was altogether strikingly picturesque, wild, and

original. There was not one trace of art, or even of any previous entrance into it of man. I could almost imagine myself its first human inmate.

My eye was presently caught by the appearance, near the top, of a cavern, at the foot of which I perceived something of so brilliant a whiteness that, in hopes of a treasure for my bag, I hastened to the spot. What had attracted me proved to be the jawbone and teeth of some animal. Various rudely curious things at the mouth of the cavern invited investigation; Diane, however, brushed forward, and was soon out of sight; but while I was busily culling, hoarding, or rejecting whatever struck my fancy, she returned with an air so piteous, and a whine so unusual, that, concluding she pined to return to a little puppy of a week old that she was then rearing, I determined to hasten; but still went on with my search, till the excess of her distress leading her to pull me by the gown, moved me to take her home; but when I descended, for this recess was on a slant, how was I confounded to find the sands at the bottom, opening to the recess, whence I had entered this marine chamber, were covered by the waves; though so gentle had been their motion, and so calm was the sea, that their approach had not caught my ear. I hastily remounted, hoping to find some outlet at the top by which I might escape, but there was none. This was not pleasant; but still I was not frightened, not conceiving or believing that I could be completley enclosed: the less, as I recollected, in my passage to the cavern, having had a glimpse of the lady who was reading in the neighbouring recess. I hastily scrambled to the spot to look for her, and entreat her assistance; but how was I then startled to find that she was gone, and that her recess, which was on

less elevated ground than mine, was fast filling with water!

I now rushed down to the sea, determined to risk a wet jerkin, by wading through a wave or two, to secure myself from being shut up in this unfrequented place: but the time was past! The weather suddenly changed, the lake was gone, and billows mounted one after the other, as if with enraged pursuit of what they could seize and swallow.

I eagerly ran up and down, from side to side, and examined every nook and corner, every projection and hollow, to find any sort of opening through which I could pass—but there was none.

Diane looked scared; she whined, she prowled about; her dismay was evident, and filled me with compassion—but I could not interrupt my affrighted search to console her. Soon after, however, she discovered a hole in the rock at the upper part, which seemed to lead to the higher sands. She got through it, and then turned round to bark, as triumphing in her success, and calling upon me to share its fruits. But in vain!—the hollow was too small for any passage save of my head, and I could only have remained in it as if standing in the pillory. I still, therefore, continued my own perambulation, but I made a motion to my poor Diane to go, deeming it cruel to detain her from her little one. Yet I heard her howl as if reduced to despair, that I would not join her. Anon, however, she was silent—I looked after her, but she had disappeared.

This was an alarming moment. Alone, without the smallest aid, or any knowledge how high the sea might mount, or what was the extent of my danger, I looked up wistfully at Capstan, and perceived the iron salmon; but this angle of that promontory was so steep as to be utterly impracti-

cable for climbing by human feet; and its height was such as nearly to make me giddy in considering it from so close a point of view. I went from it, therefore, to the much less elevated and less perpendicular rock opposite; but there all that was not slate, which crumbled in my hands, was moss, from which they glided. There was no hold whatsoever for the feet.

I ran therefore to the top, where a large rock, by reaching from the upper part of this slated one to Capstan, formed the chamber in which I was thus unexpectedly immured. But this was so rough, pointed, sharp, and steep that I could scarcely touch it. The hole through which Diane had crept was at an accidentally thin part, and too small to afford a passage to anything bigger than her little self.

The rising storm, however, brought forward the billows with augmented noise and violence; and my wild asylum lessened every moment.

Now, indeed, I comprehended the fullness of my danger. If a wave once reached my feet, while coming upon me with the tumultuous vehemence of this storm, I had nothing I could hold by to sustain me from becoming its prey, and must inevitably be carried away into the ocean.

I darted about in search of some place of safety, rapidly, and all eye; till at length I espied a small tuft of grass on the pinnacle of the highest of the small rocks that were scattered about my prison; for such now appeared my fearful dwelling-place.

This happily pointed out to me a spot that the waves had never yet attained; for all around bore marks of their visits. To reach that tuft would be safety, and I made the attempt with eagerness; but the obstacles I encountered were terrible. The roughness of the rock tore my clothes; its sharp points cut, now my feet, and now my

fingers; and the distances from each other of the holes by which I could gain any footing for my ascent, increased the difficulty. I gained, however, nearly a quarter of the height, but I could climb no further; and then found myself on a ledge where it was possible to sit down; and I have rarely found a little repose more seasonable. But it was not more sweet than short: for in a few minutes a sudden gust of wind raised the waves to a frightful height, whence their foam reached the base of my place of refuge, and threatened to attain soon the spot to which I had ascended. I now saw a positive necessity to mount yet higher, *coûte qui coûte*; and, little as I had thought it possible, the pressing danger gave me both means and fortitude to accomplish it: but with so much hardship that I have ever since marvelled at my success. My hands were wounded, my knees were bruised, and my feet were cut; for I could only scramble up by clinging to the rock on *all fours.*

When I had reached to about two-thirds of the height of my rock, I could climb no further. All above was so sharp and perpendicular that neither hand nor foot could touch it without being wounded. My head, however, was nearly on a level with the tuft of grass, and my elevation from the sands was very considerable. I hoped, therefore, I was safe from being washed away by the waves; but I could only hope; I had no means to ascertain my situation; and hope as I might, it was as painful as it was hazardous. The tuft to which I had aimed to rise, and which, had I succeeded, would have been security, was a mere point, as unattainable as it was *unique*, not another blade of grass being anywhere discernible. I was rejoiced, however, to have reached a spot where there was sufficient breadth to place one foot at

least without cutting it, though the other was poised on such unfriendly ground that it could bear no part in sustaining me. Before me was an immense slab, chiefly of slate, but it was too slanting to serve for a seat—and seat I had none. My only prop, therefore, was holding by the slab, where it was of a convenient height for my hands. This support, besides affording me a little rest, saved me from becoming giddy, and enabled me from time to time to alternate the toil of my feet.

Glad was I, at least, that my perilous clambering had finished by bringing me to a place where I might remain still; for with affright, fatigue, and exertion I was almost exhausted. The wind was now abated, and the sea so calm, that I could not be sure whether the tide was still coming in. To ascertain this was deeply necessary for my tranquillity, that I might form some idea what would be the length of my torment. I fixed my eyes, therefore, upon two rocks that stood near the sea entrance into my recess, almost close to the promontory, from which they had probably been severed by successive storms. As they were always in the sea I could easily make my calculation by observing whether they seemed to lengthen or shorten. With my near-sighted glass I watched them; and great was my consternation when, little by little, I lost sight of them. I now looked wistfully onward to the main ocean, in the hope of espying some vessel, or fishing-boat, with intention of spreading and waving my parasol, in signal of distress, should any one come in sight. But nothing appeared. All was vacant and vast! I was wholly alone—wholly isolated. I feared to turn my head lest I should become giddy, and lose my balance.

In this terrible state, painful, dangerous, and, more than all, solitary, who could paint my joy,

when suddenly, re-entering by the aperture in the rock through which she had quitted me, I perceived my dear little Diane! For the instant I felt as if restored to safety—I no longer seemed abandoned. She soon leaped across the flat stones and the sands which separated us, but how great was the difficulty to make her climb as I had climbed! Twenty times she advanced only to retreat from the sharp points of the rock, till ultimately she picked herself out a passage by help of the slate, and got upon the enormous table, of which the upper part was my support; but the slant was such, that as fast as she ascended she slipped down, and we were both, I believe, almost hopeless of the desired junction, when, catching at a favourable moment that had advanced her paws within my reach, I contrived to hook her collar by the curved end of my parasol and help her forward. This I did with one hand, and as quick as lightning, dragging her over the slab and dropping her at my feet, whence she soon nestled herself in a sort of niche of slate, in a situation much softer than mine, but in a hollow that for me was impracticable. I hastily recovered my hold, which I marvel now that I had the temerity to let go; but to have at my side my dear little faithful Diane was a comfort which no one not planted, and for a term that seemed indefinite, in so unknown a solitude, can conceive. What cries of joy the poor little thing uttered when thus safely lodged! and with what tenderness I sought to make her sensible of my gratitude for her return!

I was now, compared with all that had preceded, in Paradise; so enchanted did I feel at no longer considering myself as if alone in the world. Oh, well I can conceive the interest excited in the French prisoner by a spider, even a spider! Total

absence of all of animation in a place of confinement, of which the term is unknown, where volition is set aside, and where captivity is the work of the elements, casts the fancy into a state of solemn awe, of fearful expectation, which I have not words to describe; while the higher mind, mastering at times that fancy, seeks resignation from the very sublimity of that terrific vacuity whence all seems exiled, but self; seeks, and finds it in the almost visible security of the omnipresence of God.

To see after my kind little companion was an occupation that for awhile kept me from seeing after myself; but when I had done what I could towards giving her comfort and assistance, I again looked before me, and saw the waters at the base of my rock of refuge, still gradually rising on, while both my rocks of mark were completely swallowed up!

My next alarm was one that explained that of Diane when she came back so scared from the cavern; for the waves, probably from some subterraneous passage, now forced their way through that cavern, threatening inundation to even the highest part of my chamber.

This was horrific. I could no longer even speak to Diane—my eyes were riveted upon this unexpected gulf, and in a few moments an immense breaker attacked my rock, and, impeded by its height from going straight forward, was dashed in two directions, and foamed onward against each side.

I did not breathe—I felt faint—I felt even sea-sick. On, then, with added violence came two wide-spreading waves, and, being parted by my rock, completely encompassed it, meeting each other on the further and upper ground. I now gave up my whole soul to prayer for myself and for my Alexander, and that I might mercifully be

spared this watery grave, or be endowed with courage and faith for meeting it with firmness.

The next waves reached to the uppermost end of my chamber, which was now all sea, save the small rock upon which I was mounted!

How I might have been subdued by a situation so awful at once, and so helpless, if left to its unmixed contemplation, I know not; had I not been still called into active service in sustaining my poor Diane. No sooner were we thus encompassed than she was seized with a dismay that filled me with pity. She trembled violently, and rising and looking down at the dreadful sight of sea, sea, sea all around, and sea still to the utmost extent of the view beyond, she turned up her face to me, as if appealing for protection; and when I spoke to her with kindness, she crept forward to my feet, and was instantly taken with a shivering fit.

I could neither sit nor kneel to offer her any comfort, but I dropped down as children do when they play at hunt the slipper, for so only could I loose my hold of the slab without falling, and I then stroked and caressed her in as fondling a way as if she had been a child; and I recovered her from her ague-fit by rubbing her head and back with my shawl. She then looked up at me somewhat composed, though still piteous and forlorn, and licked my hands with gratitude.

While this passed the sea had gained considerably in height, and, a few minutes afterwards, all the horrors of a tempest seemed impending. The wind roared around me, pushing on the waves with a frothy velocity that, to a bystander, not to an inmate amidst them, would have been beautiful. It whistled with shrill and varying tones from the numberless crevices in the three immense rocky mountains by whose semicircular adhesion I was thus immured; and it burst forth at times in

squalls, reverberating from height to height or chasm to chasm, as if "the big-mouthed thunder"

Were bellowing through the vast and boundless deep.

A wave, at length, more stupendous than any which had preceded it, dashed against my rock as if enraged at an interception of its progress, and rushed on to the extremity of this savage chamber, with foaming impetuosity. This moment I believed to be my last of mortality! but a moment only it was; for scarcely had I time, with all the rapidity of concentrated thought, to recommend myself, my husband, and my poor Alexander, humbly but fervently to the mercy of the Almighty, when the celestial joy broke in upon me of perceiving that this wave, which had bounded forward with such fury, was the last of the rising tide! In its rebound, it forced back with it, for an instant, the whole body of water that was lodged nearest to the upper extremity of my recess, and the transporting sight was granted me of an opening to the sands; but they were covered again the next instant, and as no other breaker made a similar opening, I was still, for a considerable length of time, in the same situation: but I lost hope no more. The tide was turned; it could rise therefore no higher; the danger was over of so unheard-of an end; of vanishing no one knew how or where—of leaving to my kind, deploring friends an unremitting uncertainty of my fate—of my reappearance or dissolution. I now wanted nothing but time, and caution, to effect my deliverance.

The threat of the tempest, also, was over; the air grew as serene as my mind, the sea far more calm, the sun beautifully tinged the west, and its setting upon the ocean was resplendent. By remembrance, however, alone, I speak of its glory,

not from any pleasure I then experienced in its sight: it told me of the waning day; and the anxiety I had now dismissed for myself redoubled for my poor Alexander.

I now turned to considering how I might be placed less painfully; for what I had supported while in such imminent danger seemed now insupportable, and when my eyes and my whole faculties were no longer monopolised by immediate care of life, in watching the tide, I was able to devise various contrivances for my better accommodation. I found out crevices for holding my feet so as to allow of my standing upright, and I discovered a spot of the slab upon which I could occasionally lean one of my elbows. Not small were these solaces; I felt them to be almost invaluable, so cramped had been my position. But no possible means could I discover for procuring myself a seat, and this I have since regarded as providential; for, had I been a little more at my ease, the fatigue I had undergone, the profound silence all around me, the heaviness of solitude, and the vast monotony of the view, joined to the necessity of remaining motionless, must inevitably have invited sleep. I should then have lost my balance, and my waking start must have plunged me into the sea. I have reason, therefore, to bless the various torments which saved me from any possibility of drowsiness.

With my bag of curiosities I made a cushion for Diane, which, however little luxurious, was softness itself compared with her then resting-place. She, also, could take no repose, but from this period I made her tolerably happy, by caresses and continual attentions.

But no sooner had the beams of the sun vanished from the broad horizon, than a small, gentle rain began to fall, and the light as well as

brightness of the day became obscured by darkling clouds.

This greatly alarmed me, in defiance of my joy and my philosophy; for I dreaded being surprised by the night in this isolated situation. I was supported, however, by perceiving that the sea was clearly retrograding, and beholding, little by little, the dry ground across the higher extremity of my apartment. How did I bless the sight! the sands and clods of sea-mire were more beautiful to my eyes than the rarest mosaic pavement of antiquity. Nevertheless, the return was so gradual, that I foresaw I had still many hours to remain a prisoner.

The night came on—there was no moon; but the sea, by its extreme whiteness, afforded some degree of pale light, when suddenly I thought I perceived something in the air. Affrighted, I looked around me, but nothing was visible; yet in another moment something like a shadow flitted before my eyes. I tried to fix it, but could not develop any form: something black was all I could make out; it seemed in quick motion, for I caught and lost it alternately, as if it was a shadow reflected by the waters.

I looked up at Capstan: nothing was there, but the now hardly discernible iron salmon. I then looked at the opposite side . . . ah, gracious Heaven, what were my sensations to perceive two human figures! Small they looked, as in a picture, from their distance, the height of the rock, and the obscurity of the night; but not less certainly from their outline, human figures. I trembled—I could not breathe—in another minute I was espied, for a voice loud, but unknown to my ears, called out "Holloa!" I unhesitatingly answered, "I am safe!"

"Thank God!" was the eager reply, in a voice hardly articulate; "Oh, thank God!" but not in a

voice unknown, though convulsed with agitation—it was the voice of my dear son! Oh what a quick transition from every direful apprehension to joy and delight! yet knowing his precipitancy, and fearing a rash descent to join me, in ignorance of the steepness and dangers of the precipice which parted us, I called out with all the energy in my power to conjure him to await patiently, as I would myself, the entire going down of the tide.

He readily gave me this promise, though still in sounds almost inarticulate.

I was then indeed in Heaven while upon Earth.

Another form then appeared, while Alex and the first companion retired. This form, from a gleam of light on her dress, I soon saw to be female. She called out to me that Mr. Alexander and his friend were gone to call for a boat to come round for me by sea.

The very thought made me shudder, acquainted as I now was with the nature of my recess, where, though the remaining sea looked as smooth as the waters of a lake, I well knew it was but a surface covering pointed fragments of rock, against which a boat must have been overset or stranded. Loudly, therefore, as I could raise my voice, I called upon my informant to fly after them, and say I was decided to wait till the tide was down. She replied that she would not leave me alone for the world.

The youths, however, soon returned to the top of the mountain, accompanied by a mariner, who had dissuaded them from their dangerous enterprise. I cheerfully repeated that I was safe, and begged reciprocated patience.

They now wandered about on the heights, one of them always keeping in view.

Meanwhile, I had now the pleasure to descend

to the sort of halfway-house which I had first hoped would serve for my refuge. The difficulty was by no means so arduous to come down as to mount, especially as, the waters being no longer so high as my rock, there was no apprehension of destruction should my footing fail me.

Encouraged by this exploit, Diane contrived to get down entirely to the bottom; but though she found not there the sea, the sands were so wet that she hastily climbed to rejoin me.

Some time after I descried a fourth figure on the summit, bearing a lantern. This greatly rejoiced me, for the twilight now was grown so obscure that I had felt much troubled how I might at last grope my way in the dark out of this terrible Wildersmouth.

They all now, from the distance and the dimness, looked like spectres: we spoke no more, the effort being extremely fatiguing. I observed, however, with great satisfaction, an increase of figures, so that the border of the precipice seemed covered with people. This assurance that if any accident happened, there would be succour at hand, relieved many a fresh starting anxiety.

Not long after, the sea wholly disappeared, and the man with the lantern, who was an old sailor, descended the precipice on the further part, by a way known to him; and placing the lantern where it might give him light, yet allow him the help of both his hands, he was coming to me almost on all fours; when Diane leaped to the bottom of the rock, and began a barking so loud and violent that the seaman stopped short, and I had the utmost difficulty to appease my little dog, and prevail with her, between threats and cajolements, to suffer his approach.

He then brought me a coat from my son. It rained incessantly.

"Is it his own?" I cried.

"Yes."

"Take it then back, and entreat him to put it on. The wind is abated, and I can hold my parasol."

I would take to this no denial; and my son's companion, Mr. Le Fevre, as I afterwards heard, sent then to the house for another.

For this, however, we waited not; my son no sooner perceived that the seaman had found footing, though all was still too watery and unstable for me to quit my rock, than he darted forward by the way thus pointed out, and clambering, or rather leaping up to me, he was presently in my arms. Neither of us could think or care about the surrounding spectators—we seemed restored to each other, almost miraculously, from destruction and death. Neither of us could utter a word; but both, I doubt not, were equally occupied in returning the most ardent thanks to Heaven.

Alexander had run wildly about in every direction; visited hill, dale, cliff, bye-paths, and public roads, to make and instigate inquiry—but of the Wildersmouth he thought not, and never, I believe, had heard; and as it was then a mere part of the sea, from the height of the tide, the notion or remembrance of it occurred to no one. Mr. Jacob, his cool-headed and excellent hearted friend, was most unfortunately at Barnstaple; but he at length thought of Mr. John Le Fevre, a young man who was eminently at the head of the Ilfracombe students, and had resisted going to the ball at Barnstaple, not to lose an hour of his time. Recollecting this, Alex went to his dwelling, and bursting into his apartment, called out, "My mother is missing!"

The generous youth, seeing the tumult of soul in which he was addressed, shut up his bureau

without a word, and hurried off with his distressed comrade, giving up for that benevolent purpose the precious time he had refused himself to spare for a moment's recreation.

Fortunately, providentially, Mr. Le Fevre recollected Wildersmouth, and that one of his friends had narrowly escaped destruction by a surprise there of the sea. He no sooner named this than he and Alexander contrived to climb up the rock opposite to Capstan, whence they looked down upon my recess. At first they could discern nothing, save one small rock uncovered by the sea: but at length, as my head moved, Le Fevre saw something like a shadow—he then called out, "Holloa!" etc.

To Mr. Le Fevre, therefore, I probably owe my life.

Two days after, I visited the spot of my captivity, but it had entirely changed its appearance. A storm of equinoctial violence had broken off its pyramidal height, and the drift of sand and gravel, and fragments of rocks, had given a new face to the whole recess. I sent for the seaman to ascertain the very spot: this he did; but told me that a similar change took place commonly twice a year; and added, very calmly, that two days later I could not have been saved from the waves.

Madame d'Arblay to a Friend

Bath, *November* 9, 1817.

Can I still hope, my dear friend, for that patient partiality which will await my tardy answer ere it judges my irksome silence? Your letter of Sept. 27th I found upon my table when I returned, the 5th of October, from Ilfracombe. I returned, with Alexander, to meet General d'A. from Paris. You will be sorry, I am very sure, and probably

greatly surprised, to hear that he came in a state to occupy every faculty of my mind and thoughts—altered—thin—weak—depressed—full of pain—and disappointed in every expectation of every sort that had urged his excursion!

I thank God the fever that confined him to his bed for three days is over, and he yesterday went down stairs; and his repose now is the most serene and reviving. The fever, Mr. Hay assured me, was merely symptomatic; not of inflammation or any species of danger, but the effect of his sufferings. Alas! that is heavy and severe enough, but still, where fever comes, 'tis of the sort the least cruel, because no ways alarming.

Nov. 15.—I never go out, nor admit any one within; nor shall I, till a more favourable turn will let me listen to his earnest exhortations that I should do both. Mr. Hay gives me strong hopes that that will soon arrive, and then I shall not vex him by persevering in this seclusion: *you* know and can judge how little this part of my course costs me, for to quit the side of those we prize when they are in pain, would be a thousand times greater sacrifice than any other privation.

You are very right as to Lady Murray;[1] not only, *of course*, I am honoured by her desire of intercourse, but it can never be as a new acquaintance I can see the daughter of Lord and Lady Mulgrave. I have been frequently in the company of the former,[2] who was a man of the gayest wit in society I almost ever knew. He spread mirth around him by his sprightly ideas and sallies, and his own laugh was as hearty and frank as that he excited in others; and his accomplished and attaching wife was one of the sweetest creatures in

[1] Lord Mulgrave's daughter, Anne Elizabeth Cholmley, married to Lieut.-General Sir John Murray, Bart., *d.* 1848.

[2] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 336.

the world.[1] Alas! how often this late Tragedy in the unfortunate Royal Family has called her to my remembrance! She, however, left the living consolation of a lovely babe to her disconsolate survivor;—the poor Prince Leopold loses in one blow mother and child.[2] The Royal visit here has been a scene of emotion;—first of joy and pleasure, next of grief and disappointment. The Queen I thought looked well till this sudden and unexpected blow; after which, for the mournful day she remained, she admitted no one to her presence, but most graciously sent me a message to console me. She wrote instantly, with her own hand, to Prince Leopold — that Prince who must seem to have had a vision of celestial happiness, so perfect it was, so exalted, and so transitory. The poor Princess Charlotte's passion for him had absorbed her, yet was so well placed as only to form her to excellence, and it had so completely won his return, that like herself, he coveted her alone. . . . Princess Elizabeth is much altered personally, to my great concern; but her manners, and amiability, and talents, I think more pleasing and more attaching than ever. How delighted I was at their arrival!

Madame d'Arblay to Alex d'Arblay, Esq.

Bath, *November* 9, 1817.

We have here spent nearly a week in a manner the most extraordinary, beginning with hope and pleasure, proceeding to fear and pain, and ending in disappointment and grief.

The joy exhibited on Monday,[3] when Her Majesty and her Royal Highness arrived, was

[1] See vol. iii. p. 499.

[2] Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales, married in 1816 to Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, died in childbed, November 6, 1817.

[3] November 3.

really extatic; the illumination was universal. The public offices were splendid; so were the tradespeople's who had promises or hopes of employment; the nobles and gentles were modestly gay, and the poor eagerly put forth their mite. But all was flattering, because voluntary. Nothing was induced by power, or forced by mobs. All was left to individual choice. Your padre and I patrolled the principal streets, and were quite touched by the universality of the homage paid to the virtues and merit of our venerable Queen, upon this her first progress through any part of her domains by herself. Hitherto she has only accompanied the poor King, as at Weymouth and Cheltenham, Worcester and Exeter, Plymouth and Portsmouth, etc.; or the Prince Regent, as at Brighthelmstone. But here, called by her health, she came as principal, and in her own character of rank and consequence. And, as Mr. Hay told me, the inhabitants of Bath were all even vehement to let her see the light in which they held her individual self, after so many years witnessing her exemplary conduct and distinguished merit.

She was very sensible to this tribute; but much affected, nay, dejected, in receiving it, at the beginning; from coming without the King where the poor King had always meant himself to bring her; but just as he had arranged for the excursion, and even had three houses taken for him in the Royal Crescent, he was afflicted by blindness. He would not then come; for what, he said, was a beautiful city to him who could not look at it? This was continually in the remembrance of the Queen during the honours of her reception; but she had recovered from the melancholy recollection, and was cheering herself by the cheers of all the inhabitants, when the first news arrived of the

illness of the Princess Charlotte. At that moment she was having her diamonds placed on her head for the reception of the mayor and corporation of Bath, with an address upon the honour done to their city, and upon their hopes from the salutary spring she came to quaff. Her first thought was to issue orders for deferring this ceremony; but when she considered that all the members of the municipality must be assembled, and that the great dinner they had prepared to give to the Duke of Clarence[1] could only be postponed at an enormous and useless expense, she composed her spirits, finished her regal decorations, and admitted the citizens of Bath, who were highly gratified by her condescension, and struck by her splendour, which was the same as she appeared in on the greatest occasions in the capital. The Princess Elizabeth was also a blaze of jewels. And our good little mayor (not four feet high)[2] and aldermen and common councilmen were all transported. The Duke of Clarence accepted their invitation, and was joined by the Marquis of Bath and all the Queen's suite. But the dinner was broken up. The Duke received an express with the terrible tidings: he rose from table, and struck his forehead as he read them, and then hurried out of the assembly with inexpressible trepidation and dismay. The Queen also was at table when the same express arrived, though only with the Princess and her own party: all were dispersed in a moment, and she shut herself up, admitting no one but her Royal Highness. She would have left Bath the next morning; but her physician, Sir Henry Halford,[3] said it would be extremely dangerous that she should travel so far, in her state

[1] At the Guildhall on November 6. [2] John Kitson, Esq.
[3] Sir Henry Halford, 1766-1844, afterwards President of the College of Physicians.

of health, just in the first perturbation of affliction. She would see no one but her immediate suite all day, and set out the next for Windsor Castle, to spend the time previous to the last melancholy rites, in the bosom of her family. All Bath wore a face of mourning. The transition from gaiety and exultation was really awful. What an extinction of youth and happiness! The poor Princess Charlotte had never known a moment's suffering since her marriage. Her lot seemed perfect. Prince Leopold is, indeed, to be pitied. I have left no room for your padre; but the turn was fairly mine; and both are so delighted with your new spirit of correspondence that whichever holds the pen, the heart of both writes in truest affection to the dearest of sons.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Broome

Bath, *November* 25, 1817.

. . . We are all here impressed with the misfortunes of the Royal house, and chiefly with the deadly blow inflicted on the perfect conjugal happiness of the first young couple in the kingdom. The first couple *not* young had already received a blow yet, perhaps, more frightful: for to have, yet lose—to keep, yet never enjoy the being we most prize, is surely yet more torturing than to yield at once to the stroke which we know awaits us, and by which, at last, we must necessarily and indispensably fall. The Queen supports herself with the calm and serenity belonging to one inured to misfortune, and submissive to Providence.[1] The Princess Elizabeth has native spirits that resist all woe after the first shock, though she is full of

[1] Having left Bath, as above stated, on November 8, the state of the Queen's health had obliged her to return to it on the 24th. She was accompanied, as before, by the Duke of Clarence and the Princess Elizabeth.

kindness, goodness, and zeal for right action. The Duke of Clarence was strongly and feelingly affected by the sudden and unexpected disaster, and he looks much changed by all he has gone through in the solemn ceremonies of the interment. All is so altered from the gay, brilliant scene with which this Bath excursion had opened, that the meanest person and most uneducated character reads a moral in the vicissitude that requires no commentary.

Daily I go with my respectful and most warm inquiries to Sydney Place,[1] to know how the Bath beverage agrees with Her Majesty, whose weakened and disordered stomach terribly wants ameliorating. We are flattered with the hope that the progress is all on the right side, though slow. But she looks better, and is much more like her native self, than upon her second arrival. The Princess, the dear, sweet, and accomplished Princess Elizabeth, is visibly better for bathing in the Bath waters; and I sometimes permit myself to hope they may sufficiently profit from these springs to be tempted to return to them another year. I have just read a letter from Miss Knight, dated Rome,[2] in which she mentions, with great regard and intimacy, Mr. Mathias, and speaks of him as belonging to her select society, without any reference to the alarming stroke and attack[3] which preceded his journey, and simply as one who enlivens the Italian coterie. How delightful is such a recovery!

[1] The Queen occupied No. 93, and the Duke of Clarence No. 103.

[2] Miss Ellis Cornelia Knight wrote a description of the Campagna in 1805 (see *ante*, vol. v. p. 69).

[3] According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Mme. D'Arblay is the authority for this. Mr. Mathias never returned to England, and died at Naples in 1835 (see *ante*, vol. v. p. 306).

THE PUMP ROOM AT BATH, EXTERIOR, 1804

PART LXVII

1818-1819

Mrs. Piozzi renews her correspondence with Madame d'Arblay—Continued indisposition of General d'Arblay—Madame d'Arblay's narrative of his last illness—His presentation to Queen Charlotte at Bath—Presents from the Queen and Princess Elizabeth—Visit of a Roman Catholic priest—Death of General d'Arblay—Letter of condolence from Mr. Wilberforce—Dr. Elloi, the Roman Catholic priest, desires the conversion of Madame d'Arblay—She convinces him of its hopelessness—Friendly visits and condolences—Approaching dissolution of the Queen—Madame d'Arblay's son a deacon of the Church of England—The Queen's death—Sketch of her character by Madame d'Arblay—Funeral sermon.

From Mrs. Piozzi to Madame d'Arblay

Bath, *Thursday, February* 26, 1818.

My dear Madam—I had company in the room when Lady K——'s note arrived, desiring I would send you some papers of her's by the person who should bring it. I had offered a conveyance to London by some friends of my own, but she preferred their passing through your hands. Accept my truest wishes for the restoration of complete peace to a mind which has been so long and so justly admired, loved, and praised by,

Dear Madam,

Your ever faithful,

H. L. P.

Who attends the General? and why do you think him so very bad?

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Piozzi

Bath, *February* 26, 1818.

There is no situation in which a kind remembrance from you, my dear Madam, would not awaken me to some pleasure; but my poor sufferer was so very ill when your note came, that it was not possible for me to answer it. That I think him so *very bad*, is that I see him perpetually in pain nearly insupportable; yet I am assured it is local, and unattended with danger while followed up with constant care and caution. This supports my spirits, which bear me and enable me to help him through a malady of anguish and difficulty. It is a year this very month since he has been in the hands of Mr. Hay as a regular patient. Mr. Hay was recommended to us by Mrs. Lock and Mrs. Angerstein, whom he attends as *physician*, from their high opinion of his skill and discernment. But, alas! all has failed here; and we have called in Mr. Tudor, as the case terminates in being one that demands a surgeon. Mr. Tudor gives me every comfort in prospect, but prepares me for long suffering, and slow, slow recovery.

Shall I apologise for this wordy explanation? No; you will see by it with what readiness I am happy to believe that our interest in each other must ever be reciprocal.

Lady K—— by no means intended to give me the charge of the papers; she only thought they might procure some passing amusement to my invalid. I must, on the contrary, hope you will permit me to return them you, in a few days, for such conveyance as you may deem safe; I am now out of the way of seeking any.

Believe me, dear Madam, with unalterable affection,

Your ever obliged and obedient,

F. D'ARBLAY.

I hope you were a little glad that my son has been among the high Wranglers.[1]

NARRATIVE OF THE ILLNESS AND DEATH OF GENERAL D'ARBLAY

BOLTON STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE,[2]
November 17, 1819.

It is now the 17th of November, 1819. A year and a half have passed since I was blessed with the sight of my beloved husband.[3] I can devise no means to soothe my lonely woe, so likely of success as devoting my evening solitude to recollections of his excellences, and of every occurrence of his latter days, till I bring myself up to the radiant serenity of their end. I think it will be like passing with him, with him himself, a few poor fleeting but dearly-cherished moments. I will call back the history of my beloved husband's last illness. Ever present as it is to me, it will be a relief to set it down.

In Paris, in the autumn of 1817, he was first attacked with the deadly evil by which he was finally consumed. I suspected not his danger. He had left me in June, in the happy but most delusive persuasion that the journey and his native

[1] He was tenth.

[2] No. 11 Bolton Street, Piccadilly, still exists; and bears a Society of Art's tablet as having been the residence of Mme. D'Arblay.

[3] General D'Arblay died at 23 Gt. Stanhope Street, May 3, 1818, aged 65, and was buried in Walcot Churchyard. He is described, on a tablet in the Church, as Comte Alexandre Jean Baptiste Piochard d'Arblay, Chevalier of St. Louis, of the Legion of Honour, "du Lys: et de la Fidélité"; a Lieut.-General; and a superior officer of the Gardes du Corps of Louis XVIIIth. In the Mickleham registry book, he signs himself—"Alexandre *Gabriel* Pieuchard d'Arblay." (See also vol. v. p. 233 *n.*)

air would complete his recovery from the jaundice, which had attacked him in February, 1817. Far from ameliorating, his health went on daily declining. His letters, which at first were the delight and support of my existence, became disappointing, dejecting, afflicting. I sighed for his return! I believed he was trying experiments that hindered his recovery; and, indeed, I am persuaded he precipitated the evil by continual changes of system. At length his letters became so comfortless, that I almost expired with desire to join him; but he positively forbade my quitting our Alexander, who was preparing for his grand examination at Cambridge.

On the opening of October, 1817,[1] Alex and I returned from Ilfracombe to Bath to meet our best friend. He arrived soon after, attended by his favourite medical man, Mr. Hay, whom he had met in Paris. We found him extremely altered—not in mind, temper, faculties—oh, no!—but in looks and strength: thin and weakened so as to be fatigued by the smallest exertion. He tried, however, to revive; we sought to renew our walks, but his strength was insufficient. He purchased a garden in the Crescent Fields, and worked in it, but came home always the worse for the effort. His spirits were no longer in their state of native, genial cheerfulness: he could still be awakened to gaiety, but gaiety was no longer innate, instinctive with him.

In this month, October, 1817, I had a letter from the Princess Elizabeth, to inform me that Her Majesty and herself were coming to pass four weeks in Bath.

The Queen's stay was short, abruptly and sadly broken up by the death of the Princess Charlotte. In twenty-four hours after the evil

[1] October 5 (see *ante*, p. 346).

The Pump Room at Bath, Interior, 1804

tidings, they hastened to Windsor to meet the Prince Regent; and almost immediately after the funeral, the Queen and Princess returned, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence. I saw them continually, and never passed a day without calling at the Royal abode by the Queen's express permission; and during the whole period of their stay, my invalid appeared to be stationary in his health. I never quitted him save for this Royal visit, and that only of a morning.

He had always purposed being presented to Her Majesty in the pump-room, and the Queen herself deigned to say "she should be very glad to see the General." Ill he was! suffering, emaciated, enfeebled! But he had always spirit awake to every call; and just before Christmas, 1817, we went together, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, in chairs, to the pump-room.

I thought I had never seen him look to such advantage. His fine brow so open, his noble countenance so expressive, his features so formed for a painter's pencil! This, too, was the last time he ever wore his military honours—his three orders of "St. Louis," "the Legion of Honour," and "Du Lys," or "De la Fidélité"; decorations which singularly became him, from his strikingly martial port and character.

The Queen was brought to the circle in her sedan-chair,[1] and led to the seat prepared for her by her vice-chamberlain, making a gracious general bow to the assembly as she passed. Dr. Gibbs and Mr. Tudor waited upon her with the Bath water, and she conversed with them, and the mayor and aldermen, and her own people, for some

[1] "Her Majesty attended the Pump Room punctually every morning, at nine o'clock, being carried in a sedan-chair covered with crimson. After drinking the Waters she held a levee" (Peach's *Historic Houses in Bath*, 1883, p. 15).

time. After this she rose to make her round with a grace indescribable, and, to those who never witnessed it, inconceivable; for it was such as to carry off age, infirmity, sickness, diminutive stature —and to give her, in defiance of such disadvantages, a power of charming that rarely has been equalled. Her face had a variety of expression that made her features soon seem agreeable; the intonations of her voice so accorded with her words; her language was so impressive, and her manner so engaging and encouraging, that it was not possible to be the object of her attention without being both struck with her uncommon abilities and fascinated by their exertion. Such was the effect which she produced upon General d'Arblay, to whom she soon turned. Highly sensible to the honour of her distinction, he forgot his pains in his desire to manifest his gratitude;—and his own smiles—how winning they became! Her Majesty spoke of Bath, of Windsor, of the Continent; and while addressing him, her eyes turned to meet mine with a look that said, "Now I know I am making you happy!" She asked me, archly, whether I was not fatigued by coming to the pump-room so early? and said, "Madame d'Arblay thinks I have never seen you before! but she is mistaken, for I peeped at you through the window as you passed to the terrace at Windsor." Alas! the Queen no sooner ceased to address him than the pains he had suppressed became intolerable, and he retreated from the circle and sunk upon a bench near the wall; he could stand no longer, and we returned home to spend the rest of the day in bodily misery.

Very soon after the opening of this fatal year 1818, expressions dropped from my beloved of his belief of his approaching end: they would have broken my heart, had not an incredulity—now my

eternal wonder!—kept me in a constant persuasion that he was hypochondriac, and tormented with false apprehensions. Fortunate, merciful, as wonderful was that incredulity, which, blinding me to my coming woe, enabled me to support my courage by my hopes, and helped me to sustain his own. In his occasional mournful prophecies, which I always rallied off and refused to listen to, he uttered frequently the kind words, "Et jamais je n'ai tant aimé la vie! Jamais, jamais, la vie ne m'a été plus chère!" How sweet to me were those words, which I thought—alas, how delusively!—would soothe and invigorate recovery!

The vivacity with which I exerted all the means in my power to fly from every evil prognostic, he was often struck with, and never angrily; on the contrary, he would exclaim, "Comme j'admire ton courage!" while his own, on the observation, always revived. "My courage?" I always answered, "What courage? Am I not doing what I most desire upon earth—remaining by your side? When you are not well, the whole universe is to me, there!"

Soon after, nevertheless, recurring to the mournful idea ever uppermost, he said, with a serenity the most beautiful, "Je voudrois que nous causassions sur tout cela avec calme,—doucement,—*cheerfully* même, as of a future voyage—as of a subject of discussion—simply to exchange our ideas and talk them over."

Alas, alas! how do I now regret that I seconded not this project, so fitted for all pious Christian minds, whether their pilgrimage be of shorter or longer duration! But I saw him ill—oh, how ill! I felt myself well; it was, therefore, apparent who must be the survivor in case of sunderment; and, therefore, all power of generalising the subject was over. And much and ardently as I should have

rejoiced in treating such a theme when *he* was well, or on his recovery, I had no power to sustain it thus situated. I could only attend his sick couch; I could only *live* by fostering hopes of his revival, and seeking to make them reciprocal.

During this interval a letter from my affectionate sister Charlotte suggested our taking further advice to aid Mr. Hay, since the malady was so unyielding.

On January the 24th Mr. Tudor came, but after an interview and examination, his looks were even forbidding. Mr. Hay had lost his air of satisfaction and complacency; Mr. Tudor merely inquired whether he should come again? "Oh, yes, yes, yes!" I cried, and they retired together. And rapidly I flew, not alone from hearing, but from forming any opinion, and took refuge by the side of my beloved, whom I sought to console and revive. And this very day, as I have since found, he began his Diary for the year. It contains these words:—

"Jamais je n'ai tant aimé la VIE que je suis en si grand danger de perdre; malgré que je n'aye point de fièvre, ni le moindre mal à la tête; et que j'aye non seulement l'esprit libre, mais le cœur d'un contentement parfait. LA VOLONTÉ DE DIEU SOIT FAITE! J'attends pour ce soir ou demain le résultat d'une consultation."

On this same day Madame de Soyres brought me a packet from Her Majesty, and another from the Princess Elizabeth. The kind and gracious Princess sent me a pair of silver camp candlesticks, with peculiar contrivances which she wrote me word might amuse the General as a military man, while they might be employed by myself to light my evening researches among the MSS. of my dear father, which she wished me to collect and to preface by a Memoir.[1]

[1] See *ante*, p. 304.

Her mother's offering was in the same spirit of benevolence; it was a collection of all the volumes of *L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*,[1] with Chalmers' *Astronomical Sermons*,[2] and Drake's two quartos on Shakespeare;[3] joined to a small work of deeper personal interest to me than them all, which was a book of prayers suited to various circumstances, and printed at Her Majesty's own press at Frogmore.[4] In this she had condescended to write my name, accompanied by words of peculiar kindness. My poor Ami looked over every title-page with delight, feeling as I did myself that the gift was still more meant for him than for me—or rather, doubly, trebly for me in being calculated to be pleasing to him!—he was to me the soul of all pleasure on earth.

What words of kindness do I find, and now for the first time read, in his Diary dated 2nd February! After speaking—hélas, hélas!—"*de ses douleurs inouies*," he adds, "Quelle étrange maladie! et quelle position que la mienne! il en est une, peut-être plus fâcheuse encore, c'est celle de ma malheureuse compagne—avec quelle tendresse elle me soigne! et avec quelle courage elle supporte ce qu'elle a à souffrir! Je ne puis que répéter, La Volonté de Dieu soit faite!"

Alas! the last words he wrote in February were most melancholy:—"20 Février, Je sens que je m'affoiblis horriblement—je ne crois pas que ceci puisse être encore bien long. Chère Fanny . . . cher Alex! God bless you! and unite us for ever, Amen!"

[1] *L'Hermite de la Chaussée-d'Antin; ou, Observations sur les Mœurs et les Usages français au Commencement du dix-neuvième Siècle*, 1812-1814, 5 vols., was by Victor-Joseph Etienne *dit* Jouy, 1764-1846. It is said by Mrs. Barrett to preserve some of the repartees of M. de Narbonne, though without giving his name.

[2] *Astronomical Discourses*, 1817.

[3] *Shakespeare and his Times*, 1817, by Nathan Drake, M.D.

[4] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 57 *n.*

Oh my beloved! Delight, Pride, and Happiness of my heart! May Heaven in its mercy hear this prayer!

. . . . . .

In March he revived a little, and Mr. Tudor no longer denied me hope; on the 18th Alex came to our arms and gratulations on his fellowship;[1] which gave to his dearest father a delight the most touching.

I have no Diary in his honoured hand to guide my narrative in April; a few words only he ever wrote more, and these, after speaking of his sufferings, end with "Pazienza! Pazienza!"—such was his last written expression! 'Tis on the 5th of April. . . .

On the 3rd of May he reaped, I humbly trust, the fair fruit of that faith and patience he so pathetically implored and so beautifully practised!

At this critical period in April I was called down one day to Madame la Marquise de S——, who urged me to summon a priest of the Roman Catholic persuasion to my precious sufferer. I was greatly disturbed every way; I felt in shuddering the danger she apprehended, and resisted its belief; yet I trembled lest I should be doing wrong. . . . I was a Protestant, and had no faith in *confession to man.* I had long had reason to believe that my beloved partner was a Protestant, also, in his heart; but he had a horror of *apostacy,* and *therefore,* as he told me, would not investigate the differences of the two religions; he had besides a tie which to his honour and character was potent and persuasive; he had taken an oath to keep the Catholic faith when he received his *Croix de St Louis,* which was at a period when the preference of the simplicity of Protestantism was not apparent

[1] He had been lately elected a fellow of Christ's (Venn's *Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College,* 1897-1901, ii. 161).

to him. All this made me personally easy for him, yet, as this was not known, and as nothing definitive had ever passed between us upon this delicate subject, I felt that he apparently belonged still to the Roman Catholic Church; and after many painful struggles I thought it my absolute duty to let him judge for himself, even at the risk of inspiring the alarm I so much sought to save him! . . . I compelled myself therefore to tell him the wish of Madame de S——, that he should see a priest. "Eh bien," he cried, gently yet readily, "je ne m'y oppose pas. . . . Qu'en penses-tu?" I begged to leave such a decision wholly to himself.

Never shall I forget the heavenly composure with which my beloved partner heard me announce that the priest, Dr. Elloi, was come. Cheerfully as I urged myself to name him, still he could but regard the visit as an invitation to make his last preparations for quitting mortal life. With a calm the most gentle and genuine, he said he had better be left alone with him, and they remained together, I believe, three hours. I was deeply disturbed that my poor patient should be so long without sustenance or medicine; but I durst not intrude, though anxiously I kept at hand in case of any sudden summons. When, at length, the priest reappeared, I found my dearest invalid as placid as before this ceremony, though fully convinced it was meant as the annunciation of his expected and approaching departure.

Dr. Elloi now came not only every day, but almost every hour of the day, to obtain another interview; but my beloved, though pleased that the meeting had taken place, expressed no desire for its repetition. I was cruelly distressed; the fear of doing wrong has been always the leading principle of my internal guidance, and here I felt

incompetent to judge what was right. Overpowered, therefore, by my own inability to settle that point, and my terror lest I should mistake it, I ceased to resist; and Dr. Elloi, while my patient was sleeping from opium, glided into his chamber, and knelt down by the bedside with his Prayer Book in his hand. Two hours this lasted; but when the doctor informed me he had obtained the General's promise that he should administer to him the last Sacrament, the preparations were made accordingly, and I only entreated leave to be present.

This solemn communion, at which I have never in our own church attended with unmoistened eyes, was administered the same evening. The dear invalid was in bed; his head raised with difficulty, he went through this ceremony with spirits calm, and a countenance and voice of holy composure.

Thenceforth he talked openly, and almost solely, of his approaching dissolution, and prepared for it by much silent mental prayer. He also poured forth his soul in counsel for Alexander and myself. I now dared no longer oppose to him my hopes of his recovery; the season was too awful. I heard him only with deluges of long-restrained tears, and his generous spirit seemed better satisfied in thinking me now awakened to a sense of his danger, as preparatory for supporting its consequence.

"*Parle de moi!*" He said, afterwards, "Parle —et souvent. Surtout à Alexandre; qu'il ne m'oublie pas!"

"Je ne parlerai pas d'autre chose!" I answered . . . and I felt his tender purpose. He knew how I forbore ever to speak of my lost darling sister, and he thought the constraint injurious both to my health and spirits: he wished to change my mode with regard to himself by an injunction of

his own. "*Nous* ne parlerons pas d'autre chose!" I added, "Mon Ami!—mon Ami!—Je ne survivrai que pour cela!" He looked pleased, and with a calm that taught me to repress my too great emotion.

He then asked for Alexander, embraced him warmly, and half raising himself with a strength that had seemed extinct but the day before, he took a hand of Alexander and one of mine, and putting them together between both his own, he tenderly pressed them, exclaiming, "How happy I am! . . . I fear I am too happy!" . . .

Kindest of human hearts! His *happiness* was in seeing us together ere he left us.; his fear was lest he should too keenly regret the quitting us!

From the time that my dearly beloved had received the last Sacrament, and made his confession, his mind was perfectly at ease with respect to all public offices of religion; the religion of his heart and of his faith was often, nay, continually, at work in prayer and pious meditation. Dr. Elloi, however, and Madame de S——, were incessant in their demands for admission and further ceremonies; and with such urgency of remonstrance, that at length I could not answer to myself further resistance without laying the case once more before my poor invalid. This was a barbarous task; I saw him devoutly at rest with God and man, and I was miserable lest I should risk shaking his settled spiritual calm; but he readily and instantly answered, "J'ai reçu les saints sacremens; je me suis confessé,—je n'ai rien en arrière! Ainsi il me semble—si moi j'étois Madame d'Arblay, je dirois tout bonnement, que j'avois fait tout ce que l'on m'avait demandé dès le commencement, et que l'on doit se contenter."

Thus strengthened, I sent them word that I

had complied with all their original requests; but that, a Protestant myself, zealously and upon principle, they must not expect me to make a persecution for the performance of a Catholic rite that might impede all chance of restoration by its appalling solemnities.

At this time he saw for a few minutes my dear sister Esther and her Maria, who had always been a great favourite with him. When they retired, he called upon me to bow my knees as he dropped upon his own, that he might receive, he said, my benediction, and that we might fervently and solemnly join in prayer to Almighty God for each other. He then consigned himself to uninterrupted meditation: he told me not to utter one word to him, even of reply, beyond the most laconic necessity. He desired that when I brought him his medicine or nutriment, I would give it without speech and instantly retire; and take care that no human being addressed or approached him. This awful command lasted unbroken during the rest of the evening, the whole of the night, and nearly the following day. So concentrated in himself he desired to be!—yet always as free from irritation as from despondence—always gentle and kind even when taciturn, and even when in torture.

When the term of his meditative seclusion seemed to be over, I found him speaking with Alexander, and pouring into the bosom of his weeping son the balm of parental counsel and comfort. I received at this time a letter from my affectionate sister Charlotte, pressing for leave to come and aid me to nurse my dearest invalid. He took the letter and pressed it to his lips, saying, "Je l'aime bien; dis-le-lui. Et elle m'aime." But I felt that she could do me no good. We had a nurse whose skill made her services a real blessing; and for myself, woe, such as he believed approach-

ing, surpassed all aid but from prayer and from heaven—lonely meditation.[1]

When the morning dawned, he ordered Payne to open the shutters and to undraw the curtains. The prospect from the windows facing his bed was picturesque, lively, lovely: he looked at it with a bright smile of admiration, and cast his arm over his noble brow, as if hailing one more return of day, and light, and life with those he loved. But when, in the course of the day, something broke from me of my reverence at his heavenly resignation, . . . "*Résigné?*" he repeated, with a melancholy half smile; "*mais . . . comme ça!*" and then in a voice of tenderness the most touching, he added, "*Te quitter!*" I dare not, even yet, hang upon my emotion at those words!

That night passed in tolerable tranquillity, and without alarm, his pulse still always equal and good, though smaller. On Sunday, the fatal 3rd of May, my patient was still cheerful, and slept often, but not long. This circumstance was delightful to my observation, and kept off the least suspicion that my misery could be so near.

My pen lingers now!—reluctant to finish the little that remains.

About noon, gently awaking from a slumber, he called to me for some beverage, but was weaker than usual, and could not hold the cup. I moistened his lips with a spoon several times. He looked at me with sweetness inexpressible, and pathetically said, "*Qui . . .?*" He stopped, but I saw he meant "*Who shall return this for you?*" I instantly answered to his obvious and most touching meaning, by a cheerful exclamation of "*You*! my dearest Ami! *You* yourself! You shall recover, and take your revenge." He smiled, but shut his eyes in silence.

[1] Payne was apparently the nurse just mentioned (see *ante*, p. 366).

Thus ever awake was his tender solicitude for me!—and in the midst of all his sufferings, his intellects had a clearness, nay, a brightness, that seemed as if already they were refined from the dross of worldly imperfection.

After this, he bent forward, as he was supported nearly upright by pillows in his bed . . . and taking my hand, and holding it between both his own, he impressively said, "Je ne sais si ce sera le dernier mot . . . mais ce sera la dernière pensée—*Notre réunion!*" . . . Oh, words the most precious that ever the tenderest of husbands left for balm to the lacerated heart of a surviving wife! I fastened my lips on his loved hands, but spoke not. It was not then that those words were my blessing! They awed—they thrilled—more than they solaced me. How little knew I then that he should speak to me no more!

Towards evening I sat watching in my arm-chair, and Alex remained constantly with me. His sleep was so calm, that an hour passed in which I indulged the hope that a favourable crisis was arriving; that a turn would take place by which his vital powers would be restored . . . but . . . when the hour was succeeded by another hour, when I saw a universal stillness in the whole frame, such as seemed to stagnate all around, I began to be strangely moved. "Alex!" I whispered, "this sleep is critical! a crisis arrives! Pray God—Almighty God!—that it be fav——" I could not proceed. Alex looked aghast, but firm. I sent him to call Payne. I intimated to her my opinion that this sleep was important, but kept a composure astonishing, for when no one would give me encouragement, I compelled myself to appear not to want it, to deter them from giving me despair.

Another hour passed of concentrated feelings, of breathless dread.

His face had still its unruffled serenity, but methought the hands were turning cold; I covered them; I watched over the head of my beloved; I took new flannel to roll over his feet; the stillness grew more awful; the skin became colder.

Alex, my dear Alex, proposed calling in Mr. Tudor, and ran off for him.

I leant over him now with sal volatile to his temple, his forehead, the palms of his hands, but I had no courage to feel his pulse, to touch his lips.

Mr. Tudor came; he put his hand upon the heart, the noblest of hearts, and pronounced that all was over!

How I bore this is still marvellous to me! I had always believed such a sentence would at once have killed me. But his sight—the sight of his stillness, kept me from distraction! Sacred he appeared, and his stillness I thought should be mine, and be inviolable.

I suffered certainly a partial derangement, for I cannot to this moment recollect anything that now succeeded, with truth or consistency; my memory paints things that were necessarily real, joined to others that could not possibly have happened, yet so amalgamates the whole together as to render it impossible for me to separate truth from indefinable, unaccountable fiction.

Even to this instant I always see the room itself charged with a medley of silent and strange figures grouped against the wall just opposite to me. Mr. Tudor, methought, was come to drag me by force away; and in this persuasion, which was false, I remember supplicating him to grant me but one hour, telling him I had solemnly engaged myself to pass it in watching. . . .

But why go back to my grief? Even yet, at times, it seems as fresh as ever, and at *all* times weighs on me with a feeling that seems stagnating

the springs of life. But for Alexander — *our* Alexander!—I think I could hardly have survived. His tender sympathy, with his claims to my love, and the solemn injunctions given me to preserve for him, and devote to him, my remnant of life—these, through the Divine mercy, sustained me.

May that mercy, with its best blessings, daily increase his resemblance to his noble father.

March 20, 1820.

Extracts from Pocket-Book Diary

May 17, 1818.

This melancholy second Sunday since my irreparable loss I ventured to church. I hoped it might calm my mind and subject it to its new state—its lost—lost happiness. But I suffered inexpressibly; I sunk on my knees, and could scarcely contain my sorrows—scarcely rise any more! but I prayed—fervently—and I am glad I made the trial, however severe. Oh mon ami! mon tendre ami! if you looked down! if that be permitted, how benignly will you wish my participation in your blessed relief!

Mr. Wilberforce to Madame d'Arblay

Near London, *May* 18, 1818.

My dear Madam—It is perhaps well for you, as well as for me, that I happen to be so extremely straitened for time, that it is next to impossible for me to detain you for more than two or three minutes; for otherwise, the consciousness I feel that I am taking I fear an unwarrantable liberty, would probably lead me into a prolixity at once distressing to you and injurious to myself, in consequence of a complaint in my eyes of some

Walcot Church, Bath, 1905

months' continuance, which allows me to write very little (except by an amanuensis), and scarcely to read at all.

I think, however, that you would do justice to the friendly motive which prompts me to beg leave to put into your hands a sweet little piece,[1] written many years ago, by a friend of mine now no more, a man of talents, learning, and piety, but to which, as it has attracted little notice, you are probably a stranger. I am encouraged to speak favourably of it by remembering that the last Archbishop of Canterbury thanked me, under the erroneous impression that I had sent it to him, for having introduced him to a little tract from which, as he said, he had derived comfort and he hoped benefit also.

I hope I need not assure you that after the kindness with which you treated me during our too short personal intercourse, I could not but take an interest in what so materially concerned you as the melancholy event which lately happened; and cordially wishing that it may please God to support you under the severe blow his Providence has inflicted, and to render it, under that gracious influence, which, we are assured in Holy Writ, educes good out of evil, ultimately even to your own judgment a kindness, and conducive to your spiritual improvement and your never-ending happiness, is the sincere wish of,

My dear Madam,
Once more apologising for my liberty,
Yours very truly,
W. WILBERFORCE.

[1] Mrs. Barrett identifies this as *A Friendly Visit to the House of Mourning*, 1792, by Richard Cecil, 1748-1810. Cecil was Vicar of Chobham and Rector of Bisley in Surrey. He was a fine preacher, with a taste for music and painting. He wrote *inter alia* lives of John Newton, and Bacon the sculptor. A fourteenth edition of his *Remains*, edited by Pratt, appeared in 1854.

Monday, May 30.—I had a long, affectionate, and affecting letter from my friend, Mrs. S—— B——. My excellent friend, Miss ——, who still lives to occasional revivals of kind remembrance, heard and understood the calamity with which I have been visited, and pronounced "God help her! no one else can!" Who, in the proudest day of unclouded intellect, could speak more truly.

Sunday, May 31.—This was the fourth Sunday passed since I have seen and heard and been blessed with the presence of my angel husband. Oh loved and honoured daily more and more! Yet how can that be? No! even now, in this cruel hour of regret and mourning it cannot be! for Love and Honour could rise no higher than mine have risen long, long since, in my happiest days.

June 3.—This day, this 3rd of June, completes a calendar month since I lost the beloved object of all my tenderest affections, and all my views and hopes and even ideas of happiness on earth.

Yesterday *Dr. Elloi*, who administered the last Sacrament to my beloved husband, sent to desire an interview. I received him with the profound respect I owe to one who had performed that last holy office, and I prevailed with him to take the disposal of the appropriated sum to dispose of in charity. I feel sure he will do it faithfully and piously.

June 7.—The fifth sad Sunday this of earthly separation! oh heavy, heavy parting! I went again to church. I think it right, and I find it rather consolatory — rather only, for the effort against sudden risings of violent grief at peculiar passages almost destroys me; and no prayers do me the service I receive from those I continually offer up in our apartment—by the side of the bed on which he breathed forth his last blessing. Oh

words for ever dear! for ever balsamic! "*Je ne sais si ce sera le dernier mot: mais ce sera bien la dernière pensée—Notre réunion!*"

Thursday, June 11.—Good *Dr. Elloi* again spent the morning with me. We were chiefly *tête-à-tête*, Alex having walked out. The worthy man, with many gentle apologies, entered upon religious topics. I heard him with real reverence, but took the first opportunity to let him see clearly that I was a hopeless subject as a *convert*; that I was a Protestant upon principle, and that such I should remain. He openly regretted not having had opportunity to instil into the spirit of my departed angel a desire to charge his son to follow the Roman Catholic faith and practice. With equal openness I assured him that he was so far from adverse to Protestantism that he had consented freely to his son's choice of entering the ecclesiastical state of the Church of England; and added, that such was his high integrity, that had he thought our religion unscriptural, he would have preferred beholding his son a beggar to lifting him to a throne by means unfitting. But he was himself a Catholic because so born and so bred, without having weighed or considered the difference between the two religions, which difference to him appeared merely to consist in forms.

June 16.—Mrs. —— spent an hour with me this evening. She tried to enliven, and therefore doubly saddened me. How few have *hearts* or *comprehension* to aid the sick of soul!

With Alex read part of St. Mark's Gospel.

Friday, June 19.—My oldest friend to my knowledge living, Mrs. Frances Bowdler, made a point of admission this morning, and stayed with me two hours. She was friendly and good, and is ever sensible and deeply clever. Could I enjoy society, she would enliven and enlighten it, but

I now can only enjoy sympathy!—sympathy and pity!

Alex and I had both letters from M. de la Fayette.

Tuesday, June 23.—To-day I have written my first letter since my annihilated happiness—to my tenderly sympathising Charlotte. I covet a junction with that dear and partial sister for ending together our latter days. I hope we shall bring it to bear.

With Alex read part of St. Luke.

Monday, June 29.—To-day I sent a letter, long in writing and painfully finished, to my own dear Madame de Maisonneuve. She will be glad to see my hand, grieved as she will be at what it has written.

With Alex read part of St. Luke.

Tuesday, 30.—I wrote—with many sad struggles—to Madame Beckersdorff, my respectful devoirs to Her Majesty, with the melancholy apology for my silence during the Royal nuptials of the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge:[1] and upon the departure of dear Princess Eliza,[2] and upon Her Majesty's so frequent and alarming attacks of ill health.[3]

[1] The date of this entry cannot be accurate, as the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Kent were married July 11, 1818,—the former to the Princess Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen, the latter to the Princess Victoria of Leiningen. On the other hand, the Duke of Cambridge was married June 1, 1818, to the Princess Augusta of Hesse-Cassel. The first two marriages took place in the drawing-room of the present Kew Palace.

[2] The Princess Elizabeth was married, April 7, 1818, to his Serene Highness Frederick, Landgrave and Prince of Hesse-Homburg.

[3] The health of Queen Charlotte was rapidly breaking, yet she resolutely took her part in all these functions; and Richard Rush, the American Minister, writing of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, at which he was present, says, "The conduct of the Queen was remarkable. This venerable personage, the head of a large family—her children then clustering about her; the female head of a great empire—in the seventy-sixth year of her age—went the rounds of the company, speaking to all. There was a kindliness in her manner from which time had struck away useless forms. No one did she omit. Around her neck hung a miniature portrait of the King" (*A Residence at the Court of London*, 1817-1825, 1833, pp. 150-1).

With Alex read the Acts of the Apostles.

Wednesday, July 1.—Frances Bowdler had the kindness to come again from Lansdowne this hot morning to pass an hour or two with me in good and religious discourse.

With Alex finished the Acts of the Apostles.

Saturday, July 4.—Received my sister Burney, and aimed at being comprehended in my own distinction between sorrow — deep, indelible — and repining. I hope I a little succeeded; for her eyes moistened with affectionate compassion.

With Alex I have read St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the Epistles 1st and 2nd to the Corinthians, to the Thessalonians; those to the Philippians, Galatians, Ephesians, Colossians; to Timothy the 1st and 2nd; to the Hebrews.

July 7.—I received the good Dr. Elloi, and more and more I am pleased with him, and his conversation and sentiments. He sees me fixed in my religion, and no longer attempts shaking it; but he does not, therefore, give me up or contemn me. He discourses in a truly Christian style, as conceiving the path of salvation open to both religions.

Read with Alex the Epistle of St. James; the first and second of Peter.

Wednesday, July 8.—A letter from my dearly loved Madame de Maisonneuve,[1] with tenderest solicitude for my desolate anguish! Ah, sweet friend! though never blessed with knowing how I am stricken, thy feeling and penetrating heart was made for just such enjoyment and just such misery! Yet I envy not thy escape! I would not lose my remembrance of my long possessed happiness to be spared even my actual woe! No, my beloved, no! I am thine in sorrow as in joy!

Alex these last two days has read to me Isaiah.

[1] See *ante*, pp. 160 and 374.

I have given to Alex the decision of where we shall dwell. Unhappy myself everywhere, why not leave unshackled his dawning life? To quit Bath—unhappy Bath!—he had long desired: and, finally, he has fixed his choice in the very capital itself. I cannot hesitate to oblige him.

August 28.—My admirable old friend, Mrs. Frances Bowdler, spent the afternoon with me. Probably we shall meet no more; but judiciously, as suits her enlightened understanding, and kindly, as accords with her long partiality, she forbore any hint on that point. Yet her eyes swam in tears, not ordinary to her, when she bade me adieu.

August 30.—The seventeenth week's sun rises on my deplorable change! A very kind, cordial, brotherly letter, arrives from my dear James. An idea of comfort begins to steal its way to my mind, in renewing my intercourse with this worthy brother, who feels for me, I see, with sincerity and affection.

September 5.—A letter from Dowager Lady Harcourt, on the visibly approaching dissolution of my dear honoured Royal mistress! written by desire of my beloved Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, to save me the shock of surprise, added to that of grief.

Sunday, August 6.—A fresh renewal to me of woe is every returning week! The eighteenth this of the dread solitude of my heart; and miserably has it passed, augmenting sorrow weighing it in the approaching loss of my dear Queen!

Again I took the Sacrament at the Octagon,[1] probably for the last time. Oh, how earnest were my prayers for reunion in a purer world!

Prayers were offered for a person lying danger-

[1] The Octagon Chapel, opened 1767, on the east side of Milsom Street. Its altar-piece—The Lame Man healed at the Pool of Bethesda—was painted by William Hoare, R.A. Herschel was its first organist.

Mme. D'Arblay's House, 11 Bolton Street, 1904

ously ill. I thought of the Queen, and prayed for her fervently.

Sunday, September 27.—This day, the twenty-first Sunday of my bereavement, Alexander, I trust, is ordained a deacon of the Church of England. Heaven propitiate his entrance! I wrote to the good Bishop of Salisbury[1] to beseech his pious wishes on this opening of clerical life.

September 28.—Still my preparations to depart from Bath take up all of time that grief does not seize irresistibly; for, oh! what anguish overwhelms my soul in quitting the place where last he saw and blessed me!—the room, the spot on which so softly, so holily, yet so tenderly, he embraced me, and breathed his last.

Wednesday, September 30.—This morning I left Bath with feelings of profound affliction; yet, reflecting that hope was ever open—that future union may repay this laceration—oh, that my torn soul could more look forward with sacred aspiration! Then better would it support its weight of woe!

My dear James received me with tender pity; so did his good wife, son, and daughter.

Tuesday, October 6.—My dear Alexander left me this morning for Cambridge. How shall I do, thus parted from both! My kind brother, and his worthy house, have softened off the day much; yet I sigh for seclusion—my mind labours under the weight of assumed sociability.

Thursday, October 8.—I came this evening to my new and probably last dwelling, No. 11 Bolton Street, Piccadilly.[2] My kind James conducted me.[3] Oh, how heavy is my forlorn heart! I have made myself very busy all day; so only could I have supported this first opening to my baleful desola-

[1] Dr. Fisher. [2] She did not die there (see *post*, p. 417).
[3] See APPENDIX I., "Admiral Jem."

tion! No adored husband! No beloved son! But the latter is only at Cambridge. Ah! let me struggle to think more of the other, the first, the chief, as also only removed from my sight by a transitory journey!

Wednesday, October 14.—Wrote to my—erst—dearest friend, Mrs. Piozzi. I can never forget my long love for her, and many obligations to her friendship, strangely as she had been estranged since her marriage.

Friday, Oct. 30.—A letter from my loved Madame Maisonneuve, full of feeling, sense, sweetness, information to beguile me back to life, and of sympathy to open my sad heart to friendship.

Saturday, Nov. 7.—A visit from the excellent Harriet Bowdler, who gave me an hour of precious society, mingling her commiserating sympathy with hints sage and right of the duty of revival from every stroke of heaven.

Oh, my God, Saviour! To Thee may I turn more and more!

Tuesday, Nov. 17.—This day, at one o'clock, breathed her last the inestimable QUEEN OF ENGLAND![1] Heaven rest and bless her soul!

SKETCH OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S CHARACTER, FROM A MEMORANDUM BOOK OF MADAME D'ARBLAY

Her understanding was of the best sort; for while it endued her with powers to form a judgment of all around her, it pointed out to her the

[1] Queen Charlotte died in her chair at the existing Kew Palace (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 301, and vol. iv. p. 195 *n.*), in a room above the fireplace of which is a commemorative tablet erected by command of her late Majesty Queen Victoria not long before her own death. Queen Charlotte lay in state on December 1, 1818, and on the next day was buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor (see *post*, p. 380). "All agree," says the American Rush, who was at the funeral, "that in the relations of private life, her conduct was exemplary; and that the British Court maintained in her time, a character of uniform decorum and chastened grandeur" (*A Residence at the Court of London*, 1833, pp. 394-5).

fallibility of appearances, and thence kept her always open to conviction where she had been led by circumstances into mistake.

From the time of my first entrance into her household her manner to me was most kind and encouraging, for she had formed her previous opinion from the partial accounts of my beloved Mrs. Delany. She saw that, impressed with real respect for her character, and never-failing remembrance of her rank, she might honour me with confidence without an apprehension of imprudence, invite openness without incurring freedom, and manifest kindness without danger of encroachment.

If Mrs. Delany's goodness made her trust me, my own interior view of her made the trust reciprocal, for I had the firmest reliance, not alone on her prudence, but on her honour, which was so inviolate, it might justly be called religious.

When I was alone with her she discarded all royal constraint, all stiffness, all formality, all pedantry of grandeur, to lead me to speak to her with openness and ease; but any inquiries which she made in our *tête-à-têtes* never awakened an idea of prying into affairs, diving into secrets, discovering views, intentions, or latent wishes, or causes. No, she was above all such minor resources for attaining intelligence; what she desired to know she asked openly, though cautiously if of grave matters, and playfully if of mere news or chit-chat, but always beginning with, "If there is any reason I should not be told, or any that you should not tell, don't answer me." Nor were these words of course, they were spoken with such visible sincerity, that I have availed myself of them fearlessly, though never without regret, as it was a delight to me to be explicit and confidential in return for her condescension. But whenever she saw a question painful, or that it occasioned even

hesitation, she promptly and generously started some other subject.

Wednesday, Dec. 2.—The Queen, the excellent exemplary Queen, was this day interred in the vault of her royal husband's ancestors, to moulder like his subjects, *bodily* into dust; but *mentally*, not so! She will live in the memory of those who knew her best, and be set up as an example even by those who only after her death know, or at least *acknowledge*, her virtues.

I heard an admirable sermon on her departure and her character from Mr. Repton, in St. James's Church. I wept the whole time, as much from gratitude and tenderness to hear her thus appreciated as from grief at her loss—to me a most heavy one! for she was faithfully, truly, and solidly attached to me, as I to her.

Saturday, Dec. 12.—A letter from the Duchess of Gloucester, to my equal gratification and surprise. She has deigned to answer my poor condolence the very moment, as she says, that she received it. Touched to the heart, but no longer with pleasure in any emotion, I wept abundantly.

Saturday, 19.—Yesterday was the twenty-fourth birthday of my dear fatherless Alex! Oh, how far from a day of gratulation, as for twenty-three years has been its other anniversaries!

Dec. 25 (Christmas Day).—Oh, most melancholy! My Alex,—who alone gives me a sense of life, for all others that I love are dispersed,—Alex left me for Richmond. I favoured his going, yet what am I without him?

I took the Sacrament from the Reverend and excellent Dr. Andrews. Oh, how was I affected at his sight and the sound of his voice! He knew, and highly esteemed, my beloved. I wept at the altar irresistibly.

PART LXVIII

1819-1840

Alexander d'Arblay ordained a priest by the Bishop of Chester—Visit to Princess Augusta—Letter to Mr. Wilberforce—His reply while forwarding his work—Return of Queen Caroline to England—Her extraordinary conduct—Anticipations of insurrection—Letter from Mrs. Piozzi—Dr. Burney's verses on October—Felicitations on Mrs. Piozzi's birthday—Old friends—The S.S.—Materials for a bonfire—Submarine mine at Botallock—Streatham Park—The Welshman in Calabria—Mrs. Piozzi opens a ball on her eightieth birthday—Comparison between her and Madame de Staël—Her death—Madame d'Arblay's early recollections of her sister—Pacchierotti's latter days—The Reverend Alexander d'Arblay named preacher for the fifth Sunday in Lent—Madame d'Arblay's failing health—She destroys confidential letters—Sir Walter Scott pays her a visit—Her Memoir of her father—Letter respecting this work from the Bishop of Limerick and Mr. Southey—Rev. Alexander d'Arblay nominated minister of Ely Chapel—Is taken ill—His death—Madame d'Arblay's affliction—Her increased debility—Her death—Observations on her character and disposition.

1819

Sunday, April 11.—This morning my dearest Alexander was ordained a priest by the Bishop of Chester[1] in St. James's Church. I went thither with my good Eliz. Ramsay, and from the gallery witnessed the ceremony. Fifty-two were ordained at the same time. I fervently pray to God that my son may meet this his decided calling with a

[1] George Henry Law, D.D., 1761-1845, Bishop of Chester, 1812-1824.

disposition and conduct to sanction its choice! and with virtues to merit his noble father's name and exemplary character! Amen! Amen!

Thursday, July 15.—A message from H.R.H. Princess Augusta, with whom I passed a morning as nearly delightful as any, now, can be! She played and sang to me airs of her own composing — unconscious, medley reminiscences, but very pretty, and prettily executed. I met the Duke of York, who greeted me most graciously; saying, as if with regret, how long it was since he had seen me.

In coming away, I met, in the corridor, my sweet Duchess of Gloucester,[1] who engaged me for next Sunday to herself.

Monday, 26.—Her Royal Highness presented me to the Duke, whom I found well-bred, polite, easy, unassuming, and amiable; *kind*, not condescending.

Bolton Street, Berkeley Square,
Nov. 12, 1819.

. . . I myself, to whom happiness in this nether sphere is cut off for ever, am now beginning, or rather trying to begin, to drag myself out of my seclusion, from the earnest representations of my family and friends, and . . . far, far more from the agitating impatience of Alexander, who thinks that my retirement is killing to myself, while it is cruel to him.

Such motives there is no obstinately withstanding: for, though I have withstood them so long, it has been from incapacity to do otherwise, almost as much as from repugnance. Time, even in a woe like mine, wears away, through the operations of religion and of resignation, the acuteness

[1] The Princess Mary, who had been married in 1816 to her cousin, William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester.

of grief:—but the weight of sadness, the sick heaviness of a wholly changed inside, Time itself, with all its aids and all its concomitants, never can wear away. I have a constant feeling as if half my internal composition were transmuted to literal lead.

Madame d'Arblay to W. Wilberforce, Esq., M.P.

January 25, 1820.

Nearly on the commencement of the dread visitation which on the 3rd of May, 1818, tore up by the root my earthly happiness, Mr. Wilberforce, ever watchfully alive to promote the cause of Religion, and soothe himself in soothing others, had the kindness to send me a pious tract, to aid me to support a blow, the weight of which he is amongst the very few that I believe capable of even conceiving;—for my bereavement can only be fairly judged by such as have some criterion by which to know what is (human) excellence. No insensibility to your kindness occasioned my silence; on the contrary, it was balsamic to me; but I——had no spirit to tell you so! I could not urge myself to write: and afterwards, when better able, I was distressed how to make my tardy apology.

Is it not now more tardy still? you will ask.—Yes; but extremes are so ever prone to meet, that your felicity at this moment seems offering its hand to my sorrow: and I cannot recollect how you felt for my affliction, without experiencing a kindred feeling for what, I hope, is your joy. Forgive then, I entreat, both my long taciturnity and its abrupt cessation, and accept my cordial wishes that this young lady may merit the high

distinction of being brought under such a paternal roof—*et c'est tout dire.*

And believe me, dear Sir,
With the truest sentiments of esteem,
Yours very sincerely,
F. D'ARBLAY.

MR. WILBERFORCE TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

KENSINGTON GORE, *Feb.* 10, 1820.

MY DEAR MADAM—Though a complaint in my eyes allows me to write but little, and scarcely to read at all, I must take the pen into my own hand from that of my amanuensis, in order to return you my cordial thanks for your kind congratulations. It was kind also to do justice to the motive which prompted the freedom I used with you formerly, for to you I need not remark, that it requires more real goodwill to like to receive an act of kindness, than to do it.

My dear Madam, may you be led by the loss of earthly comforts to seek more solicitously for that heavenly treasure which will never deserve the character of deceitful riches, and which, when we do endeavour after it in the prescribed way, we shall never fail to obtain.

I am disposed, you will perhaps think, to presume on the kind construction you put on my last little present, by begging your acceptance of my own religious publication.[1] I assure you unaffectedly, that no one is more sensible than myself of its faults as a composition. But perhaps the middle and latter part of it may not be unworthy of your perusal, from the sentiments they contain.

My work was written for the purpose of explaining to a numerous circle of friends the cause of a great change which they witnessed in my

[1] Probably the *Practical View*, 1797, of which there are many editions.

course of life; and to some, I bless God, it has been made useful.

Cordially wishing you that peace which religion, or rather the divine cordials of which true religion speaks, can alone impart.

I remain, my dear Madam,
Yours sincerely,
W. WILBERFORCE.

An interval of four months elapsed between the preceding and following letters, during which the mind of Madame d'Arblay became more resigned to her great affliction. At this time the public attention was much occupied by the return of Queen Caroline, to which event Madame d'Arblay alludes in the following letter.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. LOCK

Wednesday, June 7, 1820.

. . . . . .

. . . All London now is wild about the newly arrived royal traveller.[1] As she is in this neighbourhood, our part of the town is surprised and startled every other hour by the arrival of some new group of the curious rushing on to see her and her 'squire the Alderman,[2] at their balcony. Her 'squire, also, now never comes forth unattended by a vociferous shouting multitude. I suppose Augusta,[3] who resides still nearer to the dame and the 'squire of dames, is recreated in this lively way yet more forcibly.

The 15th of this month is to be kept as *King's*

[1] Queen Caroline, who had returned to England from the Continent on June 6, 1820, in consequence of the death of George III.

[2] She took up her abode at the house of her friend, Alderman (afterwards Sir) Matthew Wood, No. 77 South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square. He removed with his family to Fladong's Hotel.

[3] Lady George Martin (see *ante*, p. 290).

birthday at Court. *Orders* have been issued to the Princesses to that effect, and to tell them they must appear entirely out of mourning. They had already made up dresses for *half mourning*, of white and black. I should not marvel if the royal traveller should choose to enter the apartments, and offer her congratulations upon the festival.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

Elliot Vale,[1] London,
August 15, 1820.

How long it seems——

Seems, Madam! nay, it is!—

since I have heard from my most loved friend!—I have had, however, I thank Heaven, news of her, and cheering news, though I have lost sight of both her dear daughters:

. . . . . .

We are all, and of all classes, all opinions, all ages, and all parties, absolutely *absorbed* by the expectation of Thursday. The Queen has passed the bottom of our street twice this afternoon in an open carriage, with Lady Ann[2] and——Alderman Wood!—How very inconceivable that among so many adherents, she can find that only Esquire!—And why she should have any, in her own carriage and in London, it is not easy to say. There is a universal alarm for Thursday;[3] the letter to the King breathes battle direct to both Houses of Parliament as much as to His Majesty. Mr. Wilberforce is called upon, and looked up to, as the only man in the dominions to whom an

[1] See *post*, p. 402.

[2] Lady Anne Hamilton, 1766-1846, daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton and lady-in-waiting to the Queen. She was afterwards author of the *Authentic Records of the Court of England for the last Seventy Years*, 1832.

[3] The resumption in the House of Lords of the proceedings in regard to the Queen's Trial.

arbitration should belong. Lord John Russell positively asserts that it is not with Lord Castlereagh and the Ministers that conciliation or non-conciliation hang, but with Mr. Wilberforce and his circle. If I dared hope such was the case, how much less should I be troubled by the expectance awakened for to-morrow—it is now Wednesday that I finish my poor shabby billet. Tremendous is the general alarm at this moment; for the accused turns accuser, public and avowed, of King, Lords, and Commons, declaring she will submit to no award of any of them.

What would she say should evidence be imperfect or wanting, and they should *acquit* her?[1]

It is, however, open war, and very dreadful. She really invokes a revolution in every paragraph of her letter to her Sovereign and lord and husband.

I know not what sort of conjugal rule will be looked for by the hitherto Lords and Masters of the World, if this conduct is abetted by them.

Lord K.[2] being past seventy, is exempt from the *appel*; but though fearful of the heat and crowd, he will stay the first two days to prove his loyalty, if necessary; and at all events, to fulfil his duty as a peer in attending the opening of this great and frightful cause: and then retire to his magnificent new building in Scotland.

The heroine passed by the bottom of our street yesterday, in full pomp and surrounded with shouters and vociferous admirers. She now dresses superbly every day, and has always six horses and

[1] A Bill, depriving her of her privileges, and based upon charges of misconduct, was introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Liverpool, July 5, 1820, and abandoned November 10. This was tantamount to acquittal. On August 7 of the following year, after her exclusion from the Coronation in July, the Queen died at Brandenburgh House, Hammersmith, of a broken heart.

[2] George Keith Elphinstone, Lord Keith, 1746-1823, the husband of "Queenie" Thrale.

an open carriage. She seems to think now she has no chance but from insurrection, and therefore all her harangues invite it. Oh Dr. Parr![1]—how my poor brother[2] would have blushed for him! he makes these orations with the aid of Cobbett! —and the council, I suppose. Of course, like Croaker in *The Good-Natured Man*, I must finish with "I wish we may all be well this day three months!"[3]

From Mrs. Piozzi to Madame d'Arblay

Bath, *October* 20.

It was very gratifying, dear Madam, to find myself so kindly remembered, and with all my heart I thank you for your letter. My family are gone to Sandgate for the purpose of bathing in the sea, this wonderfully beautiful October; and were you not detained in London by such a son as I hear you are happy in, I should wish you there too. Apropos to October, I have not your Father's admirable verses upon that month; those upon June, I saw when last in Wales; could you get me the others? it would be such a favour, and you used to like them best.

How changed is the taste of verse, prose, and painting! since *le bon vieux temps*, dear Madam! Nothing attracts us but what terrifies, and is within

[1] Before Queen Caroline's return to England, Parr had protested in the parish prayer-book at Hatton (his curacy) against the omission of her name from the liturgy; but though he may have been consulted as to answers to addresses, he does not seem to have written any.

[2] Charles Burney, D.D., died at Deptford of apoplexy, December 28, 1817. He had moved his school from Hammersmith to Greenwich in 1793, but in 1813 he resigned in favour of his son, the Rev. Charles Parr Burney. While carrying on his Greenwich school, he was made Rector of Cliffe in Kent, and of St. Paul, Deptford. In 1817 he was collated to a prebendal stall in Lincoln Cathedral. He was also chaplain to the king. His works consist chiefly of classical criticism; but for some time he edited the *London Magazine*. His library, including a collection of newspapers from 1603, often consulted in preparing these pages, was bought by Parliament for the British Museum for £13,500.

[3] Act i. of the *Good Natur'd Man*, 1768.

—*if* within—a hair's-breadth of positive disgust. The picture of Death on his Pale Horse,[1] however, is very grand certainly—and some of the strange things they *write* remind me of Squoire Richard's visit to the Tower Menagerie, when he says "They are *pure* grim devils,"—particularly a wild and hideous tale called Frankenstein.[2] Do you ever see any of the friends we used to live among? Mrs. Lambart is yet alive,[3] and in prosperous circumstances; and Fell, the Bookseller in Bond Street, told me a fortnight or three weeks ago, that Miss Streatfield lives where she did in his neighbourhood,—Clifford Street, S.S. still.

Old Jacob and his red night-cap are the only live creatures, as an Irishman would say, that come about *me* of those you remember, and death alone will part us,—he and I both lived longer with Mr. Piozzi than we had done with Mr. Thrale.

Archdeacon Thomas is, I think, the only friend you and I have now quite in common: he gets well; and if there was hope of his getting clear from entanglement, he would be young again,—he is a valuable mortal.

Adieu! *Leisure for men of business*, you know, *and business for men of leisure*, would cure many complaints.

Once more, Farewell! and accept my thanks for your good-natured recollection of poor

H. L. P.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Piozzi

Bolton Street, *December* 15, 1820.

Now at last, dear Madam, with a real pen I venture to answer your kind acceptance of my

[1] By Benjamin West, exhibited in 1817. The finished sketch had previously been much admired in 1802 at the Paris *Salon*.

[2] By Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the poet's wife, published 1818.

[3] See *post*, p. 392.

Bath leave-taking address, of a date I would wish you to forget—but the letter is before me, and has no other word I should like to relinquish. But more of grief at the consequence of my silence, namely your own, hangs upon the circumstance than shame, for I have been so every way unwell, —unhinged, shattered, and unfitted for any correspondence that could have a chance of reciprocating pleasure, that perhaps I ought rather to demand your thanks than your pardon for this delay. I will demand, however, which you please, so you will but tell me which you will grant, for then I shall hear from you again.

I must, nevertheless, mention, that my first intention, upon reading the letter with which you favoured me, was to forward to you the verses on October, of my dear father, which you honoured with so much approbation; but I have never been able to find them, unless you mean the ode, written in that month, on the anniversary of his marriage with my mother-in-law, beginning :—

> Hail, eldest offspring of the circling year,
> October! bountiful, benign, and clear,
> Whose gentle reign, from all excesses free,
> Gave birth to Stella—happiness to me.

If it be this, I will copy it out with the greatest alacrity, for the first opportunity of conveyance.

So here, again, like the dun of a dinner card, I entitle myself to subjoin "An answer is required."

And now, I must, and will add, that I was very far from insensible to the known approach of your last birthday, fully purposing to take that occasion for making my peace-offering, with my most sincere felicitations, and warmest wishes for your happiness; and, mentally, I prepared at least twenty letters for that day :—but they were commonly composed in the night, when no substantial pen

was in the way, and though the broad light faded nothing of my intentions, it withered their expression, and a general dimness of general dejection made me feel quite unequal to coming forward at an epoch of joy, when faint phrases might have seemed cold, and rather have damped than exhilarated the spirits required for the fête,—and which, my nieces write word, had the effect of exciting them all around.

You inquire if I ever see any of the friends we used to live amongst:—almost none; but I may resume some of those old ties this winter, from the ardent desire of my son. I have, till very lately, been so utterly incapable to enjoy society, that I have held it as much kindness to others as to myself, to keep wholly out of its way. I am now, in health, much better, and consequently more able to control the murmuring propensities that were alienating me from the purposes of life while yet living,—this letter, indeed, will show that I am restored to the wish, at least of solace, and that the native cheerfulness of my temperament is opening from the weight of sadness by which I had long believed it utterly demolished. But Time,—"uncalled, unheeded, unawares,"—works as secretly upon our spirits as upon our years, and gives us as little foresight into what we can endure, as into how long we shall exist.—I am sure you will have been very sorry, and very sorry was I, for him whom you call "the only friend we now have in common"—Archdeacon Thomas. And I am told his valuable life was lost through a neglect of attention to the regimen prescribed by Dr. Gibbs,—to whose prescriptions I, for one, should always be ready to bow down. I think he has much of that sort of sagacity that so charmed us in our favourite Sir Richard Jebb. Yet I only saw him once; but that was in a

tête-à-tête, alternised with a trio by my son, that lasted a whole afternoon. I am told by Mrs. H. Bowdler, that S. S. now resides in Queen Street, May Fair[1]; but I have not seen her, nor Sir W. W. Pepys, though the latter made sundry kind efforts to break the spell of my obscurity on my first arrival in Bolton Street.

Your obliged and affectionate

F. D'ARBLAY.

My son is at Cambridge, far, alas, from robust; but free from complaint.

FROM MRS. PIOZZI TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

PENZANCE, *Thursday, January* 18, 1821.

Dear Madame d'Arblay was very considerate in giving me something to *answer*, for something original to *say* would be difficult to find at Penzance; but your letter has no date, and I am not sure that Bolton Street is sufficient. Poor Mrs. Byron,[2] who used to inhabit it, would have enjoyed her grandson's reputation, would not she? had it pleased God to lengthen *her* life like that of Mrs. Lambart, who died only last week, but a few days short of her expected centenary—as did Fontenelle. You are truly fortunate, dear Madam, so was your father, in leaving those behind who knew and could appreciate your merits—every scrap will properly be valued—but those verses belong not to the October I meant.

Have no fears for the health of your son; a slight frame escapes many ills that beset a robust one; water-gruel and spinach were all *you* ever wanted: and if Sir George Gibbs would live as

[1] See *ante*, p. 389.

[2] The widow of Rear-Admiral John Byron, 1723-86, and consequently the grandmother of Lord Byron.

our beloved Sir Richard did, he would last for ever. The dear Archdeacon's disorders were less amenable to diet, and he was still more careless.

The once charming S. S. has inquired for me of Nornaville, and Fell, the Old Bond Street booksellers, so I thought she meditated writing, but was deceived. Mrs. H. Bowdler lives, however; and the ever affectionate and kind Pepyses. Your constant admirer Doctor Whalley,[1] too, keeps *his* tall figure and high head above water, spite of many efforts to hold him down—but the list of dead acquaintance has been frightful of late, and lowered my spirits cruelly. This air, to which wise mortals recommended me, is beyond all belief contrary to consolation. Foggy and phlegmatic—neither hot nor cold—my mountain-born lungs feel its effects but too plainly; and the first primroses shall find me picking them upon Clifton Hill.

Mrs. Bourdois[2] and her sisters—all true Burneys—will be angry I don't live wholly at Bath, and their society would prove a strong temptation; but Bath is too much for me, who am now unwilling to encounter either crowds or solitude: I feared neither for threescore years of my life, and earnestly now join my *too* disinterested solicitations to those of your son, that you will no longer bury your charming talents in seclusion. Sorrow, as Dr. Johnson said, is the mere rust of the soul. Activity will cleanse and brighten it.

You will recollect the ——'s: Fanny married Sir Something ——, and is a widowed mother. The young man, of whom high expectations were formed, took to the gaming table, forged for £5000, and was saved out of prison by the

[1] See *ante*, p. 304.

[2] Anna Maria, eldest child of Charles Rousseau, and Esther Burney (see *ante*, vol. v. p. 351).

dexterity of his servant:—a complete *coup de théâtre*. *That* I call sorrow scarce possible to be borne. You saw the story in the newspapers, but possibly were not aware who was the sufferer.

Will it amuse you to hear that *fine Mr. Daniel*, as you used to call my showy butler, died an object of disgust and horror, whilst old Jacob, with whose red night-cap you comically threatened the gay dandy, lived till the other day, and dying, left £800 behind him! Such stuff is this world made of!

The literary world is to me terra incognita, far more deserving of the name (now Parry and Ross are returned)[1] than any part of the polar region; but the first voyage amused me most; and when I had seen red snow, and heard of men who wanted our sailors to fly, because they perceived they could swim, I really thought it time to lie down and die; but one cannot die when one will, so I have hung half on, half off, society this last half-year; and begin 1821 by thanking dear Madame d'Arblay for her good-natured recollection of poor

H. L. Piozzi.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Piozzi

Bolton Street, Berkeley Square,
Feb. 6, 1821.

You would be repaid, dear Madam, if I still, as I believe, know you, for the great kindness of your prompt answer, had you witnessed the satisfaction with which it was received; even at a time of new and dreadful solicitude; for my son returned from Cambridge unwell, and in a few days after his arrival at home was seized with a feverish cold which threatened to fasten upon the whole system of his existence, not with immediate danger, but

[1] From their expedition in search of the North-West Passage, 1819-20.

with a perspective to leave but small openings to any future view of health, strength, or longevity. I will not dwell upon this period, but briefly say, it seems passed over. He is now, I thank Heaven, daily reviving, and from looking like—not a walking, but a creeping spectre, he is gaining force, spirit, and flesh visibly, and almost hour by hour; still, however, he requires the utmost attention, and the more from the extreme *insouciance*, from being always absorbed in some mental combinations, with which he utterly neglects himself. I am therefore wholly devoted to watching him. I am quite vexed not to find the right October. However, I do not yet despair, for in the multitude of MSS. that have fallen to my mournfully surviving lot to select, or destroy, etc., chaos seems come again; and though I have worked at them during the last year so as to obtain a little light, it is scarcely more than darkness visible. To all the vast mass left to my direction by my dear father, who burnt nothing, not even an invitation to dinner, are added not merely those that devolved to me by fatal necessity in 1818, but also all the papers possessed from her childhood to her decease of that sister you so well, dear Madam, know to have been my heart's earliest darling. When on this pile are heaped the countless hoards which my own now long life has gathered together, of my personal property, such as it is, and the correspondence of my family and my friends, and innumerable incidental windfalls, the whole forms a body that might make a bonfire to illuminate me nearly from hence to Penzance. And such a bonfire might perhaps be not only the shortest, but the wisest way to dispose of such materials. This enormous accumulation has been chiefly owing to a long unsettled home, joined to a mind too deeply occupied by

immediate affairs and feelings to have the intellect at liberty for retrospective investigations.

What a long detail! I know not what has urged me to write it—yet I feel as if you would take in it some interest; and an instinct of that flattering sort is always pleasant, though far from always infallible. And in truth, in this case, Bolton Street offers not much more choice of subject than Penzance; for if you have nobody to see, I see nobody, which amounts to the same thing. It is not that my intentions are changed from those I mentioned in my last, of seeking revival, in some measure, to social life for the remaining acts of my worldly drama; my quick acceptance of the assistance to that purpose for which I called from Penzance, and which has been accorded me with such generous vivacity, may show my steadiness, as well as my gratitude: but I had not taken into my self-bargain this illness of my son. However, as he gets better, I shall do better. I am much obliged by Dr. Whalley's kind remembrance; he often called upon me, but never till my doors were shut to all occasional visitors, alas! —— I shall soon be very glad to see Sir Wm. Pepys, who has a constancy in his attachments as rare as it is honourable. The "once charming S. S." I have never met with since I last saw her under the roof where first we made acquaintance.[1] I hope the P——'s[2] have been more fortunate than the ——'s. Oh! yes!—well do you say for my serious consolation, a sorrow such as that son has given makes *any* other lighter! Edifying, however, as well as satisfactory, is the contrasted termination of the two servants whose lives merited such equally ex-

[1] Mme. D'Arblay seems to have forgotten that she met Miss Streatfield at Mrs. Montagu's public breakfast (see vol. v. p. 80).

[2] Pitches (see *post*, p. 398).

emplary justice. Adieu, dear Madam, and believe me with faithful attachment

Your obliged, affectionate, and
obedient servant,
F. D'A.

From Mrs. Piozzi to Madame d'Arblay

Sion Row, Clifton, near Bristol,
March 15, 1821.

I feel quite happy in being able to reply to dear Madame d'Arblay's good-natured inquiries, from this, the living world. Such we cannot term Penzance—not with propriety—much like Omai, who said to you, "No mutton there, missee, no fine coach, no clock upon the stairs," etc.; but *en revanche* here is no Land's End, no submarine mine of Botallock![1] What a wonderful thing is that extensive cavern! stretching out half a mile forward under the roaring ocean, from whence 'tis protected only by a slight covering, a crust of rock, which, if by any accident exploded,

> Would let in light on Pluto's dire abodes,
> Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Plutus, however, not Pluto, is professed proprietor; 'tis an immense vacuity filled with the vapours of tin and copper, belonging to Lord Falmouth and a company of miners, where sixty human beings work night and day, and hear the waves over their heads; sometimes regularly beating the Cornish cliffs, sometimes tossing the terrified mariner upon the inhospitable shore; where shipwreck is, even in these civilised days, considered as a Godsend.

I am glad I saw it, and that I shall see it no more. You would not know poor Streatham

[1] The mines of Bottallack, six miles N.W. of Penzance, extend for a considerable distance beneath the sea.

Park. I have been forced to dismantle and forsake it; the expenses of the present time treble those of the moments you remember; and since giving up my Welsh estate, my income is greatly diminished. I fancy *this* will be my last residence in this world, meaning Clifton, not Sion Row, where I only live till my house in the Crescent is ready for me. A high situation is become necessary to my breath, and this air will agree with me better than Bath did.

You ask how the Pitches family went on.[1] Jane married a rough man, quarter-master to a marching regiment, and brought him three sons: the first a prodigy of science, wit, and manners; he died early: the second I know nothing of: the third, a model of grace and beauty, married the Duke of Marlborough's sister. Peggy is Countess Coventry, you know, and has a numerous progeny.[2] Emily is wife to Mr. Jolliffe, M.P. for some place, I forget what. Penelope married Sir John Sheffield, but died before he came to the title. I dined with them all last time I was in London, at Coventry House. Poor old Davies's departure grieved me, so did that of good Mr. Embry; *au reste*, the village of Streatham is full of rich inhabitants, the common much the worse for being so spotted about with houses, and the possibility of avoiding constant intercourse with their inhabitants (as in Mr. Thrale's time) wholly lost.

. . . The Denbighshire people will be half a year talking of a Mr. G——, that was detained two months in the mountains of Calabria for ransom, with a sword at his breast, and the Welsh relations had £200 to raise for the purpose of gaining his release. Adieu, dear Madam, and

[1] See vol. i. p. 253.

[2] Peggy, second daughter and co-heir of Sir Abraham Pitches, Knight, of Streatham, became, in January 1783, the second wife of George William, seventh Earl of Coventry (see vol. ii. p. 53).

accept my best wishes for your health and your son's; and if you ever see Marianne Francis, beg of her not quite to give up as reprobate

Yours, and her affectionate servant,

H. L. P.

May, 1821.

I have lost now, just lost, my once most dear, intimate, and admired friend, Mrs. Thrale Piozzi,[1] who preserved her fine faculties, her imagination, her intelligence, her powers of allusion and citation, her extraordinary memory, and her almost unexampled vivacity, to the last of her existence. She was in her eighty-second year, and yet owed not her death to age nor to natural decay, but to the effects of a fall in a journey from Penzance to Clifton. On her eightieth birthday[2] she gave a great ball, concert, and supper, in the public rooms at Bath, to upwards of two hundred persons, and the ball she opened herself. She was, in truth, a most wonderful character for talents and eccentricity, for wit, genius, generosity, spirit, and powers of entertainment. She had a great deal both of good and not good, in common with Madame de Staël Holstein. They had the same sort of highly superior intellect, the same depth of learning, the same general acquaintance with science, the same ardent love of literature, the same thirst for universal knowledge, and the same buoyant animal spirits, such as neither sickness, sorrow, nor even terror, could subdue. Their conversation was equally luminous, from the sources

[1] Mrs. Piozzi died May 2, 1821, at Clifton.

[2] January 27, 1820. The ball was at the Kingston Rooms. "'So far from feeling fatigued on the following day by her exertions,' remarks Sir James Fellowes in a note on this event, 'she amused us by her sallies of wit, and her jokes on "Tully's Offices," of which her guests had so eagerly availed themselves.' Tully was the cook and confectioner, the Bath Gunter, who provided the supper" (*Autobiography, etc., of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)*, 2nd ed. 1861, i. 362).

of their own fertile minds, and from their splendid acquisitions from the works and acquirements of others. Both were zealous to serve, liberal to bestow, and graceful to oblige; and both were truly high-minded in prizing and praising whatever was admirable that came in their way. Neither of them was delicate nor polished, though each was flattering and caressing; but both had a fund inexhaustible of good humour, and of sportive gaiety, that made their intercourse with those they wished to please attractive, instructive, and delightful; and though not either of them had the smallest real malevolence in their compositions, neither of them could ever withstand the pleasure of uttering a repartee, let it wound whom it might, even though each would serve the very person they goaded with all the means in their power. Both were kind, charitable, and munificent, and therefore beloved; both were sarcastic, careless, and daring, and therefore feared. The morality of Madame de Staël was by far the most faulty, but so was the society to which she belonged; so were the general manners of those by whom she was encircled.[1]

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney

October 21, 1821.

. . . "Your mind," my dearest Esther, was always equal to literary pursuits, though your time seems only now to let you enjoy them. I have often thought that had our excellent and extraordinary own mother[2] been allowed longer life, she would have contrived to make you sensible of this sooner.

[1] Mr. Hayward (*Autobiography, etc., of Mrs. Piozzi* (*Thrale*), 2nd ed. 1861, i. 366-9) discusses this comparison with Mme. de Staël. He says that Mme. de Genlis and Lady Morgan have been suggested as better subjects for a parallel.

[2] Esther Sleepe, Dr. Burney's first wife, died September 28, 1761.

I do not mean in a common way, for *that* has never failed, but in one striking and distinguished; for she very early indeed began to form your taste for reading, and delighted to find time, amidst all her cares, to guide you to the best authors, and to read them with you, commenting and pointing out passages worthy to be learned by heart. I perfectly recollect, child as I was, and never of the party, this part of your education. At that very juvenile period, the difference even of months makes a marked distinction in bestowing and receiving instruction. I, also, was so peculiarly backward, that even our Susan stood before me; she could read when I knew not my letters. But though so sluggish to learn, I was always observant: do you remember Mr. Seaton's denominating me, at fifteen, *the silent, observant Miss Fanny*?[1] Well I recollect your reading with our dear mother all Pope's Works and Pitt's *Æneid*.[2] I recollect, also, your spouting passages from Pope, that I learned from hearing you recite them before—many *years* before I read them myself. But after you lost, so young, that incomparable guide, you had none left. Our dear father was always abroad, usefully or ornamentally; and, after giving you a year in Paris[3] with the best masters that could be procured, you came home at fifteen or sixteen to be exclusively occupied by musical studies, save for the interludes that were

> Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares:

for so well you played, and so lovely you looked, that admiration followed alike your fingers and your smiles; and the pianoforte and the world divided your first youth, which, had that exem-

[1] Mr. Alexander Seaton, "a prodigious admirer of Hetty's" (*Early Diary*, 1889, vol. i. p. 26).
[2] See vol. i. p. 5.
[3] See vol. i. p. 6.

plary guide been spared us, I am fully persuaded would have left some further testimony of its passage than barely my old journals, written to myself, which celebrate your wit and talents as highly as your beauty. And I judge I was not mistaken, by all in which you have had opportunity to show your mental faculties, *i.e.* your letters, which have always been strikingly good and agreeable, and evidently unstudied.

When Alex comes home I will try to get CRABBE, and try to hear it with pleasure.[1] The two lines you have quoted are very touching.

Thus much, my dear Etty, I wrote on the day I received your last; but

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

November.—I write now from Eliot Vale, under the kind and elegant roof of sweet Mrs. Lock, who charges me with her most affectionate remembrances. Perhaps I may meet here with your favourite Crabbe: as I subscribe to no library, I know not how else I shall get at him. I thank you a thousand times for the good bulletin of your health, my dearest Esther; and I know how kindly you will reciprocate my satisfaction when I tell you mine is inconceivably ameliorated, *moyennant* great and watchful care: and Alex keeps me to that with the high hand of peremptory insistence, according to the taste of the times; for the "rising generation" expects just as much obedience to orders as they withhold. If you were to hear the young gentleman delivering to me his lectures on health, and dilating upon air, exercise, social intercourse, and gay spirits, you would be forced to seek a magnifying glass to believe that your eyes did not deceive you, but that it was really your

[1] Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*, published in 1819, are perhaps here referred to.

nephew haranguing his mother. However, we must pass by the exhorting impetuosity, in favour of the zealous anxiety that fires it up in his animated breast.

. . . . . .

I was kept in town by a particular circumstance —I might say, like the play-bills, *by particular desire*; for it was a fair royal personage[1] who condescended to ask me to remit my visit to Eliot Vale, that I might attend her sittings for her picture, her two ladies being at that time absent on *congé*. You may believe how much I was gratified, because you know my sincere and truly warm attachment for all those gracious personages; but you may be surprised your poor sister could now be pitched upon, where so much choice must always be at hand, for whiling away the tediousness of what she, the Princess, calls the odious occupation of sitting still for this exhibition; but the fact is, I was able to fulfil her views better than most people could, in defiance of my altered spirits and depressed faculties, by having recourse simply to my memory in relating things I saw, or heard, or did, during the long ten years, and the eventful-added one year more, that I spent abroad. Only to name Bonaparte in any positive trait that I had witnessed or known, was sufficient to make her open her fine eyes in a manner extremely advantageous to the painter.

How pleased I have been, and you will be, to hear that Pacchierotti is living,[2] and spending his latter days rationally, elegantly, and benevolently in Padua, where our niece, Sarah Payne,[3] saw him! She wrote him a note in English to ask his

[1] Probably the Princess Augusta (see *ante*, p. 382).

[2] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 155.

[3] Admiral Burney's daughter, who had married John Payne (see APPENDIX I., "Admiral Jem"). In after years the Paynes retired to Rome.

acquaintance; he received her instantly, and with much pleasure. He spoke of our dear father, and of his early mistress of English, with enthusiasm of kind remembrance.[1] I had thought him dead, having heard and believed a report that asserted his departure; and I had grieved for him sincerely. He expressed to Sarah the most earnest desire to renew our correspondence. It was not easy to me to do so, after a chasm of so many years, which had included on my part a bereavement of such unutterable and never-ending sorrow; but still, the pleasure of his remembrance, and the thoughts of his many excellences, conquered my difficulties; and I wrote him a very long, explanatory, melancholy letter. He returned me an answer immediately, written by his nephew, but dictated and signed by himself. It was in English, and very refined English, poetical and elevated, such as he had imbibed from the lessons of his first master, the poet Mason, who esteemed his character as much as he admired his talents. This nephew, who is his adopted son, was brought up in England, whither he was sent by his uncle, in gratitude, he told Sarah, to the spot where he had passed his happiest days. The young man seems deserving the adoption, by his cheerful and assiduous attention to his parental uncle. Poor Pacchierotti's health—there's the other side of the picture!—his health is miserable. He has some dropsical complaint of the extremest suffering, which he bears with a patient resignation truly affecting, as his good nephew told Sarah. He receives every evening in Padua all that is most elegant and literary of society!

[1] Susan Burney, afterwards Mrs. Phillips.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney

February 29, 1823.

. . . . . .

Thanks for that kind jump of joy for the success of Alex at Lee, and for my hopes from St. Paul's. You ask who named him *Preacher for the 5th Sunday in Lent*: How could I omit telling you 'twas the Bishop of London himself?[1]—This has been brought about by a detail too long for paper, but it is chiefly to my faithful old friends Bishop Fisher of Salisbury[2] and the Archdeacon of Middlesex that we owe this mark of attention; for Alex has never been presented to the Bishop of London.

You still ask about my health, etc. I thought the good result would have sufficed; but thus stands the detail: I was packing up a hoard of papers to carry with me to Richmond, many months now ago, and employed above an hour, bending my head over the trunk, and on my knees; —when, upon meaning to rise, I was seized with a giddiness, a glare of sparks before my eyes, and a torturing pain on one side of my head, that nearly disabled me from quitting my posture, and that was followed, when at last I rose, by an inability to stand or walk. My second threat of seizure was at Eliot Vale,[3] while Alex was at Tunbridge. I have been suddenly taken a third time, in the middle of the night, with a seizure as if a hundred windmills were turning round in my head: in short, —I had now recourse to serious medical help, . . . and, to come to the sum total, I am now so much better that I believe myself to be merely in the common road of such gentle, gradual decay as, I

[1] William Howley, D.D., 1766-1848, Bishop of London from 1813 to 1828.

[2] See *ante*, p. 377.

[3] See *ante*, p. 402.

humbly trust, I have been prepared to meet with highest hope, though with deepest awe—for now many years back.

The chief changes, or reforms, from which I reap benefit are, 1*st*. Totally renouncing for the evenings all revision or indulgence in poring over those letters and papers whose contents come nearest to my heart, and work upon its bleeding regrets. Next, transferring to the evening, as far as is in my power, all of sociality, with Alex, or my few remaining friends, or the few he will present to me of new ones. 3*rd*. Constantly going out every day—either in brisk walks in the morning, or in brisk jumbles in the carriage of one of my three friends who send for me, to a "*tête-à-tête*" tea-converse. 4*th*. Strict attention to diet.

I feel vexed at your disappointment in your pretty house, but not surprised; as I feared it was too remote for a winter residence. As to its being "worth while, or not, to make experiment of a change," I should hold *not* to do it a species of suicide: for why are observations and experience recorded us, if not to direct us in combining circumstances that may guide us for the future; by recollecting and weighing mistakes that had led us to judge wrongly in the past? Certainly, at our time of life, we cannot have such superfluous health as to make us indifferent to guarding or losing any part of that commodity.

I ought to have told you the medical sentence upon which I act. These were the words—"You have a head over-worked, and a heart over-loaded." This produces a disposition to fulness in both that causes stagnation, etc., with a consequent want of circulation at the extremities, that keeps them cold and aching.

Knowing this, I now act upon it as warily as I am able.

The worst of all is, that I have lost, totally lost, my pleasure in reading! except when Alex is my lecturer, for whose sake my faculties are still alive to what—erst! gave them their greatest delight. But alone; I have no longer that resource! I have scarcely looked over a single sentence, but some word of it brings to my mind some mournful recollection, or acute regret, and takes from one all attention—my eyes thence glance vainly over pages that awaken no ideas.—This is melancholy in the extreme; yet I have tried every species of writing and writer—but all pass by me mechanically, instead of instructing or entertaining me intellectually. But for this sad deprivation of my original taste, my evenings might always be pleasing and reviving—but alas!

You ask me the history of the Rev. Dr. Vyse.[1] —He pensioned off his ill-taken rib; a connection formed in a luckless hour, and repented ever after, and never made known but by the provisions of his will, as he survived her! Sir William and Sir Lucas Pepys, who alone, of all the Streatham set, have lived, and found me out in Bolton Street, except the three daughters of the house,[2] now and then give me the pleasure of an hour's social recollection of old time, that is interesting to us all.

Adieu, my dearest Esther—remember me kindly to all who kindly remember me—if such, after this long absence, be found.

God bless you ever, prays your ever affectionate and faithful, F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney

August 1823.

What an interesting letter is this last, my truly dear Hetty; 'tis a real sister's letter, and such a

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 176.

[2] The Misses Thrale,—*i.e.* Lady Keith, Mrs. Hoare, and Miss Thrale.

one as I am at this time frequently looking over of old times! For the rest of my life I shall take charge and save my own executor the discretionary labours that with myself are almost endless; for I now regularly destroy all letters that either may eventually do mischief, however clever, or that contain nothing of instruction or entertainment, however innocent. This, which I announce to all my correspondents who write confidentially, occasions my receiving letters that are real conversations. . . . Were I younger I should consent to this condition with great reluctance—or perhaps resist it: but such innumerable papers, letters, documents, and memorandums have now passed through my hands, and, for reasons prudent, or kind, or conscientious, have been committed to the flames, that I should hold it wrong to make over to any other judgment than my own, the danger or the innoxiousness of any and every manuscript that has been cast into my power. To you, therefore, I may now safely copy a charge delivered to me by our dear vehement Mr. Crisp, at the opening of my juvenile correspondence with him.—"Harkee, you little monkey!—dash away whatever comes uppermost; if you stop to consider either what you say, or what may be said of you, I would not give one fig for your letters."[1]—How little, in those days, did either he or I fear, or even dream of the press! What became of letters, *jadis*, I know not; but they were certainly both written and received with as little fear as wit. Now, everybody seems obliged to take as much care of their writing desks as of their trinkets or purses,—for thieves be abroad of more descriptions than belong to the penniless pilferers.

[1] The whole of this letter—or rather a long extract from a letter which gives counsel to this effect—appears in the *Early Diary*, 1889, i. 258-60.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

11 Bolton Street, *Nov.* 1824.

I have missed my bulletin to my beloved friends, and this time I have missed it without self-reproach; not merely through that amiable lenity which is so ready to exculpate us from all failings and defects of our own, but because I cannot in conscience send off two or three lines as far as Suffolk; and *more* I could not write, unless I had made them of that cast which is least congenial with that dear *couleur de rose* I wish you to keep unfading.

I have been grieved at heart by the loss of my dear Sophy Hoare[1]—a loss so utterly unexpected; I thought her built to outlive my whole remnant circle. All of letters I have written for this last fortnight have been of condolence,—long—painful—difficult. An opportunity offering for Paris, I wrote to poor Madame de Maurville, who is every way a dreadful sufferer by the departure of dear Madame d'Henin.—Another Mr. Fauntleroy[2] on a smaller scale immediately disappeared on the death of the Princesse, taking with him every *renseignement* by which the will could be executed, every document for the pension of Madame de Maurville, as well as of money she possessed, which had been placed with *le bien* of Madame d'Henin! This wretch was the *homme de confiance* of the Princesse, and she had trusted to him everything.

This detail of facts, my dearest friends, is not gay,—how should it be?—but 'tis less depressing than to have detailed the sentiments they caused.

Now then for a more cheerful winding-up. I came from Camden Town very unwillingly,—but Alex was called to Cambridge to an audit, and so

[1] One of the Miss Thrales (see *ante*, p. 407).
[2] Henry Fauntleroy, executed for forgery in 1824.

I took that opportunity to make a break-up. But the day before I quitted it I received the highest resident honour that can be bestowed upon me—namely, a visit from one of my dear and condescending Princesses. She came by appointment,—yet her entrance was so quick that Alex had not time to save himself.—However, she took the incident not only without displeasure but with apparent satisfaction, saying she was very glad *to renew her acquaintance* with him. She had not seen him since the time of his spouting, "The spacious firmament on high"—"Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay," etc.,—all of which she remembers hearing. Ah—I have never recollected till this instant that I ought to have gone to her the next day!—how shocking!—and now that I have the consciousness, I can do nothing, for I am lame from a little accident.—Well!—she is all goodness—and far more prone to forgive than I, I trust, am to offend.

Although Madame d'Arblay's intercourse with society was now usually confined to that of her relations and of old and established friends,[1] she yet greeted with admiration and pleasure Sir Walter Scott, who was brought to her by Mr. Rogers. Sir Walter, in his Diary for Nov. 18th, 1826, thus describes the visit:—"Was introduced by Rogers to Mad. d'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*—an elderly lady, with no remains of personal beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, a pleasing expression of countenance, and apparently quick feelings. She told me she had wished to see two persons—myself, of course, being one, the other, George

[1] "Within three weeks of Sir William Weller Pepys' death, on June 2, 1825, he walked unattended from Wimpole Street to Bolton Street to call on Mme. d'Arblay" (*A Later Pepys*, 1904, ii. 399).

Canning. This was really a compliment to be pleased with—a nice little handsome pat of butter made up by a neat-handed Phillis of a dairy-maid, instead of the grease, fit only for cartwheels, which one is dosed with by the pound.[1]

"I trust I shall see this lady again."[2]

From the year 1828 to 1832 Madame d'Arblay was chiefly occupied in preparing for the press the Memoirs of her father; and on their publication, she had the pleasure to receive the following letters from Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, and from Mr. Southey, the poet:—

THE BISHOP OF LIMERICK[3] TO MADAME D'ARBLAY

EAST HILL, WANDSWORTH,
December 12, 1832.

MY DEAR MADAME D'ARBLAY—This moment I have finished your most touching memoir of your admirable father. I cannot now attempt to describe

[1] Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 1844, 647. Rogers's *Table Talk*, 1856, p. 192, adds a detail to this account. Mme. D'Arblay had not heard that Scott was lame; and, seeing him limp, hoped he had not met with an accident. He answered, "An accident, madam, nearly as old as my birth."

[2] He did so on May 26, 1828,—two years later, and again with Rogers. "She [Mme. D'Arblay] showed me some notes she was making about her novels, which she induced me to believe had been recollected and jotted down in compliance with my suggestions on a former occasion. It is curious how she contrived to get *Evelina* printed and published without her father's knowledge. Her brother placed it in the hands of one Lowndes, who, after its success, bought it for £20!!! and had the magnanimity to add £10—the price, I think, of *Paradise Lost*. One of her sisters betrayed the secret to her father, who then eagerly lent his ears to hear what was said of the new novel, and the first opinion which saluted his delighted ears was the voice of Johnson energetically recommending it to the perusal of Mrs. Thrale (*Journal of Sir Walter Scott*, 1891, ii. 190). In her long account of the "Publication of *Evelina*" in vol. ii. of her *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, pp. 123-171, Mme. D'Arblay refers to the visit of Scott and Rogers in 1826 as being the proximate cause of that narrative, inasmuch as they had asked her for "a recital of the real history of Evelina's *Entrance into the World*." She adds in a note that Scott invited her to Abbotsford, "and offered to do the honours of Scotland to her himself, from that celebrated abode."

[3] John Jebb, D.D., 1775-1833, Bishop of Limerick, 1822-33.

my feelings; but you have laid the friends of virtue, of genius, of goodness, under a lasting obligation. How far it may, in all respects, be suited to the temper of this frivolous, pretending, and most self-sufficient age, I cannot undertake to judge; but your work assuredly gives new and valuable materials for the history of the human mind; and its occasional defects in point of style are valuable, as additional evidences of its genuineness and truth to nature. All that you say of the greatest man of his time, Dr. Johnson, is deeply interesting; and much as we already know of the last age, you have brought many scenes of it, not less animated than new, graphically before our eyes, whilst I now seem familiar with many departed worthies who were not before known to me, even so much as by name.

But what can I say of your excellent mother? It is impossible for any one with a heart to read of her without strong emotions. I was withheld by indisposition for some days from your pages, and afterwards by the imperative claims of the press; but now that it is completely finished, I make over my purchased copy to one that will know how to appreciate it—Miss Laura Thornton. Mr. Forster will be unable to accompany me to-day in my drive; but he is ever with you in spirit and affection.

Believe me, my dear Madame,
Your truly faithful and obliged
friend and servant,
JOHN LIMERICK.

FROM DR. SOUTHEY TO THE REV. A. P. D'ARBLAY

KESWICK, *March* 13, 1833.

SIR—I am very much obliged to you for the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, not the less so, though I

have been thus late in acknowledging and thanking you for the book.

Evelina did not give me more pleasure when I was a schoolboy, than these memoirs have given me now; and this is saying a great deal.

Except Boswell's, there is no other work in our language which carries us into such society, and makes us fancy that we are acquainted with the persons to whom we are there introduced.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Among the less favourable criticisms of her work, the only one which gave Madame d'Arblay serious pain was an attack (in a periodical publication[1]) upon her veracity—a quality which, in her, Dr. Johnson repeatedly said "he had never found failing," and for which she had been through life trusted, honoured, and emulated.

1835-1838

Madame d'Arblay's letters were now very few. A complaint in one of her eyes, which was expected to terminate in a cataract, made both reading and writing difficult to her. The number of her correspondents had also been painfully lessened by the death of her eldest sister, Mrs. Burney, and that of her beloved friend, Mrs. Lock; and she

[1] This was no doubt Croker's article in the *Quarterly* for April 1833. That her memory may sometimes have misled her must be granted; but it should also be remembered that she was eighty years old when the *Memoirs* were published, and that the enormous mass of material of which she wrote to Mrs. Piozzi in 1821 (see *ante*, p. 395), might well have been embarrassing and confusing to any younger head. The *Memoirs*, moreover, apart from those "occasional defects in points of style," to which even the Bishop of Limerick refers (p. 412), are by no means to be neglected. They contain a great deal more in the way of interesting letters, anecdotes, and documents, than would be supposed from the sweeping condemnation of Macaulay.

had sympathised with other branches of her family in many similar afflictions, for she retained in a peculiar degree not only her intellectual powers, but the warm and generous affections of her youth.

"Though now her eightieth year was *past*," she took her wonted and vivid interest in the concerns, the joys, and sorrows of those she loved.

At this time her son formed an attachment which promised to secure his happiness, and to gild his mother's remaining days with affection and peace; and at the close of the year 1836 he was nominated minister of Ely Chapel, which afforded her considerable satisfaction. But her joy was mournfully short-lived. That building, having been shut up for some years, was damp and ill-aired. The Rev. Mr. d'Arblay began officiating there in winter, and during the first days of his ministry he caught the influenza, which became so serious an illness as to require the attendance of two physicians. Dr. Holland and Dr. Kingston exerted their united skill with the kindest interest; but their patient, never robust, was unable to cope with the malady, and on the 19th of January 1837, in three weeks from his first seizure, the death of this beloved son threw Madame d'Arblay again into the depths of affliction.[1] Yet she bore this desolating stroke with religious submission, receiving kindly every effort made to console her, and confining chiefly to her own private memoranda the most poignant expressions of her anguish and regret, as also of the deeply religious trust by which she was supported.

[1] Alexander D'Arblay was buried beside his father in Walcot Churchyard, Bath. Having graduated in 1818 as tenth Wrangler, he became a fellow of Christ's in the same year. He had been ordained a deacon in 1818, a priest in 1819, and he became minister of Ely Chapel, Holborn, in 1836. He is described as clever, indolent, and eccentric. According to Dr. Peile (*Christ's College*, 1900, 276), he was an original member of the Analytical Society, founded, according to another member, Babbage, "to advocate the principles of pure *d*-ism against the *dot*-age of the University." He published an ode (*Urania*), and Sermons.

The following paragraph is taken from her private note-book :—

"1837.—On the opening of this most mournful — most *earthly* hopeless, of any and of all the years yet commenced of my long career! Yet, humbly I bless my God and Saviour, not hopeless; but full of gently-beaming hopes, countless and fraught with aspirations of the time that may succeed to the dread infliction of this last irreparable privation, and bereavement of my darling loved, and most touchingly loving, dear, soul-dear Alex."

At this period some letters on religious subjects passed between Madame d'Arblay and her excellent friend ARCHDEACON CAMBRIDGE,[1] who proposed, as her increased deafness and infirmity prevented her attending the public worship of the church, to administer the Holy Sacrament to her at her own dwelling; and "her devout, earnest, and composed manner of going through this sacred duty, gave much comfort" to her pious and venerable friend.

Much as Madame d'Arblay had been tried by the severest penalty of lengthened days, the loss of those who were dearest to her, one more such sorrow remained in her cup of life. Her gentle and tender sister Charlotte, many years younger than herself, was to precede her in that eternal world for which they were both preparing; and in the autumn of the year 1838, a short illness terminated in the removal of that beloved sister.

1839

Madame d'Arblay's long and exemplary life was now drawing to a close; her debility increased, her sight and hearing nearly failed her; but in

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 147.

these afflictions she was enabled to look upwards with increasing faith and resignation. In a letter on the 5th of March 1839, she wrote the following paragraph, which was perhaps the last ever traced by her pen :—

To Mrs. Barrett

March 5, 1839.

Ah! my dearest! how changed, changed I am, since the irreparable loss of your beloved mother! that last original tie to native original affections!

. . . . . .

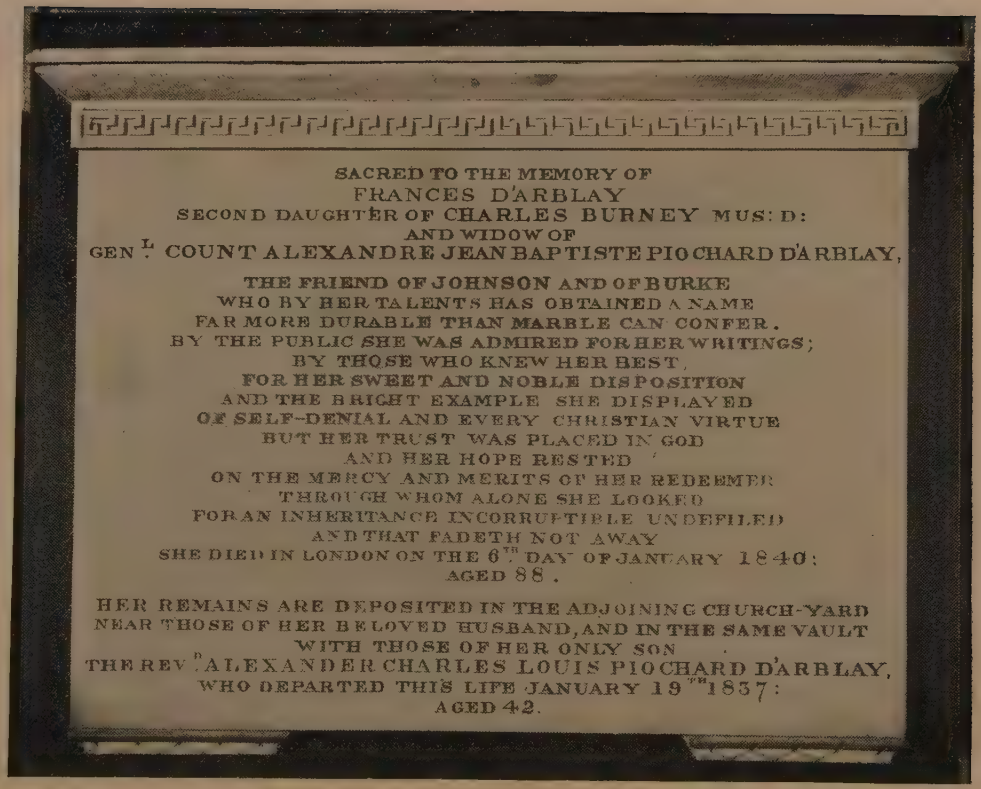
Wednesday.—I broke off, and an incapable unwillingness seized my pen; but I hear you are not well, and I *hasten*—if that be a word I can ever use again—to make personal inquiry how you are.

I have been very ill, very little *apparently*, but with nights of consuming restlessness and tears. I have now called in Dr. Holland, who understands me marvellously, and I am now much as usual; no, not that—still tormented by nights without repose—but better.

My spirits have been dreadfully saddened of late by whole days—nay weeks—of helplessness for *any* employment. They have but just revived. How merciful a reprieve! How merciful is ALL we *know*! *The ways of Heaven* are not *dark* and intricate, but *unknown* and unimagined till the great teacher, Death, developes them.

. . . . . .

In November 1839, Madame d'Arblay was attacked by an illness which showed itself at first in sleepless nights and nervous imaginations. Spectral illusions, such as Dr. Abercrombie has described, formed part of her disorder; and though after a time Dr. Holland's skill removed these nervous impressions, yet her debility and cough


SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
FRANCES D'ARBLAY
SECOND DAUGHTER OF CHARLES BURNEY MUS: D:
AND WIDOW OF
GEN.L COUNT ALEXANDRE JEAN BAPTISTE PIOCHARD D'ARBLAY,
THE FRIEND OF JOHNSON AND OF BURKE
WHO BY HER TALENTS HAS OBTAINED A NAME
FAR MORE DURABLE THAN MARBLE CAN CONFER.
BY THE PUBLIC SHE WAS ADMIRED FOR HER WRITINGS;
BY THOSE WHO KNEW HER BEST,
FOR HER SWEET AND NOBLE DISPOSITION
AND THE BRIGHT EXAMPLE SHE DISPLAYED
OF SELF-DENIAL AND EVERY CHRISTIAN VIRTUE
BUT HER TRUST WAS PLACED IN GOD
AND HER HOPE RESTED
ON THE MERCY AND MERITS OF HER REDEEMER
THROUGH WHOM ALONE SHE LOOKED
FOR AN INHERITANCE INCORRUPTIBLE UNDEFILED
AND THAT FADETH NOT AWAY
SHE DIED IN LONDON ON THE 6.TH DAY OF JANUARY 1840:
AGED 88.
HER REMAINS ARE DEPOSITED IN THE ADJOINING CHURCH-YARD
NEAR THOSE OF HER BELOVED HUSBAND, AND IN THE SAME VAULT
WITH THOSE OF HER ONLY SON
THE REV.D ALEXANDER CHARLES LOUIS PIOCHARD D'ARBLAY,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE JANUARY 19.TH 1837:
AGED 42.

Memorial Tablet to Mme. D'Arblay in Walcot Church, Bath, 1905

increased, accompanied by constant fever. For several weeks hopes of her recovery were entertained; her patience assisted the remedies of her kind physician; and the amiable young friend, "who was to her as a daughter," watched over her with unremitting care and attention; but she became more and more feeble, and her mind wandered; though at times every day she was composed and collected, and then given up to silent prayer, with her hands clasped and eyes uplifted.

During the earlier part of her illness she had listened with comfort to some portions of St. John's Gospel, but she now said to her niece, "I would ask you to read to me, but I could not understand one word—not a syllable! but I thank God my mind has not waited till *this* time."

At another moment she charged the same person with affectionate farewells and blessings to several friends, and with thanks for all their kindness to her. Soon after she said, "I have had some sleep." "That is well," was the reply; "you wanted rest." "*I shall have it soon, my dear,*" she answered emphatically: and thus, aware that death was approaching, in peace with all the world, and in holy trust and reliance on her Redeemer, she breathed her last on the 6th of January 1840;[1] the

[1] She was 87. Her death is thus recorded in the *Times* for Friday, January 10, 1840:—"In Lower Grosvenor Street, on Monday, the 6th instant, in her 88th year, Madame d'Arblay, the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, widow of the late Lieutenant-General A. Piochard, Comte d'Arblay, and second daughter of the late Charles Burney, Mus.D." On Wednesday the 15th, she was buried in Walcot Churchyard, Bath, "by her own express desire," beside her husband and son. Her funeral was attended by her executor, Lieut.-Col. H. Burney, E.I.C.S.; by her nephew Martin Burney (her brother James's son); and by her heir, Mr. Richard Barrett. In the absence of another nephew, the Rev. C. Parr Burney of Greenwich, "unavoidably absent," his son, the Rev. Charles Burney, happily still alive, and often referred to in these pages as Archdeacon Burney of Surbiton, officiated. There are memorial tablets to father, mother, and son, in the upper gallery of the church, and also to another member of the family, Mme. D'Arblay's half-sister, Sarah Harriet Burney, the novelist, who died at Cheltenham in 1844, aged 71.

anniversary of that day she had long consecrated to prayer, and to the memory of her beloved sister Susanna.

Hitherto Madame d'Arblay has been known chiefly as an author. These Journals and Letters may show the merits and peculiarities of her individual character, and the bright example she gave in the most important relations of life. If any one was entitled to confide in talents or yield to the guidance of imagination, she might have claimed that privilege: but her own words were, "A fear of doing wrong has always been the leading principle of my internal guidance"; and hers was not the fear which shrinks from efforts or responsibility. She pursued the straight path of duty in defiance of difficulty or distaste, and employed the best means with which she was acquainted for bringing her feelings into accordance with her judgment.

Thus, when enduring at the Queen's house daily discomforts, which not even the penetration and benevolence of her royal mistress could prevent, she "resolved to be happy," and from that time she never allowed herself to ponder on days gone by or on any subject that could lead to repining; and by such discipline she established herself in a state of calm content, though her fatigues and the tyranny of Madame Schwellenberg continued in full force. Her strict economy during many years was another proof of this inflexible purpose. For a considerable time the income on which she, her husband, and her child subsisted, did not exceed £125 a year. They were too independent in spirit to accept assistance from friends; too upright to rely on contingencies; and Madame d'Arblay pursued, especially for herself, in all the minutiæ of domestic life, a course of self-

denial such as, she wrote to her Susanna, "would make you laugh to see, though perhaps cry to hear." With all this, her mind and thoughts were never shut up in her economy. The friends who visited Camilla Cottage (and they were among the distinguished and excellent of two countries) were made welcome to its frugal fare; and the hand and purse of the "hermits" were always open to distress. Madame d'Arblay used to say, there was no merit in any charity unaccompanied by some privation. It was at this period that she originated the invitation sent by her and M. d'Arblay, to his friend the Comte de Narbonne, to make their cottage his home;[1] and it was also during these straitened circumstances that she withdrew her comedy of *Love and Fashion* from rehearsal, in dutiful compliance with the wishes of her father;[2] although the manager of Covent Garden had promised her £400 for the manuscript.

Queen Charlotte's expression, that she was "true as gold," was abundantly verified in her friendships. Faithful in the duty of private admonition, generous in never betraying to others the faults her penetration had discovered, she was wise in counsel and cordial in sympathy, devoting her best powers to the service of those she loved.

It has been elegantly said of Madame d'Arblay, that "she lived to be a classic"; but she attained this distinction only by surviving all that could give it value. Yet at this period, when she spoke of herself as one "from whom happiness, in this nether sphere, was cut off for ever," she still interested herself warmly for many whose distress was their only claim to the never-tiring patience with which she heard their long histories, and the

[1] See *ante*, vol. v. p. 266.

[2] See *ante*, vol. v. p. 460.

judicious advice and benefactions with which she sought to relieve them.

Some readers of this journal may perhaps have wished to find Madame d'Arblay's sentiments on religious subjects more fully detailed. The friends most intimate with her knew that she was actuated by a strong and abiding religious principle, founded on a serious study of the Holy Scriptures. What else, indeed, could have formed and sustained such a character? But while this was the mainspring of her thoughts and actions, a feeling of reverential awe made her fearful of introducing religious subjects into conversation, and also led her to preserve in a separate journal those devotional impressions which she deemed too sacred for admixture with the trifles and amusements of everyday life. Respect for what it is presumed would have been her desire, now forbids the publication of these private meditations.[1]

In conclusion, may we not find throughout these memoirs a confirmation of General d'Arblay's parting testimony, that those who knew her only from the public reputation were unacquainted with the best and most valuable parts of her character?

And this is no slight praise when given to the author of *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, and *Camilla*.

[1] Rogers (*Table Talk*, 1856, 179) tells a pretty story of Mme. D'Arblay's last days. Sitting with her "some weeks before she died," he writes, "I said to her, 'Do you remember those lines of Mrs. Barbauld's *Life* which I once repeated to you?' 'Remember them!' she replied, 'I repeat them to myself every night before I go to sleep.'" The lines were the concluding stanza of the poem :—

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather :
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Chose thine own time,
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

Crabb Robinson heard Rogers tell this story in March 1845 (*Diary, etc.* 1869, iii. 263).

APPENDIX I

"Admiral Jem"

Dr. Burney, the Musician, and Dr. Burney, the Grecian, cannot be said to have been neglected by the biographer. But Mme. D'Arblay's elder brother, Captain or, in his last year, Rear-Admiral James Burney,—the "Admiral Jem" of "Daddy" Crisp,—certainly deserves fuller recognition. He was the second child and eldest son of Charles and Esther Burney; and, according to the baptismal register of St. Dionis Backchurch, was born on June 13, 1750, being baptised on July 5 following. At King's Lynn, to which place his parents shortly afterwards removed, he had for one of his school-teachers the notorious Eugene Aram; and, as Hood relates in the "Preface" to Tilt's separate edition of the poem upon this subject (1831), long professed to retain recollection of that "melancholy man." "The late Admiral Burney"—wrote Hood—"was a scholar, at the school at Lynn in Norfolk, where Aram was an Usher, subsequent to his crime. The Admiral stated that Aram was beloved by the boys, and that he used to discourse to them of Murder, not occasionally, as I have written elsewhere, but constantly, and in somewhat of the spirit ascribed to him in the Poem" (p. 9). It is probable that there was more accepted tradition than positive experience in these memories, since James Burney can only have been a little over eight years of age on the memorable night in August 1758, when—

> Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
> Through the cold and heavy mist;
> And Eugene Aram walked between,
> With gyves upon his wrist.

But it is of course not impossible that a precocious small boy should have remembered an event so unwonted in the chronicle of a drowsy country town.

James Burney must have been still very young when he went to sea under Admiral (then Captain) John Montagu, for among a collection of autographs recently at Quaritch's was a letter from Montagu to Dr. Burney, dated September 1763, in which he is commended. He is said to have served in the *Aquilon*, Captain Onslow; and subsequently, through his father's interest with the musical First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Sandwich, accompanied Cook in his second voyage, as a midshipman. There is but little reference to him, however, in Hawkesworth's record, beyond the fact that, upon the resignation of the first-lieutenant of the *Adventure*, he was appointed to be second-lieutenant. The date of Cook's commission is November 18, 1772. Early in 1775 Burney was appointed to the *Cerberus*, then taking three general officers to America. He left England in April, and was promoted to be first-lieutenant in the following September. From America he returned, or was recalled, in time to take part in Cook's third and fatal voyage as first-lieutenant of the *Discovery*, Captain Clerke. When, in February 1779, Cook was killed by the natives of Owhyhee, Clerke became commodore in his stead, and John Gore, the first-lieutenant of the *Resolution*, was made Captain of the *Discovery*. Then, in the following August, Clerke himself died, the command of the expedition devolved upon Gore, and the captainship of the *Discovery* (as stated in the text at vol. i. p. 317) fell to the first-lieutenant of the *Resolution* for the time being, James King. This led to the transfer of James Burney to the *Resolution* as first-lieutenant; and this was his rank when, in October 1780, the two vessels reached Deptford. It is possible, however, that he may have brought the *Discovery* from Stromness, at which place King quitted her to report their arrival to the Admiralty.[1]

At a later date, during the absence of Captain Conway, he was appointed to the temporary command of the *Latona*, a thirty-eight gun frigate. As the letter announcing this news to Mrs. Thrale (*ante*, vol. i. p. 451) has no year-date, Mme. D'Arblay placed it, conjecturally, at the close of 1780. But from a letter of Mrs. Thrale herself to Johnson, dated November 1781, coupled with a reference by Johnson himself in a letter of the 3rd December following to "poor 'Burney's vicarious captainship,'" it is probable, as Dr. Birkbeck Hill

[1] The note at p. 317, vol. i. was based upon inaccurate data. It should read—"Upon *Clerke's* death, James Burney was transferred to the *Resolution* as first-lieutenant."

suggests (*Johnson's Letters*, 1892, ii. 237 *n.*), that this promotion belongs to 1781. In this case Johnson's oft-quoted panegyric of the Burneys must be prompted by the *Latona* episode. "I am willing, however,"—he writes under date of Nov. 14, 1781—"to hear that there is happiness in the world, and delight to think on the pleasure diffused among the Burneys. I question if any ship upon the ocean goes out attended with more good wishes than that which carries the fate of Burney. I love all of that breed whom I can be said to know, and one or two whom I hardly know I love upon credit; and love them because they love each other."[1] The passage cannot—as has been supposed—refer to Burney's appointment to the *Bristol*, a fifty-gun ship, for he was not appointed to that vessel as Captain until the 18th of June 1782, more than seven months later.

In command of the *Bristol*, Captain Burney joined Admiral Sir Edward Hughes in the East Indies, and probably (as we were then at war with Spain, France, and Holland) obtained opportunity for some of those "brushes with the Dons, Monsieurs, or Mynheers" which his soul so ardently desired. He is said to have taken part in the several fights with Admiral De Suffren, and was certainly in the last action off Cuddalore on June 20, 1783, in which, fortunately, from a letter of Charlotte Burney (*Early Diary*, 1889, ii. 318), his ship did not lose a man. The war soon after ended with the Peace of Versailles, and Burney returned home in ill-health. Apparently he never again saw active service. Although, in August 1789, he is still spoken of as "Burney of the *Bristol*" (*ante*, vol. iv. p. 316), he was unemployed in the following year, for he applied to Lord Chatham for a thirty-two gun frigate (*ante*, *ib.* p. 400). He seems to have anticipated much from his sister's court interest; but she was without the power to help him effectively. In 1806, he memorialised the King on the subject of his services. In 1809 he was made an F.R.S. He figures in the Navy List as a retired Captain until July 19, 1821, when he became a superannuated Rear-Admiral.

In September 1785 he had married Miss Sarah, or Sally, Payne, daughter of Payne, the bookseller, in Castle Street, by the Upper Mews Gate, whose queer "L-shaped" shop was a favourite lounging place for the literati.

> Must I, as a wit with learned air,
> Like Doctor Dewlap to Tom Payne's repair,—

[1] *Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson*, LL.D., 1788, ii. 218, 225, 229.

sings Fanny's friend Mathias in the *Pursuits of Literature*,[1] and adds, in a footnote, that he was a "Trypho Emeritus," and "one of the best and honestest men living," which even Mr. Lowndes admits (vol. ii. p. 482). The Paynes and Burneys had long been intimate neighbours at Leicester Fields; and Payne, as we have seen, was one of the publishers of *Cecilia* (*ante*, vol. ii. p. 68). James Burney had two children—Martin and Sarah—of whom more hereafter. The bequest of a Norfolk friend of the family, Mr. Hayes, sometime Governor of Landguard Fort, placed the Captain in possession of a house in James Street, Buckingham Gate (No. 26), and here, for the remainder of his life, he continued to reside. He makes fitful apparition in the later pages of the *Diary*, his most important office therein being that of giving away the bride at his sister Fanny's wedding in 1793 (vol. v. p. 206). On November 17, 1821, he (like his brother Charles) died of apoplexy. He was in his seventy-second year. "Poor old Captain Burney,"—writes Crabb Robinson—"died on Saturday. The rank Captain had become a misnomer, but I cannot call him otherwise. He was made Admiral a few weeks ago.[2] He was a fine old man" (*Diary*, 1862, ii. 219).

After his retirement from service afloat, Captain Burney, as became a member of a writing family, devoted his leisure to professional literature. Already, at the request of Sir Joseph Banks, he had helped to compile the record of Cook's last voyage, when that task had been relinquished by Cook and Hawkesworth—a fact which may tend to explain the scant references to himself. One of his earliest pamphlets, for he wrote several, was a *Plan of Defence against Invasion*, 1797, certainly in those days a burning question. But his chief works are the *Chronological History of the Discoveries in the South Sea or Pacific Ocean*, from 1759 to 1764, including the history of the Buccaneers, 5 vols. 4to, 1803-17; and the *Chronological History of North Eastern Voyages of Discovery, and of the early Eastern Navigations of the Russians*, 1819. The former of these was undertaken at the request of Banks, to whom it was inscribed; and it contains an account of all the South Sea voyages down to the reign of George III. Consequently it is a natural preliminary to Hawkesworth's account of Cook's *Voyages*, which began in 1768. Southey, who with Burney had a common friend in

[1] *The Pursuits of Literature*, Seventh Edition, Revised, 1798, p. 77.
[2] See *ante*, p. 423.

Mr. Rickman, Secretary to the Speaker,[1] reviewed the first volume, for, in a letter to this same Rickman dated November 18, 1803, he says, "I am manufacturing a piece of Paternoster Row goods, value three guineas, out of Captain Burney's book; and not very easy work, it being always more difficult to dilate praise than censure."[2] In November 1808, speaking of the forthcoming *Quarterly*, the same writer includes Captain Burney among the expected contributors.[3] His written style was like himself, straightforward and unaffected; and the combination of technical knowledge with literary capacity which characterises his work still makes it valuable.

Honest, unpolished, good-natured, cheerful, generous,—these are some of the epithets which his contemporaries bestow upon "Admiral Jem." He must have been a delightful specimen of the old-time seaman of the better type, for hardship and a rough life, if they had found him blunt and careless, had not brutalised him, and Johnson admired at the gentle and humane manners of one who had lived so long among sailors and savages. He was full of humour and fun, "ever delighted at mirth in others,"—says his sister,—"and happy in a peculiar talent of propagating it himself." He rejoiced, after the manner of his profession, in practical jokes; but it was assuredly not from her brother that Fanny derived her portrait of the naval officer of the day, with his inveterate taste for "roasting beaux, and detesting old women." At his gatherings in James Street assembled some of the most interesting figures of the early nineteenth century. Hither came Lamb, stuttering *bons mots* in rivalry to his host; and unconsciously studying Mrs. Burney for the traits of "Mrs. Battle." Hither, too, came Hazlitt, until he was curtly and summarily dismissed by the offended Captain for his too frank utterances in the *Edinburgh* respecting *The Wanderer*. Southey again, another *habitué*, relates to Coleridge, in June 1804, how, having had over much of Charles Burney's Greek at Sotheby's, he found compensation at Rickman's in the company of the Captain, "smoking after supper, and letting out puffs at the one corner of his mouth and puns at the other."[4] Writing to Wordsworth in

[1] John Rickman, possibly a relative, was second-lieutenant of the *Discovery* in Cook's last voyage.

[2] *Life and Correspondence*, 1850, ii. 234.

[3] *Ibid*, iii. 194.

[4] Southey to Coleridge, *Life and Correspondence*, 1850, vol. ii. p. 292. Lamb declared that the Captain punned even in the South Seas. "He [Lamb]"—writes Mrs. Shelley to Leigh Hunt—"said that Burney made

March 1822, not long after Burney's death, Lamb refers to the Buckingham Gate card parties. "Every departure destroys a class of sympathies. There's Captain Burney gone! What fun has whist now? What matters it what you lead, if you can no longer fancy him looking over you?"[1] and in his expostulatory letter to Southey in October 1823, he recurs to those lost delights once more. They are also mentioned in Crabb Robinson's *Diary*. One of "Admiral Jem's" last literary efforts was an essay "by way of lecture" upon his favourite pastime (1821), which went through several editions.

The name of Burney is linked inseparably with that of Lamb. The "Martin B——" in Elia's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading,"—the stall-reader of *Clarissa*, about whom Mary Lamb wrote a poem,—is "Admiral Jem's" son, Martin Charles Burney, afterwards a barrister, one of Lamb's dearest friends, and, according to Southey, "the queerest fish out of water." To him in a sonnet which ends

> Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
> I have not found a whiter soul than thine—

were inscribed Lamb's prose works of 1818; and in a letter to Mrs. Hazlitt of May 24, 1830, Lamb gives playful illustration of some of those few "caprices wild," to which the dedication makes passing allusion.[2] One of Elia's *Last Essays*, "The Wedding," is a description of the marriage in April 1821, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Martin Burney's only sister, Sarah, to her cousin, John Payne of Pall Mall—the officiating clergyman being Dr. Charles Parr Burney of Greenwich. Lamb (in black) gave away the bride; and was rebuked by "one of the handsome Miss T's" (Miss Thomas's—a private letter from a relative informs us) for appearing in his habitual sables. Finally, to Sarah Harriet Burney, Fanny's step-sister, and the "little Swiss girl" of Queen Charlotte (vol. iii. p. 508), Lamb addressed the following sonnet upon the character of Blanch in her tale of "Country Neighbours; or, The Secret,"—one of a three-volume series entitled *Tales of Fancy*, 1820:—

a pun in Otaheite, the first that ever was made in that country. At first the natives could not make out what he meant, but all at once they discovered the pun and danced round him in transports of joy" (Ainger's *Charles Lamb*, 1892, p. 191).

[1] Ainger's *Lamb's Letters*, 1891, ii. 39.

[2] *Ibid*, 1891, ii. 259.

Bright spirits have arisen to grace the BURNEY name,
And some in letters, some in tasteful arts,
In learning some have borne distinguished parts;
Or sought through science of sweet sounds their fame;
And foremost *she*, renowned for many a tale
Of faithful love perplexed, and of that good
Old man,[1] who, as CAMILLA's guardian, stood
In obstinate virtue clad like coat of mail.
Nor dost thou, SARAH, with unequal pace
Her steps pursue. The pure romantic vein
No gentler creature ever knew to feign
Than thy fine Blanch, young with an elder grace,
In all respects without rebuke or blame,
Answering the antique freshness of her name.[2]

[1] Sir Hugh Tyrold in *Camilla*.

[2] *Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*; edited by E. V. Lucas, 1903, v. 82, in which this sonnet was first reprinted from the *Morning Chronicle* for July 13, 1820.

APPENDIX II

Letter of Mme. D'Arblay to the Rev. Charles Parr Burney

My dear Nephew,

I return you my cordial thanks for your kind consent to be nominated joint Executor to my last Will and Testament, with Alexander, my Son & Heir and Residuary Legatee.[1]

Should he be with me in the last awful moments of my Earthly existence, it will be a great comfort & support to him I am convinced, on opening my Testament to find a Coadjutor in a Friend & Relation he so highly regards & esteems; but, should the news of my Departure hence reach you when he chances to be away from me, I beg you to repair, with what speed may be in your power to my Dwelling, No. 11 Bolton Street, Berkeley Square,[2] with This Letter in your hand, and to demand by my injunction, the key of my *small mahogany writing Box*, which was given to me by my gracious Royal Mistress, Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, and which is commonly on my drawing-room long table. In This you will find my Will, and various posthumous Memorandoms for my Son & yourself, as well as *all* the Cash or Notes of which I shall happen to have been in possession at my Decease, except what may be in my current Purse. I keep none elsewhere. I beg you to demand, also, every other Key that my Maid can procure for you; and to put a seal upon my Drawers & papers of all sorts, till my Son may return. And I must beg you, likewise, to lock & keep the Key of all my apartments, except what must necessarily, by your own judgment, be left open for solemn purposes.

[1] See p. 417 *n*. These arrangements were doubtless modified after the death of her son in January 1837.

[2] She died in Lower Grosvenor Street, New Bond Street.

As you are as free from superstition as from Infidelity, I feel the most perfect confidence in your rational as well as kind care of my poor Remains.

You will be sorry to lose me, my dear Charles; tried & sound Friends of early connection or formation are not easily replaced, but . . . with all my kindness for you This is the last sorrow I can wish to spare you; and the less, as you will be glad, extremely glad, that my last Hour, should it be one of consciousness, will be the lighter and the brighter to my parting Spirit for your enabling me to leave to my dear Alexander so affectionate a Supporter, & so highly qualified a Counsellor.

God bless you, my dear Charles—for ever,
Frances Piochard d'Arblay,
otherwise La Comtesse veuve Piochard d'Arblay.[1]

N.B.—It is by this Title I received the arrears due to my honoured Husband, Lieutenant-General Comte d'Arblay, from Le Ministère de la Guerre; and that I have constantly received my Dividends from mes rentes in the Trésor Royale at Paris, through the hands of M. Baignères, late Laffitte, Agent de Change, et Banquier à Paris, every half year, in April & in October, by the means of Messrs Hoare of Fleet Street,[2] my Bankers in London.

N.B.—I have never borne my Title, because I have had no Fortune to meet it; & because my Son relinquished his hereditary claims of succession—though he might, upon certain conditions, resume them—on becoming a Clergyman of the Church of England. But I have never *dis*claimed *my* Rights, as I owe them to no Honours of my own, but to a Partnership in those which belonged to the revered Husband who, for 24 years, made the grateful Happiness of my Life.

June 26, 1827,
No. 11, Bolton Street, Berkeley Square.
Dr. Charles Parr Burney.[3]

[1] See *ante*, p. 118.

[2] Hoare's Bank, it may be noted, now stands on the site of Johnson's favourite haunt, the Mitre.

[3] Dr. Charles Parr Burney was the son of Dr. Charles Burney, D.D., whom he succeeded in the Greenwich School (see *ante*, p. 388). He was successively Archdeacon of St. Albans and Colchester, the friend of Bishop Blomfield, and a man of considerable social gifts. He was the father of Archdeacon Burney of Surbiton, to whom the above letter belongs.

APPENDIX III

Bibliography of the "Diary and Letters, 1778-1840."

1. Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, Author of Evelina, Cecilia, &c. Edited by her niece.[1] "The spirit walks of every day deceased." — Young. . . . *London: Henry Colburn, Publisher, Great Marlborough Street.* 1842-6.

   In seven volumes, 8vo, with seven Portraits, and two facsimile autographs. Vol. i. (1778 to 1780), pp. xxviii, 436; vol. ii. (1781 to 1786), pp. ix [xi], 434; vol. iii. (1786 & 1787), pp. 477; vol. iv. (1788-9), pp. 427; vol. v. (1789-1793), pp. 445; vol. vi. (1793-1812), pp. 377; vol. vii. (1813-1840), pp. 401 (including Index). The "Editor's Introduction" occupies pp. iii.-xxii. of vol. i. Six of the volumes have a few pages of "Biographical Notes" at the end, about 150 notes in all. As stated in the "Preface" to vol. i. of the present edition, there are two impressions of vols. i. and ii., in the second of which the pagination differs from the above. Vol. i. (1778 to 1780) has pp. xiii.-xxxii, 33-438; vol. ii. (1781 to 1786), pp. 432.

2. Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, Author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c. Edited by her Niece.[1] [Motto from Young.] A New Edition. In Seven Volumes. . . . *London: Published for Henry Colburn, by his Successors, Hurst and Blackett, Great Marlborough Street.* 1854.

3. Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett. New Edition, revised, with

[1] Charlotte Barrett, *née* Francis.

Portraits. . . . *London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.* 1876.

In four volumes, 8vo. The revision seems to have been confined to transferring Mrs. Barrett's biographical notes, with minor alterations and additions, from the end of the volumes to the foot of the pages.

4. Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett. New Edition, revised, with Portraits. . . . *London: Bickers and Son,* 1 *Leicester Square.* [1876.]

In four volumes, 8vo. Part of the impression of No. 3, with a new title page.

5. Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. As edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett. With Portraits. . . . *London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden,* 1891.

In four volumes, 8vo. Printed from stereotype plates, and corresponds with No. 3.

6. Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, as edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett. . . . *London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square.* 1892.

In four volumes, 8vo. Printed from stereotype plates, and corresponds with No. 3.

7. Diary & Letters of Madame D'Arblay (1778-1840) As edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett With Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson In Six Volumes. . . . *London Macmillan and Co., Limited New York: The Macmillan Company* 1904-5. *All rights reserved.*

8vo. This,—the present edition,—as stated in the Preface to vol. i., pp. vii.-viii, follows the fuller text of No. 1, not contained in Nos. 2 to 6 inclusive. It also comprises numerous specially selected portraits (photogravures), facsimile autographs, and views copied from old prints and recent photographs. Each volume has its Index, and there is a General Index in vol. vi. There are several Appendices containing unpublished Letters, etc. In vol. i. is a short introductory Preface, and there is a more detailed "Postscript" to this Preface in vol. vi.

*** Besides the above there is a Selection from the *Diary and Letters*, in three volumes, published by Vizetelly and Co., 1890-1. Prefixed to this is Macaulay's essay, and it has notes by Mr. W. C. Ward. These notes, however, have not been made use of for the present edition. There is also a pleasant 8vo volume of Select Passages from Mme. D'Arblay's Diary and other writings by L. B. Seeley, entitled *Fanny Burney and her Friends*, 1890.

APPENDIX IV

The Publication of "Evelina"

In the chapter devoted to this subject in vol. ii. of the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, pp. 121 *et seq.*, Mme. D'Arblay gives what has long been the accepted version—she herself terms it "an explicit narration"—of the publication of *Evelina*. Having completed and transcribed the first two volumes,—she tells us,—she offered, by an unsigned letter, to submit what she had written to James Dodsley, who declined to look at anything anonymous. Thereupon, with the advice of her sisters, she applied in the same way to Thomas Lowndes of 77 Fleet Street. Lowndes asked to see the manuscript; and accordingly her brother, appropriately disguised, carried the first two volumes to him. Lowndes's verdict, as might have been anticipated, was, that though he liked the work, he could not think of publishing an incomplete book; but—and here Mme. D'Arblay professes to reproduce his actual words—he would be "ready to purchase and print it when it should be finished." In due time the third volume was composed and copied. The author then told her father what she had done, without exciting much curiosity on his part; and, her brother Charles having gone back to Cambridge, despatched the manuscript to Lowndes by her cousin Edward. Lowndes promptly approved it, and made an offer of £20 for the book, "which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence!!" (The notes of admiration are Mme. D'Arblay's). In the following January, 1778, *Evelina* was published, "a fact which only became known to its writer, *who had dropped all correspondence with Mr. Lowndes*," on hearing the advertisement read aloud by her stepmother at breakfast.

Such is Mme. D'Arblay's account in 1828 of the publication of her first novel in 1778, fifty years earlier. That of

her niece and editor, Mrs. Charlotte Barrett (see *ante*, vol. i. pp. 13-17), corresponds with it, except that Mrs. Barrett drops out the words above italicised; and this story has been followed by Macaulay and his successors.

Very recently, however, a little group of documents[1] has been made public, which, in her examination of the material referred to at p. 395 of this volume, Mme. D'Arblay, if she had them before her, must either have forgotten or overlooked. These place a slightly different aspect upon the foregoing account; and at all events show clearly what it only incidentally suggests, namely, that there must have been rather more *pourparler* with Lowndes than Mme. D'Arblay's "explicit narration" would lead one to suppose. Lowndes, indeed, himself hints at this in his letter of September 16, 1782 (Appendix I. vol. ii. p. 481). Some of the new letters, it is true, may be merely drafts, and even drafts of letters *that never went*. But one of them, at least, must have been sent and received, for it bears a post-mark, though how it got back to the sender does not appear. There is neither date nor signature to this or any of the others, but it is not difficult to establish their sequence.

In what must be the first, the anonymous writer tells Lowndes of the work, expresses her extreme desire for the immediate printing of the first two volumes, refers to her unconquerable objection to being known in the transaction, and inquires (*a*) whether Mr. Lowndes will give the book "a candid and impartial Reading," and (*b*) whether, if he approves it, he will buy it from her emissary without asking further questions. He is to reply to Mr. King,[2] at the Orange Coffee House in the Haymarket. In Letter No. 2 she sends the manuscript of Vol. i. and sketches its plan. It is "the Introduction of a well educated, but inexperienced young woman into public company, and a round of the most fashionable Spring Diversions of London"; and she directs attention to the characters "of the Sea Captain, and *would be* Frenchwoman," as "intended to draw out each the other." No. 3 forwards the second volume, in which the heroine, "descending into a lower circle, now partakes of a round of *Summer Diversions*"; solicits Lowndes's further opinion, and inquires what terms he is prepared to offer. In the next letter (No. 5), the book has been completed, and she is anxious

[1] The full text of these appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for April 1905.

[2] The name was subsequently changed to Grafton.

to submit the third volume to Lowndes forthwith, as her agent in the business (*i.e.*, her brother Charles) is shortly returning to the university. No. 6 presses for the publisher's decision. In No. 7, which follows, she thanks Lowndes for his favourable opinion; but adds that "though it [the book] was originally written merely for amusement," she should not have taken the trouble to Copy and Correct it for the Press had she "imagined that 10 guineas a volume would have been more than its worth," and she hints at obtaining the further opinion of a gentleman experienced in authorship business.

These are all the letters which actually precede the first appearance of *Evelina* as chronicled in the opening pages of these volumes. The remaining papers relate to the supply of copies to the author, the correction of future issues, the alteration of the sub-title, and so forth.

The chief differences between these letters or drafts, and the hitherto accepted story lies—it will be observed—in (1) the statement that the first two volumes were submitted to Lowndes separately;[1] and (2) in the fact that, with whatever gratitude the fee of £20 was eventually received, there had been an antecedent period when it had not been regarded by the author as "magnificent." These contradictions, of which the second is the more important, may fairly, we think, be attributed to confused recollection on the part of a very old lady,[2] who, as above stated, may even not have had access to these particular papers when, at the bidding of Sir Walter Scott (see *ante*, p. 411 *n.*), she began to "collect documents to refresh her memory." But even if these new MSS. are accepted *en bloc* as representing letters that were actually sent, they leave untouched the fact that *Evelina* was mysteriously produced and paid for miserably.

[1] As to this, it may be noted, that Lowndes himself says, "the two first volumes were sent to get my Opinion" (Appendix I. vol. ii. p. 481).

[2] In 1828, when she drew up her account of the publication of *Evelina*, Mme. D'Arblay was seventy-six (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, ii. 122).

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